This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

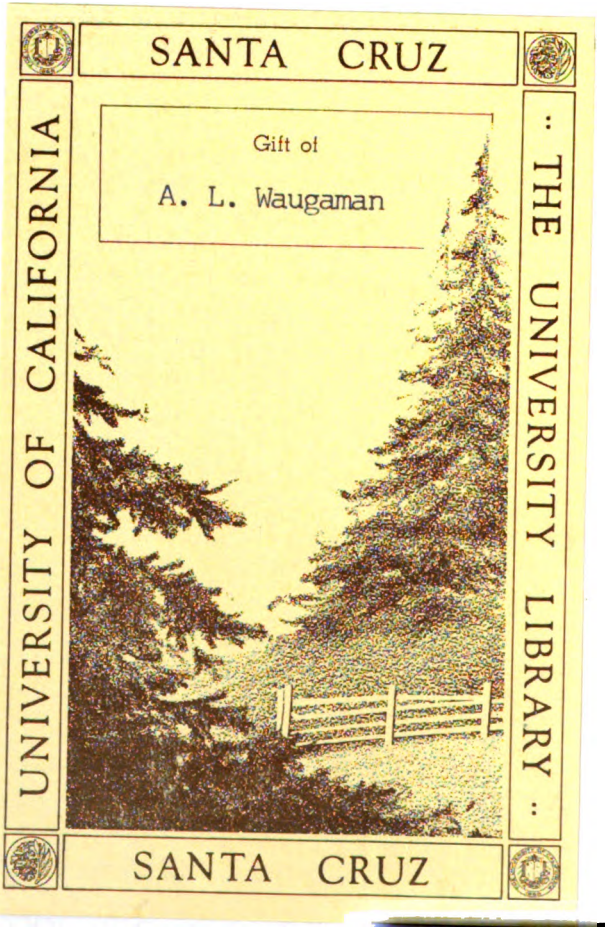
+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF
CALIFORNIA
SANTA CRUZ



Digitized by Google

Alice S Baird
245 Tunnel Road
Berkeley —

St'd April 1932 —
Finished Nov. 10 - 1935
9:50 P.M. pays L. Baird —

Digitized by Google

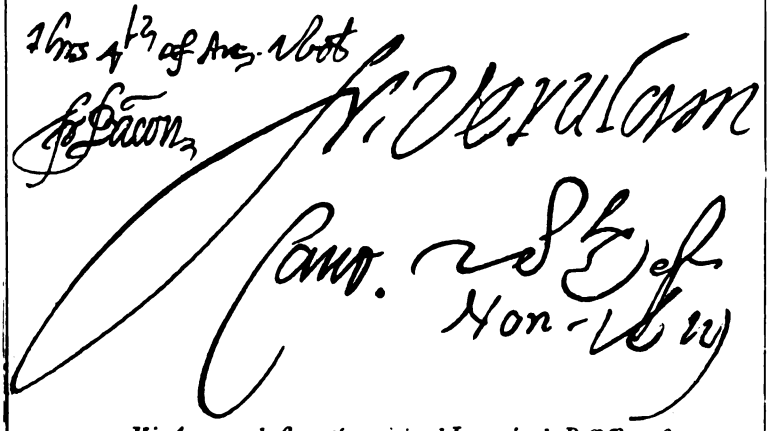
Digitized by Google

PN
6013
P3
v.3

Digitized by Google

Sir Francis Bacon. Lord Verulam.

The Original by Van Somer *is at Gorhambury*



His Autograph from the original Letters in the Possession of
John Thane.

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

THE WORLD'S GREAT MASTERPIECES

History ☙ Biography ☙ Science ☙ Philosophy
Poetry ☙ The Drama ☙ Travel
Adventure ☙ Fiction ☙ Etc.

A Record of the Great Things that have been Said and Thought and Done from the Beginning of History

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF, HARRY THURSTON PECK, A.M., PH.D., L.H.D.
ASSOCIATE EDITORS, FRANK R. STOCKTON, NATHAN HASKELL DOLE,
JULIAN HAWTHORNE, CAROLINE TICKNOR.
INTRODUCTION BY JOHN RUSSELL YOUNG, LIBRARIAN OF CONGRESS.

Edition de Luxe. Volume III.

Published by AMERICAN LITERARY SOCIETY New York

Digitized by Google

Copyright, 1898
BY HARRY THURSTON PECK
Copyright, 1901
BY HARRY THURSTON PECK

Digitized by Google

CONTENTS.

VOLUME III.

	Lived.	Page.
Francis Bacon	1561–1626	757
Essays of Lord Bacon:		
Envy. — Of Revenge.		
Atheism. — Of Travel.		
Of Truth. — Of Friendship.		
From the "Apophthegms."		
Translation of the 137th Psalm.		
The World's a Bubble.		
Of Adversity.		
Walter Bagehot	1826–1877	778
Causes of the Sterility of Literature.		
The Search for Happiness.		
On Early Reading.		
Panics in Lombard Street.		
Philip James Bailey	1816–	793
Life. — Great Thoughts. — The Search for Truth.		
Joanna Baillie	1762–1851	796
Woo'd and Married and a'. — To Mrs. Siddons.		
It was on a Morn. — A Scotch Song.		
Arthur James Balfour	1848–	802
Naturalism and Ethics. — Formulas of Belief.		
Honoré de Balzac	1799–1850	815
A Passion in the Desert. — Old Goriot.		
The Napoleon of the People.		
George Bancroft	1800–1891	879
Spaniards in the United States.		
Matteo Bandello	1480–1562	894
The Mischievous Ape.		
John Kendrick Bangs	1862–	899
The House Committee discuss the Poets.		

Digitized by Google

	Lived.	Page.
JOHN BANIM	1798–1842	905
Burning the House of a Croppy.	Soggarth Aroon.	
	The Irish Maiden's Song.	
THÉODORE DE BANVILLE	1823–1891	910
Ballade des Pendus.	The Balladist.	
ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD	1743–1825	914
A Dialogue of the Dead.	Hymn to Content.	
	Life.	
RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM	1788–1845	920
My Lord Tomnoddy.	The Jackdaw of Rheims.	
SABINE BARING-GOULD	1834–	928
The Cornish Wreckers.	The Fortunate Isles.	
	Major Cornelius.	
JANE BARLOW	1860–	939
Last Time at M'Gurk's.	The Widow Joyce's Cloak.	
	Peg's Education.	
JOEL BARLOW	1754–1812	956
Theme of the Columbiad.		
Conclusion of the Columbiad.		
The Praise of Hasty Pudding.		
How to eat Hasty Pudding.		
WILLIAM BARNES	1800–1886	960
The Geäte a-vallén to.	The Ruose that decked	
The Woodland Home.	her Breast.	
The Mother's Dream.	To the Water-crowfoot.	
	Zummer an' Winter.	
FRANCES COURTENAY BARNUM	1848–	965
An American Cousin.		
AMELIA EDITH BARR	1831–	980
Lancelot's Departure.	Jan Vedder's Wife.	
JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE	1860–	991
The Auld Lichts.	From "A Window in	
Courtships.	Thrums."	
Political Reminiscences.	A Home for Geniuses.	
SAMUEL JUNE BARROWS	1845–	1012
The Modern Siege of Troy.		

Digitized by Google

	Lived.	Page.
MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY		1022
The Place to Die. The Wexford Massacre.		
ARLO BATES	1850–	1024
The Shot of Accident.		
CHARLES PIERRE BAUDELAIRE	1821–1867	1038
Beauty. Music.		
The Enemy. The Broken Bell.		
Flowers of Evil.		
RICHARD BAXTER	1615–1691	1041
Upon his own Writings.		
Fruits of Experience of Human Character.		
Theological Controversies.		
On the Credit due to History.		
Sunday Sports.		
Character of Sir Matthew Hale.		
EARL OF BEACONSFIELD	1805–1881	1047
The Fête at the Pavilion. Lothair attains his Majority.		
BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.		
FRANCIS BEAUMONT	1584–1616	1076
JOHN FLETCHER	1579–1625	1076
A Self-confessed Coward.		
Amoret and the River God.		
Song to Pan.		
To my Dear Friend, Master Benjamin Johnson, upon his "Fox."		
Leandro's Song.		
WILLIAM BECKFORD	1759–1844	1087
The Incantation and the Sacrifice.		
Vathek and Nouronihar in the Halls of Eblis.		
CUTHBERT BEDE	1827–1889	1099
From "The Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green."		
HENRY WARD BEECHER	1813–1887	1119
Sermon.— Poverty and the Gospel.		
ETHELINDA (ELIOT) BEERS	1827–1879	1132
The Picket Guard.		
EDWARD BELLAMY	1850–1898	1134
The Awakening.		

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Volume Three.

Sir Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam	*Frontispiece*	
Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse	*Facing page*	798
Honoré de Balzac	"	826
Napoleon at the Battle of Eylau	"	860
George Bancroft	"	878
Mme. de Maintenon	"	912
The Cornish Coast	"	938
Haying	"	960
Wreck of the Solon	"	978
James Matthew Barrie	"	990
Mycenæ	"	1018
Benjamin Disraeli (Earl of Beaconsfield)	"	1074
Psyche and Pan	"	1084
Henry Ward Beecher	"	1120
The Picket Guard	"	1132

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

FRANCIS BACON.

BACON, FRANCIS (BARON VERULAM and VISCOUNT ST. ALBAN), an English jurist and philosopher, born in London, January 22, 1561; died there on Easter Day (April 9), 1626. He was the youngest son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, who was Lord Keeper of the Seals during the first twenty years of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. After a residence of three years at Cambridge, he went to France in the suite of Sir Amyas Paulet, the English Ambassador. Bacon early rose high in the favor of the Earl of Essex, and when the Parliament of 1593 was summoned he sat as a member for the county of Middlesex, and at once took a prominent part in that body. In 1607 he became Solicitor-General; in 1613, Attorney-General; in 1616, Privy Councillor; in 1617, Keeper of the Great Seal; in 1618, Lord Chancellor, with the title of Baron Verulam. He celebrated his sixtieth birthday with great pomp at York House in the Strand, having been recently created Viscount St. Albans. On January 22, 1621, Bacon had reached the summit of his fortunes. He had attained the highest position in the state that was attainable by a subject. A few months later charges of corruption were brought against him. He was sentenced by the Peers to pay a fine of £40,000; to be imprisoned in the Tower during the King's pleasure; to be forever incapable of holding any office in the commonwealth; never sit in Parliament, or come within the verge of the Court. No part of this severe sentence was ever executed. Bacon lived only five years after his downfall from his high position in the state: but during that interval he produced some of his noblest works. His immortal "Essays" were published in 1597, and in the same book appeared "Of the Colors of Good and Evil." The two books of "The Advancement of Learning" appeared in 1605; and in 1620 the "Novum Organum," written, like very many of Bacon's works, in Latin. The "Novum Organum" is "an essay toward the science of a better use of reason in the investigation of things." His histories of "Henry VII.," of "Henry VIII.," and of "Elizabeth," are of unequal value and authority: the first is eminently faithful and trustworthy; the other two are probably biased by the author's desire to stand well at Court. His "New Atlantis" is one of the world's great Utopian speculations.

Digitized by Google

Essays of Lord Bacon.

ENVY.

There be none of the affections which have been noted to fascinate or bewitch, but love and envy: they both have vehement wishes; they frame themselves readily into imaginations and suggestions, and they come easily into the eye, especially upon the presence of the objects which are the points that conduce to fascination, if any such thing there be. We see, likewise, the Scripture calleth envy an evil eye; and the astrologers call the evil influences of the stars evil aspects; so that still there seemeth to be acknowledged, in the act of envy, an ejaculation, or irradiation of the eye; nay, some have been so curious as to note that the times when the stroke or percussion of an envious eye doth most hurt are when the party envied is beheld in glory or triumph; for that sets an edge upon envy: and besides, at such times, the spirits of the person envied do come forth most into the outward parts, and so meet the blow.

But leaving these curiosities (though not unworthy to be thought on in fit place), we will handle what persons are apt to envy others, what persons are most subject to be envied themselves, and what is the difference between public and private envy.

A man that hath no virtue in himself ever envieth virtue in others; for men's minds will either feed upon their own good, or upon others' evil; and who wanteth the one will prey upon the other; and whoso is out of hope to attain to another's virtue, will seek to come at even hand, by depressing another's fortune.

A man that is busy and inquisitive is commonly envious; for to know much of other men's matters cannot be, because all that ado may concern his own estate; therefore it must needs be that he taketh a kind of play pleasure in looking upon the fortunes of others: neither can he that mindeth but his own business find much matter for envy; for envy is a gadding passion, and walketh the street, and does not keep home: "There is no person a busybody but what he is ill-natured too."

Men of noble birth are noted to be envious towards new men when they rise; for the distance is altered: and it is like a deceit of the eye, that when others come on they think themselves go back.

Digitized by Google

Deformed persons and eunuchs, and the old men and bastards, are envious; for he that cannot possibly mend his own case, will do what he can to impair another's; except these defects light upon a very brave and heroic nature, which thinketh to make his natural wants part of his honor; in that it should be said, "That a eunuch, or a lame man, did such great matters," affecting the honor of a miracle: As it was in Narses the eunuch, and Agesilaus and Tamerlane, that were lame men.

The same is the case of men that rise after calamities and misfortunes; for they are as men fallen out with the times, and think other men's harms a redemption of their own sufferings.

They that desire to excel in too many matters, out of levity and vainglory, are ever envious, for they cannot want work: it being impossible, but many, in some of those things, should surpass them; which was the character of Adrian the emperor, that mortally envied poets and painters, and artificers in works, wherein he had a vein to excel.

Lastly, near kinsfolk and fellows in office, and those that have been bred together, are more apt to envy their equals when they are raised; for it doth upbraid unto them their own fortunes, and pointeth at them, and cometh often into their remembrance, and incurreth likewise more into the note of others; and envy ever redoubleth from speech and fame. Cain's envy was the more vile and malignant towards his brother Abel, because when his sacrifice was better accepted, there was nobody to look on. Thus much for those that are apt to envy.

Concerning those that are more or less subject to envy: First, persons of eminent virtue, when they are advanced, are less envied, for their fortune seemeth but due unto them; and no man envieth the payment of a debt, but rewards and liberality rather. Again, envy is ever joined with the comparing of a man's self; and where there is no comparison, no envy; and therefore kings are not envied but by kings. Nevertheless, it is to be noted that unworthy persons are most envied at their first coming in, and afterwards overcome it better; whereas, contrariwise, persons of worth and merit are most envied when their fortune continueth long; for by that time, though their virtue be the same, yet it hath not the same lustre; for fresh men grow up that darken it.

Persons of noble blood are less envied in their rising; for it seemeth but right done to their birth; besides, there seemeth

Digitized by Google

not so much added to their fortune; and envy is as the sunbeams, that beat hotter upon a bank or steep rising ground, than upon a flat; and, for the same reason, those that are advanced by degrees are less envied than those that are advanced suddenly, and "per saltum."

Those that have joined with their honor great travels, cares, or perils, are less subject to envy; for men think that they earn their honors hardly, and pity them sometimes; and pity ever healeth envy: wherefore you shall observe, that the more deep and sober sort of politic persons, in their greatness, are ever bemoaning themselves what a life they lead, chanting a "quanta patimur" [how much we suffer]; not that they feel it so, but only to abate the edge of envy: but this is to be understood of business that is laid upon men, and not such as they call unto themselves; for nothing increaseth envy more than an unnecessary and ambitious engrossing of business; and nothing doth extinguish envy more than for a great person to preserve all other inferior officers in their full rights and pre-eminences of their places; for, by that means, there be so many screens between him and envy.

Above all, those are most subject to envy which carry the greatness of their fortunes in an insolent and proud manner: being never well but while they are showing how great they are, either by outward pomp, or by triumphing over all opposition or competition: whereas wise men will rather do sacrifice to envy, in suffering themselves, sometimes of purpose, to be crossed and overborne in things that do not much concern them. Notwithstanding so much is true that the carriage of greatness in a plain and open manner (so it be without arrogancy and vainglory) doth draw less envy than if it be in a more crafty and cunning fashion; for in that course a man doth but disavow fortune, and seemeth to be conscious of his own want in worth, and doth but teach others to envy him.

Lastly, to conclude this part, as we said in the beginning that the act of envy had somewhat in it of witchcraft, so there is no other cure of envy but the cure of witchcraft; and that is, to remove the lot (as they call it), and to lay it upon another; for which purpose the wiser sort of great persons bring in ever upon the stage somebody upon whom to derive the envy that would come upon themselves; sometimes upon ministers and servants, sometimes upon colleagues and associates, and the like; and, for that turn, there are never wanting some persons

Digitized by Google

of violent and undertaking natures, who, so they may have power and business, will take it at any cost.

Now, to speak of public envy: there is yet some good in public envy, whereas in private there is none; for public envy is as an ostracism, that eclipseth men when they get too great; and therefore it is a bridle also to great ones, to keep them within bounds.

This envy, being in the Latin word "invidia," goeth in the modern languages by the name of discontentment; of which we shall speak in handling sedition. It is a disease in a state like to infection; for as infection spreadeth upon that which is sound, and tainteth it, so, when envy is gotten once into a state, it traduceth even the best actions thereof, and turneth them into an ill odor; and therefore there is little won by intermingling of plausible actions; for that doth argue but a weakness and a fear of envy, which hurteth so much the more, as it is likewise usual in infections, which, if you fear them, you call them upon you.

This public envy seemeth to beat chiefly upon principal officers or ministers, rather than upon kings and estates themselves. But this is a sure rule, that if the envy upon the minister be great, when the cause of it in him is small; or if the envy be general in a manner upon all the ministers of an estate, then the envy (though hidden) is truly upon the state itself. And so much of public envy or discontentment, and the difference thereof from private envy, which was handled in the first place.

We will add this in general, touching the affection of envy, that of all other affections it is the most importune and continual; for of other affections there is occasion given but now and then; and therefore it was well said, "Envy keeps no holidays:" for it is ever working upon some or other. And it is also noted that love and envy do make a man pine, which other affections do not, because they are not so continual. It is also the vilest affection, and the most depraved; for which cause it is the proper attribute of the devil, who is called "The envious man, that soweth tares amongst the wheat by night;" as it always cometh to pass that envy worketh subtilely, and in the dark, and to the prejudice of good things, such as is the wheat.

Digitized by Google

ATHEISM.

I HAD rather believe all the fables in the legend, and the Talmud, and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind; and, therefore, God never wrought miracle to convince atheism, because his ordinary works convince it. It is true that a little philosophy inclineth man's mind to atheism, but depth in philosophy bringeth men's minds about to religion; for while the mind of man looketh upon second causes scattered, it may sometimes rest in them, and go no further; but when it beholdeth the chain of them confederate, and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and Deity: nay, even that school which is most accused of atheism doth most demonstrate religion: that is, the school of Leucippus, and Democritus, and Epicurus, for it is a thousand times more credible that four mutable elements, and one immutable fifth essence, duly and eternally placed, need no God, than that an army of infinite small portions, or seeds unplaced, should have produced this order and beauty without a divine marshal. The Scripture saith, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God;" it is not said, "The fool hath thought in his heart;" so as he rather saith it by rote to himself, as that he would have, than that he can thoroughly believe it, or be persuaded of it; for none deny there is a God, but those for whom it maketh that there were no God. It appeareth in nothing more, that atheism is rather in the lip than in the heart of man, than by this, that atheists will ever be talking of that their opinion, as if they fainted in it within themselves, and would be glad to be strengthened by the consent of others; nay more, you shall have atheists strive to get disciples, as it fareth with other sects; and, which is most of all, you shall have of them that will suffer for atheism, and not recant; whereas, if they did truly think that there were no such thing as God, why should they trouble themselves? Epicurus is charged that he did but dissemble for his credit's sake, when he affirmed there were blessed natures, but such as enjoyed themselves without having respect to the government of the world; wherein they say he did temporize, though in secret he thought there was no God: but certainly he is traduced, for his words are noble and divine: "It is not profane to deny *the existence* of the Deities of the vulgar: but to apply to the Divinities the received notions of

Digitized by Google

the vulgar is profane." Plato could have said no more; and although he had the confidence to deny the administration, he had not the power to deny the nature. The Indians of the west have names for their particular gods, though they have no name for God: as if the heathens should have had the names Jupiter, Apollo, Mars, etc., but not the word Deus, which shows that even those barbarous people have the notion, though they have not the latitude and extent of it; so that against atheists the very savages take part with the very subtlest philosophers. The contemplative atheist is rare; a Diagoras, a Bion, a Lucian perhaps, and some others; and yet they seem to be more than they are; for that all that impugn a received religion, or superstition, are, by the adverse part, branded with the name of atheists; but the great atheists indeed are hypocrites, which are ever handling holy things but without feeling; so as they must needs be cauterized in the end. The causes of atheism are, divisions in religion, if they be many; for any one main division addeth zeal to both sides, but many divisions introduce atheism: another is, scandal of priests, when it is come to that which St. Bernard saith: "It is not for us now to say, 'Like priest like people,' for the people are not even so bad as the priest:" a third is, custom of profane scoffing in holy matters, which doth by little and little deface the reverence of religion; and lastly, learned times, specially with peace and prosperity; for troubles and adversities do more bow men's minds to religion. They that deny a God destroy a man's nobility; for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature. It destroys likewise magnanimity, and the raising of human nature; for take an example of a dog, and mark what a generosity and courage he will put on when he finds himself maintained by a man, who to him is instead of a God, "a superior nature;" which courage is manifestly such as that creature, without that confidence of a better nature than his own, could never attain. So man, when he resteth and assureth himself upon divine protection and favor, gathereth a force and faith which human nature in itself could not obtain; therefore, as atheism is in all respects hateful, so in this, that it depriveth human nature of the means to exalt itself above human frailty. As it is in particular persons, so it is in nations; never was there such a state for magnanimity as Rome. Of this state hear what Cicero saith: "We may ad-

Digitized by Google

mire ourselves, conscript fathers, as much as we please: still, neither by numbers *did we vanquish* the Spaniards, nor by bodily strength the Gauls, nor by cunning the Carthaginians, nor through the arts the Greeks, nor, in fine, by the inborn and native good sense of this *our* nation, and this *our* race and soil, the Italians and Latins themselves; but through our devotion and our religious feeling, and this, the sole *true* wisdom, the having perceived that all things are regulated and governed by the providence of the immortal Gods, have we subdued all races and nations."

OF TRUTH.

WHAT is truth? said jesting Pilate; and would not stay for an answer. Certainly there be that delight in giddiness; and count it a bondage to fix a belief; affecting free-will in thinking, as well as in acting. And though the sects of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing wits, which are of the same veins, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labor which men take in finding out of truth, nor again, that when it is found it imposeth upon men's thoughts, that doth bring lies in favor: but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the later school of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies, where neither they make for pleasure as with poets, nor for advantage as with the merchant; but for the lie's sake. But I cannot tell: this same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masks and mummeries and triumphs of the world half so stately and daintily as candle-lights. Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day; but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? One of the fathers, in great severity, called poesy *vinum dæmonum*, because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through

Digitized by Google

the mind, but the lie that sinketh in and settleth in it, that doth the hurt; such as we spake of before. But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense; the last was the light of reason; and his Sabbath work ever since is the illumination of his Spirit. First he breathed light upon the face of the matter or chaos; then he breathed light into the face of man; and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet that beautified the sect that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well: — "It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tossed upon the sea; a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle and the adventures thereof below; but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of Truth" (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene), "and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below:" so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth to the truth of civil business: it will be acknowledged even by those that practise it not, that clear and round dealing is the honor of man's nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent; which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious; and therefore Montaigne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace and such an odious charge. Saith he, "If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth, is as much as to say that he is brave toward God and a coward toward men." For a lie faces God, and shrinks from man.

Digitized by Google

OF REVENGE.

REVENGE is a kind of wild justice; which the more man's nature runs to, the more ought law to weed it out. For as for the first wrong, it doth but offend the law; but the revenge of that wrong putteth the law out of office. Certainly, in taking revenge, a man is but even with his enemy; but in passing it over, he is superior: for it is a prince's part to pardon, and Solomon, I am sure, saith, "It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence." That which is past is gone and irrevocable, and wise men have enough to do with things present and to come; therefore they do but trifle with themselves that labor in past matters. There is no man doth a wrong for the wrong's sake; but thereby to purchase himself profit, or pleasure, or honor, or the like. Therefore, why should I be angry with a man for loving himself better than me? And if any man should do wrong merely out of ill-nature, why yet it is but like the thorn or brier, which prick and scratch because they can do no other. The most tolerable sort of revenge is for those wrongs which there is no law to remedy; but then, let a man take heed the revenge be such as there is no law to punish, else a man's enemy is still beforehand, and it is two for one. Some, when they take revenge, are desirous the party should know whence it cometh. This is the more generous; for the delight seemeth to be not so much in doing the hurt as in making the party repent. But base and crafty cowards are like the arrow that flieth in the dark. Cosmus, Duke of Florence, had a desperate saying against perfidious or neglecting friends, as if those wrongs were unpardonable. "You shall read," saith he, "that we are commanded to forgive our enemies; but you never read that we are commanded to forgive our friends." But yet the spirit of Job was in a better tune: "Shall we," saith he, "take good at God's hands, and not be content to take evil also?" And so of friends in a proportion. This is certain, that a man that studieth revenge keeps his own wounds green, which otherwise would heal and do well. Public revenges are for the most part fortunate: as that for the death of Cæsar; for the death of Pertinax; for the death of Henry the Third of France; and many more. But in private revenges it is not so. Nay, rather vindictive persons live the life of witches; who, as they are mischievous, so end they infortunate.

Digitized by Google

OF TRAVEL.

TRAVEL, in the younger sort, is a part of education; in the elder, a part of experience. He that travelleth into a country before he hath some entrance into the language, goeth to school, and not to travel. That young men travel under some tutor or grave servant, I allow well: so that he be such a one that hath the language, and hath been in the country before; whereby he may be able to tell them what things are worthy to be seen in the country where they go, what acquaintances they are to seek, what exercises or discipline the place yielded. For else young men shall go hooded, and look abroad little. It is a strange thing, that in sea voyages, where there is nothing to be seen but sky and sea, men should make diaries; but in land travel, wherein so much is to be observed, for the most part they omit it; as if chance were fitter to be registered than observation. Let diaries therefore be brought in use. The things to be seen and observed are, the courts of princes, specially when they give audience to ambassadors; the courts of justice, while they sit and hear causes; and so of consistories ecclesiastic; the churches and monasteries, with the monuments which are therein extant; the walls and fortifications of cities and towns, and so the havens and harbors; antiquities and ruins; libraries; colleges, disputations, and lectures, where any are; shipping and navies; houses and gardens of state and pleasure, near great cities; armories; arsenals; magazines; exchanges; burses; warehouses; exercises of horsemanship, fencing, training of soldiers, and the like; comedies, such whereunto the better sort of persons do resort; treasuries of jewels and robes; cabinets and rarities: and, to conclude, whatsoever is memorable in the places where they go. After all which the tutors or servants ought to make diligent inquiry. As for triumphs, masks, feasts, weddings, funerals, capital executions, and such shows, men need not to be put in mind of them: yet are they not to be neglected. If you will have a young man to put his travel into a little room, and in short time to gather much, this you must do. First, as was said, he must have some entrance into the language before he goeth. Then he must have such a servant or tutor as knoweth the country, as was likewise said. Let him carry with him also some card or book, describing the country where he travelleth, which will be a good key to his inquiry. Let him keep also a diary. Let

Digitized by Google

him not stay long in one city or town; more or less as the place deserveth, but not long: nay, when he stayeth in one city or town, let him change his lodging from one end and part of the town to another; which is a great adamant of acquaintance. Let him sequester himself from the company of his countrymen, and diet in such places where there is good company of the nation where he travelleth. Let him upon his removes from one place to another, procure recommendation to some person of quality residing in the place whither he removeth; that he may use his favor in those things he desireth to see or know. Thus he may abridge his travel with much profit.

As for the acquaintance which is to be sought in travel: that which is most of all profitable, is acquaintance with the secretaries and employed men of ambassadors; for so in travelling in one country he shall suck the experience of many. Let him also see and visit eminent persons in all kinds, which are of great name abroad; that he may be able to tell how the life agreeth with the fame. For quarrels, they are with care and discretion to be avoided. They are commonly for mistresses, healths, place, and words. And let a man beware how he keepeth company with choleric and quarrelsome persons; for they will engage him into their own quarrels. When a traveller returneth home, let him not leave the countries where he hath travelled altogether behind him, but maintain a correspondence by letters with those of his acquaintance which are of most worth. And let his travel appear rather in his discourse than in his apparel or gesture; and in his discourse let him be rather advised in his answers, than forward to tell stories; and let it appear that he doth not change his country manners for those of foreign parts; but only prick in some flowers of that he hath learned abroad into the customs of his own country.

OF FRIENDSHIP.

It had been hard for him that spake it to have put more truth and untruth together in few words than in that speech, "Whosoever is delighted in solitude is either a wild beast or a god." For it is most true that a natural and secret hatred and aversion toward society in any man hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a

Digitized by Google

man's self for a higher conversation: such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathen, as Epimenides the Candian, Numa the Roman, Empedocles the Sicilian, and Apollonius of Tyana; and truly and really in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the Church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company; and faces are but a gallery of pictures; and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little: "Magna civitas, magna solitudo;" because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighborhoods. But we may go further, and affirm most truly that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body; and it is not much otherwise in the mind. You may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain: but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend; to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak; so great, as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness. For princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except (to make themselves capable thereof) they raise some persons to be as it were companions and almost equals to themselves; which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of favorites, or privadoes; as if it were matter of grace or conversation. But the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them "participes curarum;" for it is that which tieth the knot. And we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned; who have oftentimes joined

Digitized by Google

to themselves some of their servants, whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men.

L. Sylla, when he commanded Rome, raised Pompey (after surnamed the Great) to that height that Pompey vaunted himself for Sylla's overmatch. For when he had carried the consulship for a friend of his against the pursuit of Sylla, and that Sylla did a little resent thereat, and began to speak great, Pompey turned upon him again, and in effect bade him be quiet; "for that more men adored the sun rising than the sun setting." With Julius Cæsar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down in his testament for heir in remainder after his nephew; and this was the man that had power with him to draw him forth to his death. For when Cæsar would have discharged the Senate in regard of some ill presages, and specially a dream of Calpurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the Senate till his wife had dreamt a better dream. And it seemeth his favor was so great as Antonius, in a letter which is recited verbatim in one of Cicero's Philippics, calleth him "venefica" — "witch;" as if he had enchanted Cæsar. Augustus raised Agrippa (though of mean birth) to that height as, when he consulted with Mæcenas about the marriage of his daughter Julia, Mæcenas took the liberty to tell him, "that he must either marry his daughter to Agrippa or take away his life: there was no third way, he had made him so great." With Tiberius Cæsar, Sejanus had ascended to that height as they two were termed and reckoned as a pair of friends. Tiberius in a letter to him saith, "Hæc pro amicitia nostra non occultavi" [these things, from our friendship, I have not concealed from you]; and the whole Senate dedicated an altar to Friendship, as to a goddess, in respect of the great dearness of friendship between them two. The like, or more, was between Septimius Severus and Plautianus. For he forced his eldest son to marry the daughter of Plautianus; and would often maintain Plautianus in doing affronts to his son; and did write also, in a letter to the Senate, by these words: "I love the man so well, as I wish he may over-live me." Now, if these princes had been as a Trajan or a Marcus Aurelius, a man might have thought that this had proceeded of an abundant goodness of nature; but being men so wise, of such strength and severity of mind, and

Digitized by Google

so extreme lovers of themselves, as all these were, it proveth most plainly that they found their own felicity (though as great as ever happened to mortal men) but as an half-piece, except they might have a friend to make it entire: and yet, which is more, they were princes that had wives, sons, nephews; and yet all these could not supply the comfort of friendship.

It is not to be forgotten what Comineus observeth of his first master, Duke Charles the Hardy; namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none, and least of all those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on and saith, that toward his latter time "that closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding." Surely Comineus mought have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master Louis the Eleventh, whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true: "Cor ne edito," — "Eat not the heart." Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts. But one thing is most admirable (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend works two contrary effects; for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves. For there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more; and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is, in truth, of operation upon a man's mind of like virtue as the alchymists use to attribute to their stone for man's body; that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature. But yet without praying in aid of alchymists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature: for in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action, and on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression; and even so it is of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections. For friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections, from storm and tempests, but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up in the communicating and discoursing with another; he tosseth his thoughts more easily; he

Digitized by Google

marshalleth them more orderly; he seeth how they look when they are turned into words; finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the King of Persia, "That speech was like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad; whereby the imagery doth appear in figure: whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs." Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel (they indeed are best); but even without that, a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation; which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well in one of his enigmas, "Dry light is ever the best;" and certain it is, that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another, is dryer and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment; which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer; for there is no such flatterer as is a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts: the one concerning manners, the other concerning business. For the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account is a medicine sometimes too piercing and corrosive; reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead; observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case: but the best receipt (best I say to work and best to take) is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many (especially of the greater sort) do commit for want of a friend to tell them of them, to the great damage both of their fame and fortune: for, as St. James saith, they are as men "that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favor." As for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one; or, that a gamester seeth always more than a looker-on; or, that

Digitized by Google

a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four-and-twenty letters; or, that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest; and such other fond and high imaginations, to think himself all in all: but when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight: and if any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces; asking counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man, it is well (that is to say, better, perhaps, than if he asked none at all); but he runneth two dangers: one, that he shall not be faithfully counselled; for it is a rare thing, except it be from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it: the other, that he shall have counsel given, hurtful and unsafe (though with good meaning), and mixed partly of mischief, and partly of remedy; even as if you would call a physician, that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body; and therefore may put you in a way for a present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind, and so cure the disease and kill the patient: but a friend that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon the other inconvenience. And therefore, rest not upon scattered counsels: they will rather distract and mislead, than settle and direct.

After these two noble fruits of friendship (peace in the affections, and support of the judgment), followeth the last fruit, which is like the pomegranate, full of many kernels; I mean aid, and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship, is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself: and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients to say, "that a friend is another himself;" for that a friend is far more than himself. Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart; the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him; so that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place; but where friendship is, all offices of life are, as it were, granted to him and his deputy; for he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face

Digitized by Google

or comeliness, say or do himself. A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate, or beg, and a number of the like: but all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father; to his wife but as a husband; to his enemy but upon terms: whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person: but to enumerate these things were endless; I have given the rule, where a man cannot fitly play his own part, if he have not a friend he may quit the stage.

From the "Apophthegms."

My Lord of Essex, at the succor of Rouen, made twenty-four knights, which at that time was a great number. Divers of those gentlemen were of weak and small means; which when Queen Elizabeth heard, she said, "My Lord might have done well to have built his alms-house before he made his knights."

21. Many men, especially such as affect gravity, have a manner after other men's speech to shake their heads. Sir Lionel Cranfield would say, "That it was as men shake a bottle, to see if there was any wit in their head or no."

33. Bias was sailing, and there fell out a great tempest, and the mariners, that were wicked and dissolute fellows, called upon the gods; but Bias said to them, "Peace, let them not know ye are here."

42. There was a Bishop that was somewhat a delicate person, and bathed twice a day. A friend of his said to him, "My lord, why do you bathe twice a day?" The Bishop answered, "Because I cannot conveniently bathe thrice."

55. Queen Elizabeth was wont to say of her instructions to great officers, "That they were like to garments, straight at the first putting on, but did by and by wear loose enough."

64. Sir Henry Wotton used to say, "That critics are like brushers of noblemen's clothes."

66. Mr. Savill was asked by my Lord of Essex his opinion touching poets; who answered my lord, "He thought them the best writers, next to those that write prose."

85. One was saying, "That his great-grandfather and grandfather and father died at sea." Said another that heard him,

Digitized by Google

"And I were as you, I would never come at sea." "Why (saith he), where did your great-grandfather and grandfather and father die?" He answered, "Where but in their beds." Saith the other, "And I were as you, I would never come in bed."

97. Alonso of Arragon was wont to say, in commendation of age, That age appeared to be best in four things: "Old wood best to burn; old wine to drink; old friends to trust; and old authors to read."

119. One of the fathers saith, "That there is but this difference between the death of old men and young men: that old men go to death, and death comes to young men."

Translation of the 137th Psalm.

Whenas we sat all sad and desolate,
By Babylon upon the river's side,
Eased from the tasks which in our captive state
We were enforcèd daily to abide,
Our harps we had brought with us to the field,
Some solace to our heavy souls to yield.

But soon we found we failed of our account,
For when our minds some freedom did obtain,
Straightways the memory of Sion Mount
Did cause afresh our wounds to bleed again;
So that with present gifts, and future fears,
Our eyes burst forth into a stream of tears.

As for our harps, since sorrow struck them dumb,
We hanged them on the willow-trees were near;
Yet did our cruel masters to us come,
Asking of us some Hebrew songs to hear:
Taunting us rather in our misery,
Than much delighting in our melody.

Alas (said we) who can once force or frame
His grievèd and oppressèd heart to sing
The praises of Jehovah's glorious name,
In banishment, under a foreign king?
In Sion is his seat and dwelling-place,
Thence doth he show the brightness of his face.

Hierusalem, where God his throne hath set,
Shall any hour absent thee from my mind?

Digitized by Google

Then let my right hand quite her skill forget,
Then let my voice and words no passage find;
Nay, if I do not thee prefer in all
That in the compass of my thoughts can fall.

Remember thou, O Lord, the cruel cry
Of Eden's children, which did ring and sound,
Inciting the Chaldean's cruelty,
"Down with it, down with it, even unto the ground."
In that good day repay it unto them,
When thou shalt visit thy Hierusalem.

And thou, O Babylon, shalt have thy turn
By just revenge, and happy shall he be,
That thy proud walls and towers shall waste and burn,
And as thou didst by us, so do by thee.
Yea, happy he that takes thy children's bones,
And dasheth them against the pavement stones.

The World's a Bubble.

The world's a bubble, and the life of man
less than a span;
In his conception wretched, from the womb
so to the tomb:
Curst from the cradle, and brought up to years
with cares and fears.
Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns the water, or but writes in dust.

Yet since with sorrow here we live opprest,
what life is best?
Courts are but only superficial schools
to dandle fools.
The rural parts are turned into a den
of savage men.
And where's the city from all vice so free,
But may be termed the worst of all the three?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
or pains his head.
Those that live single take it for a curse,
or do things worse.

Digitized by Google

Some would have children; those that have them moan,
or wish them gone.
What is it then to have or have no wife,
But single thraldom, or a double strife?

Our own affections still at home to please
is a disease:
To cross the seas to any foreign soil
perils and toil.
Wars with their noise affright us: when they cease,
we are worse in peace.
What then remains, but that we still should cry
Not to be born, or being born to die.

OF ADVERSITY.

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), that "the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired." Certainly, if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity. The virtue of prosperity is Temperance; the virtue of adversity is Fortitude, which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; Adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favor. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and Adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground. Judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is life's precious odors, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed; for Prosperity doth best discover vice, but Adversity doth best discover virtue.

Digitized by Google

WALTER BAGEHOT.

BAGEHOT, WALTER, a celebrated English essayist, critic, and journalist, was born in Langport, Somersetshire, February 3, 1826, and died there March 24, 1877. He was educated at Bristol and at University College, London, graduating at the latter in 1848. He studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1852, but did not enter upon its practice, and soon after his admission associated himself in business with his father, a banker and shipowner in Langport. His first literary work was as a Paris correspondent of a London paper in 1851. In these letters he defended the *coup d'état* of Napoleon III. From 1860 until his death he was the editor of "The Economist," founded by his father-in-law, Hon. James Wilson. Among his most important works published while he was living are: "The English Constitution" (1867); "Physics and Politics" (1872); "Lombard Street" (1873). "Literary Studies" (1879), "Economic Studies" (1880), and "Biographical Studies" (1881) were published after his death.

CAUSES OF THE STERILITY OF LITERATURE.

(From "Shakespeare, the Man.)

THE reason why so few good books are written is, that so few people that can write know anything. In general, an author has always lived in a room, has read books, has cultivated science, is acquainted with the style and sentiments of the best authors, but he is out of the way of employing his own eyes and ears. He has nothing to hear and nothing to see. His life is a vacuum. The mental habits of Robert Southey, which about a year ago were so extensively praised in the public journals, are the type of literary existence, just as the praise bestowed on them shows the admiration excited by them among literary people. He wrote poetry (as if anybody could) before breakfast; he read during breakfast. He wrote history until dinner; he corrected proof-sheets between dinner and tea; he wrote an essay for the

Digitized by Google

"Quarterly" afterwards; and after supper, by way of relaxation, composed "The Doctor" — a lengthy and elaborate jest. Now, what can any one think of such a life? — except how clearly it shows that the habits best fitted for communicating information, formed with the best care, and daily regulated by the best motives, are exactly the habits which are likely to afford a man the least information to communicate. Southey had no events, no experiences. His wife kept house and allowed him pocket-money, just as if he had been a German professor devoted to accents, tobacco, and the dates of Horace's amours. . . .

The critic in the "Vicar of Wakefield" lays down that you should *always* say that the picture would have been better if the painter had taken more pains; but in the case of the practised literary man, you should often enough say that the writings would have been much better if the writer had taken less pains. He says he has devoted his life to the subject; the reply is, "Then you have taken the best way to prevent your making anything of it. Instead of reading studiously what Burgersdicius and Ænesidemus said men were, you should have gone out yourself and seen (if you can see) what they are." But there is a whole class of minds which prefer the literary delineation of objects to the actual eyesight of them. Such a man would naturally think literature more instructive than life. Hazlitt said of Mackintosh, "He might like to read an *account* of India; but India itself, with its burning, shining face, would be a mere blank, an endless waste to him. Persons of this class have no more to say to a matter of fact staring them in the face, without a label in its mouth, than they would to a hippopotamus." . . .

After all, the original way of writing books may turn out to be the best. The first author, it is plain, could not have taken anything from books, since there were no books for him to copy from; he looked at things for himself. Anyhow the modern system fails, for where are the amusing books from voracious students and habitual writers?

Moreover, in general, it will perhaps be found that persons devoted to mere literature commonly become devoted to mere idleness. They wish to produce a great work, but they find they cannot. Having relinquished everything to devote themselves to this, they conclude on trial that this is impossible; they wish to write, but nothing occurs to them: therefore they write nothing and they do nothing. As has been said, they have noth-

Digitized by Google

ing to do; their life has no events, unless they are very poor; with any decent means of subsistence, they have nothing to rouse them from an indolent and musing dream. A merchant must meet his bills, or he is civilly dead and uncivilly remembered; but a student may know nothing of time, and be too lazy to wind up his watch.

The Search for Happiness.

(From "William Cowper.")

If there be any truly painful fact about the world now tolerably well established by ample experience and ample records, it is that an intellectual and indolent happiness is wholly denied to the children of men. That most valuable author, Lucretius, who has supplied us and others with an almost inexhaustible supply of metaphors on this topic, ever dwells on the life of his gods with a sad and melancholy feeling that no such life was possible on a crude and cumbersome earth. In general, the two opposing agencies are marriage and lack of money; either of these breaks the lot of literary and refined inaction at once and forever. The first of these, as we have seen, Cowper had escaped; his reserved and negligent reveries were still free, at least from the invasion of affection. To this invasion, indeed, there is commonly requisite the acquiescence or connivance of mortality: but all men are born — not free and equal, as the Americans maintain, but, in the Old World at least — basely subjected to the yoke of coin. It is in vain that in this hemisphere we endeavor after impecuniary fancies. In bold and eager youth we go out on our travels; we visit Baalbec and Paphos and Tadmor and Cythera, — ancient shrines and ancient empires, seats of eager love or gentle inspiration; we wander far and long; we have nothing to do with our fellow-men, — what are we, indeed, to diggers and counters? we wander far, we dream to wander forever — but we dream in vain. A surer force than the subtlest fascination of fancy is in operation; the purse-strings tie us to our kind. Our travel coin runs low, and we must return, away from Tadmor and Baalbec, back to our steady, tedious industry and dull work, to "la vieille Europe" (as Napoleon said), "qui m'ennuie." It is the same in thought: in vain we seclude ourselves in elegant chambers, in fascinating fancies, in refined reflections.

Digitized by Google

On Early Reading.

(From "Edward Gibbon.")

In school work Gibbon had uncommon difficulties and unusual deficiencies; but these were much more than counterbalanced by a habit which often accompanies a sickly childhood, and is the commencement of a studious life — the habit of desultory reading. The instructiveness of this is sometimes not comprehended. S. T. Coleridge used to say that he felt a great superiority over those who had not read — and fondly read — fairy tales in their childhood: he thought they wanted a sense which he possessed, the perception, or apperception — we do not know which he used to say it was — of the unity and wholeness of the universe. As to fairy tales, this is a hard saying; but as to desultory reading, it is certainly true. Some people have known a time in life when there was no book they could not read. The fact of its being a book went immensely in its favor. In early life there is an opinion that the obvious thing to do with a horse is to ride it; with a cake, to eat it; with sixpence, to spend it. A few boys carry this further, and think the natural thing to do with a book is to read it. There is an argument from design in the subject: if the book was not meant for that purpose, for what purpose was it meant? Of course, of any understanding of the works so perused there is no question or idea. There is a legend of Bentham, in his earliest childhood, climbing to the height of a huge stool, and sitting there evening after evening, with two candles, engaged in the perusal of Rapin's history; it might as well have been any other book. The doctrine of utility had not then dawned on its immortal teacher; *cui bono* was an idea unknown to him. He would have been ready to read about Egypt, about Spain, about coals in Borneo, the teak-wood in India, the current in the River Mississippi, on natural history or human history, on theology or morals, on the state of the Dark Ages or the state of the Light Ages, on Augustulus or Lord Chatham, on the first century or the seventeenth, on the moon, the millennium, or the whole duty of man. Just then, reading is an end in itself. At that time of life you no more think of a future consequence — of the remote, the very remote possibility of deriving knowledge from the perusal of a book, than you expect so great a result from spinning a peg-top. You spin the top, and you

Digitized by Google

read the book; and these scenes of life are exhausted. In such studies, of all prose, perhaps the best is history: one page is so like another, battle No. 1 is so much on a par with battle No. 2. Truth may be, as they say, stranger than fiction, abstractedly; but in actual books, novels are certainly odder and more astounding than correct history.

It will be said, What is the use of this? why not leave the reading of great books till a great age? why plague and perplex childhood with complex facts remote from its experience and inapprehensible by its imagination? The reply is, that though in all great and combined facts there is much which childhood cannot thoroughly imagine, there is also in very many a great deal which can only be truly apprehended for the first time at that age. Youth has a principle of consolidation; we begin with the whole. Small sciences are the labors of our manhood; but the round universe is the plaything of the boy. His fresh mind shoots out vaguely and crudely into the infinite and eternal. Nothing is hid from the depth of it; there are no boundaries to its vague and wandering vision. Early science, it has been said, begins in utter nonsense; it would be truer to say that it starts with boyish fancies. How absurd seem the notions of the first Greeks! Who could believe now that air or water was the principle, the pervading substance, the eternal material of all things? Such affairs will not explain a thick rock. And what a white original for a green and sky-blue world! Yet people disputed in these ages not whether it was either of those substances, but which of them it was. And doubtless there was a great deal, at least in quantity, to be said on both sides. Boys are improved; but some in our own day have asked, "Mamma, I say, what did God make the world of?" and several, who did not venture on speech, have had an idea of some one gray primitive thing, felt a difficulty as to how the red came, and wondered that marble could *ever* have been the same as moonshine. This is in truth the picture of life. We begin with the infinite and eternal, which we shall never apprehend; and these form a framework, a schedule, a set of co-ordinates to which we refer all which we learn later. At first, like the old Greek, "We look up to the whole sky, and are lost in the one and the all;" in the end we classify and enumerate, learn each star, calculate distances, draw cramped diagrams on the unbounded sky, write a paper on α Cygni and a treatise on ϵ Draconis, map special facts upon the indefinite void, and engrave precise details on the infinite and everlasting.

Digitized by Google

So in history: somehow the whole comes in boyhood, the details later and in manhood. The wonderful series, going far back to the time of old patriarchs with their flocks and herds, the keen-eyed Greek, the stately Roman, the wandering Jew, the uncouth Goth, the horrid Hun, the settled picture of the unchanging East, the restless shifting of the rapid West, the rise of the cold and classical civilization, its fall, the rough impetuous Middle Ages, the vague warm picture of ourselves and home, — when did we learn these? Not yesterday nor to-day: but long ago, in the first dawn of reason, in the original flow of fancy. What we learn afterwards are but the accurate littlenesses of the great topic, the dates and tedious facts. Those who begin late learn only these; but the happy first feel the mystic associations and the progress of the whole. . . .

However exalted may seem the praises which we have given to loose and unplanned reading, we are not saying that it is the sole ingredient of a good education. Besides this sort of education, which some boys will voluntarily and naturally give themselves, there needs, of course, another and more rigorous kind, which must be impressed upon them from without. The terrible difficulty of early life — the *use* of pastors and masters really is, that they compel boys to a distinct mastery of that which they do not wish to learn. There is nothing to be said for a preceptor who is not dry. Mr. Carlyle describes, with bitter satire, the fate of one of his heroes who was obliged to acquire whole systems of information in which he, the hero, saw no use, and which he kept, as far as might be, in a vacant corner of his mind. And this is the very point: dry language, tedious mathematics, a thumbed grammar, a detested slate form gradually an interior separate intellect, exact in its information, rigid in its requirements, disciplined in its exercises. The two grow together; the early natural fancy touching the far extremities of the universe, lightly playing with the scheme of all things; the precise, compacted memory slowly accumulating special facts, exact habits, clear and painful conceptions. At last, as it were in a moment, the cloud breaks up, the division sweeps away; we find that in fact these exercises which puzzled us, these languages which we hated, these details which we despised, are the instruments of true thought; are the very keys and openings, the exclusive access to the knowledge which we loved.

. . . . . .

Digitized by Google

You should do everything, said Lord Chesterfield, in minuet time. It was in that time that Gibbon wrote his history, and such was the manner of the age. You fancy him in a suit of flowered velvet, with a bag and sword, wisely smiling, composedly rounding his periods. You seem to see the grave bows, the formal politeness, the finished deference. You perceive the minuetic action accompanying the words. "Give," it would say, "Augustus a chair: Zenobia, the humblest of your slaves: Odoacer, permit me to correct the defect in your attire." As the slap-dash sentences of a rushing critic express the hasty impatience of modern manners, so the deliberate emphasis, the slow acumen, the steady argument, the impressive narration; bring before us what is now a tradition, the picture of the correct eighteenth-century gentleman, who never failed in a measured politeness, partly because it was due in propriety towards others, and partly because from his own dignity it was due most obviously to himself.

And not only is this true of style, but it may be extended to other things also. There is no one of the many literary works produced in the eighteenth century more thoroughly characteristic of it than Gibbon's history. The special characteristic of that age is its clinging to the definite and palpable; it had a taste beyond everything for what is called solid information. In literature the period may be defined as that in which authors had ceased to write for students, and had not begun to write for women. In the present day, no one can take up any book intended for general circulation, without clearly seeing that the writer supposes most of his readers will be ladies or young men; and that in proportion to his judgment he is attending to their taste. Two or three hundred years ago books were written for professed and systematic students, — the class the Fellows of colleges were designed to be, — who used to go on studying them all their lives. Between these there was a time in which the more marked class of literary consumers were strong-headed, practical men. Education had not become so general, or so feminine, as to make the present style — what is called the "brilliant style" — at all necessary; but there was enough culture to make the demand of common diffused persons more effectual than that of special and secluded scholars. A book-buying public had arisen of sensible men, who would not endure the awful folio style in which the schoolmen wrote. From peculiar causes, too, the business of that age was perhaps more

Digitized by Google

free from the hurry and distraction which disable so many of our practical men now from reading. You accordingly see in the books of the last century what is called a masculine tone; a firm, strong, perspicuous narration of matter of fact, a plain argument, a contempt for everything which distinct definite people cannot entirely and thoroughly comprehend. There is no more solid book in the world than Gibbon's history. Only consider the chronology. It begins before the year "one" and goes down to the year 1453, and is a schedule or series of schedules of important events during that time. Scarcely any fact deeply affecting European civilization is wholly passed over, and the great majority of facts are elaborately recounted. Laws, dynasties, churches, barbarians, appear and disappear. Everything changes; the old world — the classical civilization of form and definition — passes away, a new world of free spirit and inward growth emerges; between the two lies a mixed weltering interval of trouble and confusion, when everybody hates everybody, and the historical student leads a life of skirmishes, is oppressed with broils and feuds. All through this long period Gibbon's history goes with steady, consistent pace; like a Roman legion through a troubled country — *hæret pede pes;* up hill and down hill, through marsh and thicket, through Goth or Parthian — the firm, defined array passes forward — a type of order, and an emblem of civilization. Whatever may be the defects of Gibbon's history, none can deny him a proud precision and a style in marching order.

Another characteristic of the eighteenth century is its taste for dignified pageantry. What an existence was that of Versailles! How gravely admirable to see the *grand monarque* shaved, and dressed, and powdered; to look on and watch a great man carefully amusing himself with dreary trifles. Or do we not even now possess an invention of that age — the great eighteenth-century footman, still in the costume of his era, with dignity and powder, vast calves and noble mien? What a world it must have been when all men looked like that! Go and gaze with rapture at the footboard of a carriage, and say, Who would not obey a premier with such an air? Grave, tranquil, decorous pageantry is a part, as it were, of the essence of the last age. There is nothing more characteristic of Gibbon. A kind of pomp pervades him. He is never out of livery. He ever selects for narration those themes which look most like a levee: grave chamberlains seem to stand throughout; life is a vast ceremony, the historian at once the dignitary and the scribe.

Digitized by Google

The very language of Gibbon shows these qualities. Its majestic march has been the admiration, its rather pompous cadence the sport, of all perusers. It has the greatest merit of an historical style: it is always going on; you feel no doubt of its continuing in motion. Many narrators of the reflective class, Sir Archibald Alison for example, fail in this: your constant feeling is, "Ah! he has pulled up; he is going to be profound; he never will go on again." Gibbon's reflections connect the events; they are not sermons between them. But, notwithstanding, the manner of the "Decline and Fall" is the last which should be recommended for strict imitation. It is not a style in which you can tell the truth. A monotonous writer is suited only to monotonous matter. Truth is of various kinds — grave, solemn, dignified, petty, low, ordinary; and an historian who has to tell the truth must be able to tell what is vulgar as well as what is great, what is little as well as what is amazing. Gibbon is at fault here. He *cannot* mention Asia *Minor*. The petty order of sublunary matters; the common gross existence of ordinary people; the necessary littlenesses of necessary life, are little suited to his sublime narrative. Men on the "Times" feel this acutely; it is most difficult at first to say many things in the huge imperial manner. And after all you cannot tell everything. "How, sir," asked a reviewer of Sydney Smith's life, "do you say a 'good fellow' in print?" "Mr. ——," replied the editor, "you should not say it at all." Gibbon was aware of this rule; he omits what does not suit him; and the consequence is, that though he has selected the most various of historical topics, he scarcely gives you an idea of variety. The ages change, but the varnish of the narration is the same.

It is not unconnected with this fault that Gibbon gives us but an indifferent description of individual character. People seem a good deal alike. The cautious scepticism of his cold intellect, which disinclined him to every extreme, depreciates great virtues and extenuates vices; and we are left with a tame neutral character, capable of nothing extraordinary, — hateful, as the saying is, "both to God and to the enemies of God."

A great point in favor of Gibbon is the existence of his history. Some great historians seem likely to fail here. A good judge was asked which he preferred, Macaulay's "History of England" or Lord Mahon's. "Why," he replied, "you observe Lord Mahon has written his history; and by what I see Macaulay's will be written not only for, but *among* posterity." Practi-

Digitized by Google

cal people have little idea of the practical ability required to write a large book, and especially a large history. Long before you get to the pen, there is an immensity of pure business; heaps of material are strewn everywhere; but they lie in disorder, unread, uncatalogued, unknown. It seems a dreary waste of life to be analysing, indexing, extracting words and passages, in which one per cent. of the contents are interesting, and not half of that percentage will after all appear in the flowing narrative. As an accountant takes up a bankrupt's books filled with confused statements of ephemeral events, the disorderly record of unprofitable speculations, and charges this to that head and that to this, — estimates earnings, specifies expenses, demonstrates failures; so the great narrator, going over the scattered annalists of extinct ages, groups and divides, notes and combines, until from a crude mass of darkened fragments there emerges a clear narrative, a concise account of the result and upshot of the whole. In this art Gibbon was a master. The laborious research of German scholarship, the keen eye of theological zeal, a steady criticism of eighty years, have found few faults of detail. The account has been worked right, the proper authorities consulted, an accurate judgment formed, the most telling incidents selected. Perhaps experience shows that there is something English in this talent. The Germans are more elaborate in single monographs; but they seem to want the business ability to work out a complicated narrative, to combine a long whole. The French are neat enough, and their style is very quick; but then it is difficult to believe their facts; the account on its face seems too plain, and no true Parisian ever was an antiquary. The great classical histories published in this country in our own time show that the talent is by no means extinct; and they likewise show, what is also evident, that this kind of composition is easier with respect to ancient than with respect to modern times. The barbarians burned the books; and though all the historians abuse them for it, it is quite evident that in their hearts they are greatly rejoiced. If the books had existed, they would have had to read them. Macaulay has to peruse every book printed with long ſs; and it is no use after all; somebody will find some stupid MS., an old account-book of an "ingenious gentleman," and with five entries therein destroy a whole hypothesis. But Gibbon was exempt from this; he could count the books the efficient Goths bequeathed; and when he had mastered them he might pause.

Digitized by Google

Still, it was no light matter, as any one who looks at the books — awful folios in the grave Bodleian — will most certainly credit and believe. And he did it all himself; he never showed his book to any friend, or asked any one to help him in the accumulating work, not even in the correction of the press. "Not a sheet," he says, "has been seen by any human eyes, excepting those of the author and printer; the faults and the merits are exclusively my own." And he wrote most of it with one pen, which certainly must have grown erudite towards the end.

The nature of his authorities clearly shows what the nature of Gibbon's work is. History may be roughly divided into universal and particular; the first being the narrative of events affecting the whole human race, at least the main historical nations, the narrative of whose fortunes is the story of civilization; and the latter being the relation of events relating to one or a few particular nations only. Universal history, it is evident, comprises great areas of space and long periods of time; you cannot have a series of events visibly operating on all great nations without time for their gradual operation, and without tracking them in succession through the various regions of their power. There is no instantaneous transmission in historical causation; a long interval is required for universal effects. It follows, that universal history necessarily partakes of the character of a summary. You cannot recount the cumbrous annals of long epochs without condensation, selection, and omission; the narrative, when shortened within the needful limits, becomes concise and general. What it gains in time, according to the mechanical phrase, it loses in power. The particular history, confined within narrow limits, can show us the whole contents of these limits, explain its features of human interest, recount in graphic detail all its interesting transactions, touch the human heart with the power of passion, instruct the mind with patient instances of accurate wisdom. The universal is confined to a dry enumeration of superficial transactions; no action can have all its details; the canvas is so crowded that no figure has room to display itself effectively. From the nature of the subject, Gibbon's history is of the latter class; the sweep of the narrative is so wide; the decline and fall of the Roman Empire being in some sense the most universal event which has ever happened, — being, that is, the historical incident which most effected all civilized men, and the very existence and form of civilization itself, — it is evident

Digitized by Google

that we must look rather for a comprehensive generality than a telling minuteness of delineation. The history of a thousand years does not admit the pictorial detail which a Scott or a Macaulay can accumulate on the history of a hundred. Gibbon has done his best to avoid the dryness natural to such an attempt. He inserts as much detail as his limits will permit; selects for more full description striking people and striking transactions; brings together at a single view all that relates to single topics; above all, by a regular advance of narration, never ceases to imply the regular progress of events and the steady course of time. None can deny the magnitude of such an effort. After all, however, these are merits of what is technically termed composition, and are analogous to those excellences in painting or sculpture that are more respected by artists than appreciated by the public at large. The fame of Gibbon is highest among writers; those especially who have studied for years particular periods included in his theme (and how many those are; for in the East and West he has set his mark on all that is great for ten centuries!) acutely feel and admiringly observe how difficult it would be to say so much, and leave so little untouched; to compress so many telling points; to present in so few words so apt and embracing a narrative of the whole. But the mere unsophisticated reader scarcely appreciates this; he is rather awed than delighted; or rather, perhaps, he appreciates it for a little while, then is tired by the roll and glare; then, on any chance — the creaking of an organ, or the stirring of a mouse — in time of temptation he falls away. It has been said, the way to answer all objections to Milton is to take down the book and read him; the way to reverence Gibbon is not to read him at all, but look at him, from outside, in the bookcase, and think how much there is within; what a course of events, what a muster-roll of names, what a steady, solemn sound! You will not like to take the book down; but you will think how much you could be delighted if you would.

Panics in Lombard Street.

(From "Lombard Street.")

In most great periods of expanding industry, the three great causes — much loanable capital, good credit, and the increased profits derived from better-used labor and better-used capital — have acted simultaneously; and though either may act by itself,

Digitized by Google

there is a permanent reason why mostly they will act together. They both tend to grow together, if you begin from a period of depression. In such periods credit is bad, and industry unemployed; very generally provisions are high in price, and their dearness was one of the causes which made the times bad. Whether there was or was not too much loanable capital when that period begins, there soon comes to be too much. Quiet people continue to save part of their incomes in bad times as well as in good; indeed, of the two, people of slightly-varying and fixed incomes have better means of saving in bad times because prices are lower. Quiescent trade affords no new securities in which the new saving can be invested, and therefore there comes soon to be an excess of loanable capital. In a year or two after a crisis credit usually improves, as the remembrance of the disasters which at the crisis impaired credit is becoming fainter and fainter. Provisions get back to their usual price, or some great industry makes, from some temporary cause, a quick step forward. At these moments, therefore, the three agencies which, as has been explained, greatly develop trade, combine to develop it simultaneously.

The certain result is a bound of national prosperity; the country leaps forward as if by magic. But only part of that prosperity has a solid reason. As far as prosperity is based on a greater quantity of production, and that of the right articles — as far as it is based on the increased rapidity with which commodities of every kind reach those who want them — its basis is good. Human industry is more efficient, and therefore there is more to be divided among mankind. But in so far as that prosperity is based on a general rise of prices, it is only imaginary. A general rise of prices is a rise only in name; whatever anyone gains on the article which he has to sell he loses on the articles which he has to buy, and so he is just where he was. The only real effects of a general rise of prices are these: first it straitens people of fixed incomes, who suffer as purchasers, but who have no gain to correspond; and secondly, it gives an extra profit to fixed capital created before the rise happened. Here the sellers gain, but without any equivalent loss as buyers. Thirdly, this gain on fixed capital is greatest in what may be called the industrial 'implements,' such as coal and iron. These are wanted in all industries, and in any general increase of prices, they are sure to rise much more than other things. Everybody wants them; the supply of them cannot be

Digitized by Google

rapidly augmented, and therefore their price rises very quickly. But to the country as a whole, the general rise of prices is no benefit at all; it is simply a change of nomenclature for an identical relative value in the same commodities. Nevertheless, most people are happier for it; they think they are getting richer, though they are not. And as the rise does not happen on all articles at the same moment, but is propagated gradually through society, those to whom it first comes gain really; and as at first everyone believes that he will gain when his own article is rising, a buoyant cheerfulness overflows the mercantile world.

This prosperity is precarious as far as it is real, and transitory in so far as it is fictitious. The augmented production, which is the reason of the real prosperity, depends on the full working of the whole industrial organization — of all capitalists and laborers; that prosperity was caused by that full working, and will cease with it. But that full working is liable to be destroyed by the occurrence of any great misfortune to any considerable industry. This would cause misfortune to the industries dependent on that one, and, as has been explained, all through society and *back again*. But every such industry is liable to grave fluctuations, and the most important — the provision-industries — to the gravest and the suddenest. They are dependent on the casualties of the seasons. A single bad harvest diffused over the world, a succession of two or three bad harvests, even in England only, will raise the price of corn exceedingly, and will keep it high. And a great and protracted rise in the price of corn will at once destroy all the real part of the unusual prosperity of previous good times. It will change the full working of the industrial machine into an imperfect working; it will make the produce of that machine less than usual instead of more than usual; instead of there being more than the average of general dividend to be distributed between the producers, there will immediately be less than the average.

And in so far as the apparent prosperity is caused by an unusual plentifulness of loanable capital and a consequent rise in prices, that prosperity is not only liable to reaction, but *certain* to be exposed to reaction. The same causes which generate this prosperity will, after they have been acting a little longer, generate an equivalent adversity. The process is this: the plentifulness of loanable capital causes a rise of prices; that rise of prices makes it necessary to have more loanable capital to carry

Digitized by Google

on the same trade. £100,000 will not buy as much when prices are high as it will when prices are low, it will not be so effectual for carrying on business; more money is necessary in dear times than in cheap times to produce the same changes in the same commodities. Even supposing trade to have remained stationary, a greater capital would be required to carry it on after such a rise of prices as has been described than was necessary before that rise. But in this case the trade will *not* have remained stationary; it will have increased — certainly to some extent, probably to a great extent. The "loanable capital," the lending of which caused the rise of prices, was lent to enable it to augment. The loanable capital lay idle in the banks till some trade started into prosperity, and then was lent in order to develop that trade; that trade caused other secondary developments; those secondary developments enabled more loanable capital to be lent; and that lending caused a tertiary development of trade; and so on through society.

In consequence, a long-continued low rate of interest is almost always followed by a rapid rise in that rate. Till the available trade is found it lies idle, and can scarcely be lent at all; some of it is not lent. But the moment the available trade is discovered — the moment that prices have risen — the demand for loanable capital becomes keen. For the most part, men of business must carry on their regular trade; if it cannot be carried on without borrowing 10 per cent. more capital, 10 per cent. more capital they must borrow. Very often they have incurred obligations which must be met; and if that is so the rate of interest which they pay is comparatively indifferent. What is necessary to meet their acceptances they will borrow, pay for it what they may; they had better pay any price than permit those acceptances to be dishonored.

Digitized by Google

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY.

BAILEY, PHILIP JAMES, an English poet, born at Nottingham, April 22, 1816. His father was the editor of "The Nottingham Mercury." The son, after training at schools in Nottingham, entered the University of Glasgow in 1831; two years afterward he began the study of law, and was called to the English bar in 1840. He had in the meanwhile devoted himself to literature rather than law. His first poem, "Festus," was mainly written before he had completed his twentieth year, and was published in 1839. Few poems have ever excited such immediate attention; and there were not wanting then, and for years afterward, critics who saw in the author of "Festus" the man who was to be the great poet of the age. In later editions, "Festus" was increased to about three times its original length. Subsequent to "Festus" Mr. Bailey put forth several other poems, the principal of which are: "The Angel World" (1850); "The Mystic" (1855); "The Age: A Colloquial Satire" (1858); and "The Universal Hymn" (1867).

LIFE.

(From "Festus.")

FESTUS. Man hath a knowledge of a time to come;
His most important knowledge; the weight lies
Nearest the short end, this life; and the world
Depends on what 's to be. I would deny
The present, if the future. Oh! there is
A life to come, or all 's a dream.
LUCIFER. And all
May be a dream. Thou seest in thine, men, deeds,
Clear, moving, full of speech and order. Why
May not, then, all this world be but a dream
Of God's? Fear not. Some morning God may waken.
FESTUS. I would it were so. This life 's a mystery.
The value of a thought cannot be told;
But it is clearly worth a thousand lives

Digitized by Google

Like many men's. And yet men love to live,
As if mere life were worth the living for.
LUCIFER. What but perdition will it be to most?
FESTUS. Life 's more than breath and the quick round of blood;
It is a great spirit and a busy heart.
The coward and the small in soul scarce do live.
One generous feeling, one great thought, one deed
Of good, ere night would make life longer seem
Than if each year might number a thousand days,
Spent as is this by nations of mankind.
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.
Life 's but a means unto an end; that end,
To those who dwell in Him, He most in them,
Beginning, mean, and end to all things, God.
The dead have all the glory of the world.
Why will we live, and not be glorious?
We never can be deathless till we die.
It is the dead win battles; and the breath
Of those who through the world drive like a wedge,
Tearing earth's empires up, nears death so close,
It dims his well-worn scythe. But no! the brave
Die never. Being deathless, they but change
Their country's arms, for more, their country's heart.
Give then the dead their due; it is they who saved us;
Saved us from woe and want and servitude.
The rapid and the deep; the fall, the gulf,
Have likenesses in feeling and in life;
And life so varied hath more loveliness
In one day, than a creeping century
Of sameness. But youth loves and lives on change,
Till the soul sighs for sameness; which at last
Becomes variety, and takes its place.
Yet some will last to die out thought by thought,
And power by power, and limb of mind by limb,
Like lamps upon a gay device of glass,
Till all of soul that 's left be dark and dry;
Till even the burden of some ninety years
Hath crashed into them like a rock; shattered
Their system, as if ninety suns had rushed
To ruin earth, or heaven had rained its stars;
Till they become, like scrolls, unreadable,
Through dust and mold. Can they be cleaned and read?

Digitized by Google

Do human spirits wax and wane like moons?
LUCIFER. The eye dims and the heart gets old and slow;
The lithe limbs stiffen, and the sun-hued locks
Thin themselves off, or whitely wither; still,
Ages not spirit, even in one point,
Immeasurably minute; from orb to orb,
Rising in radiance ever like the sun
Shining upon the thousand lands of earth.
Look at the medley, motley throng we meet;
Some smiling, frowning some; their cares and joys
Alike not worth a thought; some sauntering slowly,
As if destruction never could overtake them;
Some hurrying on, as fearing judgment swift —
Should trip the heels of death, and seize them living.

GREAT THOUGHTS.

Who can mistake great thoughts?
They seize upon the mind: arrest, and search,
And shake it; bow the tall soul as by the wind,
Rush over it like rivers over reeds
Which quaver in the current; turn us cold,
And pale and voiceless; leaving in the brain
A rocking and a ringing: glorious
But momentary: madness, might it last,
And close the soul with Heaven, as with a seal.

THE SEARCH FOR TRUTH.

Night brings out stars, as sorrows show us truths.
Though many, yet they help not; bright, they light not:
They are too late to serve us; and sad things,
Are aye too true. — We never see the stars,
Still we can see naught but them. So with Truth.
And yet if one would look down a deep well,
Even at noon, we might see these same stars,
Far fairer than the blinding blue: the Truth
Shines in the water like a dark bright eye.
But there are other eyes men better love
Than Truth's; for when we have her she's so cold
And proud we know not what to do with her.

Digitized by Google

JOANNA BAILLIE.

BAILLIE, JOANNA, a Scottish poet; born in Bothwell, Lanarkshire, September 11, 1762; died at Hampstead, England, February 23, 1851. At an early age she removed to London and settled at Hampstead, where, with her sister Agnes, she passed the remainder of her life. The first volume of her "Plays on the Passions" was published in 1798; one of them, "The Family Legend," was successfully presented at Edinburgh under the patronage of Sir Walter Scott. Miss Baillie published many short poems and songs of great beauty. She enjoyed the close friendship of Scott, Jeffrey (who at first had severely criticised her work), Lucy Aikin, Mrs. Siddons, and other eminent persons. For her benevolent deeds at Hampstead, the poor gave her the name of "Lady Bountiful."

WOO'D AND MARRIED AND A'.

THE bride she is winsome and bonny,
  Her hair it is snooded sae sleek,
And faithfu' and kind is her Johnny,
  Yet fast fa' the tears on her cheek.
New pearlins are cause of her sorrow,
  New pearlins and plenishing too:
The bride that has a' to borrow
  Has e'en right mickle ado.
    Woo'd and married and a'!
    Woo'd and married and a'!
  Isna she very weel aff
    To be woo'd and married at a'?

Her mither then hastily spak':—
  "The lassie is glaikit wi' pride;
In my pouch I had never a plack
  On the day when I was a bride.
E'en tak' to your wheel, and be clever,
  And draw out your thread in the sun;
The gear that is gifted, it never
  Will last like the gear that is won.

Digitized by Google

Woo'd and married and a'!
Wi' havins and tocher sae sma'!
I think ye are very weel aff
To be woo'd and married at a'!"

"Toot, toot!" quo' her gray-headed faither,
"She 's less o' a bride than a bairn;
She 's ta'en like a cout frae the heather,
Wi' sense and discretion to learn.
Half husband, I trow, and half daddy,
As humor inconstantly leans,
The chiel maun be patient and steady,
That yokes wi' a mate in her teens.
A kerchief sae douce and sae neat,
O'er her locks that the wind used to blaw!
I 'm baith like to laugh and to greet,
When I think o' her married at a'!"

Then out spak' the wily bridegroom,
Weel waled were his wordies I ween: —
"I 'm rich, though my coffer be toom,
Wi' the blinks o' your bonny blue een.
I 'm prouder o' thee by my side,
Though thy ruffles or ribbons be few,
Than if Kate o' the Croft were my bride,
Wi' purfles and pearlins enow.
Dear and dearest of ony!
Ye 're woo'd and buikit and a'!
And do ye think scorn o' your Johnny,
And grieve to be married at a'?"

She turn'd and she blush'd and she smil'd,
And she looket sae bashfully down;
The pride o' her heart was beguil'd,
And she played wi' the sleeves o' her gown;
She twirled the tag o' her lace,
And she nippet her bodice sae blue,
Syne blinket sae sweet in his face,
And aff like a maukin she flew.
Woo'd and married and a'!
Wi' Johnny to roose her and a'!
She thinks hersel' very weel aff,
To be woo'd and married at a'!

Digitized by Google

It was on a Morn.

It was on a morn, when we were thrang,
The kirn it crooned, the cheese was making,
And bannocks on the girdle baking,
When ane at the door chappt loud and lang.

Yet the auld gudewife and her mays sae tight,
Of a' this bauld din took sma' notice, I ween;
For a chap at the door in braid daylight
Is no like a chap that 's heard at e'en.

But the docksy auld laird of the Warlock glen,
Wha waited without, half blate, half cheery,
And langed for a sight o' his winsome deary,
Raised up the latch, and cam crousely ben.

His coat it was new and his o'erlay was white,
His mittens and hose were cozie and bien;
But a wooer that comes in braid daylight
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

He greeted the carline and lasses sae braw,
And his bare lyart pow sae smoothly he straikit,
And he looket about, like a body half glaikit,
On bonny sweet Nanny, the youngest of a'.

"Ha, laird!" quo' the carline, "and look ye that way?
Fye, let na' sic fancies bewilder you clean:
An elderlin man, in the noon o' the day,
Should be wiser than youngsters that come at e'en."

"Na, na," quo' the pawky auld wife, "I trow,
You 'll no' fash your head wi' a youthfu' gilly,
As wild and as skeig as a muirland filly;
Black Madge is far better and fitter for you."

He hem'd and he haw'd, and he drew in his mouth,
And he squeezed the blue bannet his twa hands between,
For a wooer that comes when the sun 's i' the south
Is mair landward than wooers that come at e'en.

"Black Madge is sae carefu'" — "What 's that to me?"
"She 's sober and eydent, has sense in her noodle:
She 's douce and respeckit" — "I care na' a bodle:
Love winna be guided, and fancy 's free."

Digitized by Google

MRS. SIDDONS AS THE TRAGIC MUSE

From Painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Madge tossed back her head wi' a saucy slight,
And Nanny, loud laughing, ran out to the green;
For a wooer that comes when the sun shines bright
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

Then away flung the laird, and loud mutter'd he,
"A' the daughters of Eve, between Orkney and Tweed, O!
Black or fair, young or auld, dame or damsel or widow,
May gang in their pride to the de'il for me!"

But the auld gudewife and her mays sae tight
Cared little for a' his stour banning, I ween;
For a wooer that comes in braid daylight
Is no like a wooer that comes at e'en.

To Mrs. Siddons.

Gifted of heaven! who hast, in days gone by,
Moved every heart, delighted every eye;
While age and youth, of high and low degree,
In sympathy were joined, beholding thee,
As in the Drama's ever-changing scene
Thou heldst thy splendid state, our tragic queen!
No barriers there thy fair domains confined,
Thy sovereign sway was o'er the human mind;
And in the triumph of that witching hour,
Thy lofty bearing well became thy power.

The impassioned changes of thy beauteous face,
Thy stately form, and high imperial grace;
Thine arms impetuous tossed, thy robe's wide flow,
And the dark tempest gathered on thy brow;
What time thy flashing eye and lip of scorn
Down to the dust thy mimic foes have borne;
Remorseful musings, sunk to deep dejection,
The fixed and yearning looks of strong affection;
The active turmoil a wrought bosom rending,
When pity, love, and honor, are contending; —
They who beheld all this, right well, I ween,
A lovely, grand, and wondrous sight have seen.

Thy varied accents, rapid, fitful, slow,
Loud rage, and fear's snatched whisper, quick and low;
The burst of stifled love, the wail of grief,
And tones of high command, full, solemn, brief;
The change of voice, and emphasis that threw
Light on obscurity, and brought to view

Digitized by Google

Distinctions nice, when grave or comic mood,
Or mingled humors, terse and new, elude
Common perception, as earth's smallest things
To size and form the vesting hoar-frost brings,
That seemed as if some secret voice, to clear
The ravelled meaning, whispered in thine ear,
And thou hadst e'en with him communion kept,
Who hath so long in Stratford's chancel slept;
Whose lines, where nature's brightest traces shine,
Alone were worthy deemed of powers like thine; —
They who have heard all this, have proved full well
Of soul-exciting sound the mightiest spell.
But though time's lengthened shadows o'er thee glide,
And pomp of regal state is cast aside,
Think not the glory of thy course is spent,
There 's moonlight radiance to thy evening lent,
That to the mental world can never fade,
Till all who saw thee, in the grave are laid.
Thy graceful form still moves in nightly dreams,
And what thou wast, to the lulled sleeper seems;
While feverish fancy oft doth fondly trace
Within her curtained couch thy wondrous face.
Yea; and to many a wight, bereft and lone,
In musing hours, though all to thee unknown,
Soothing his earthly course of good and ill,
With all thy potent charm, thou actest still.
And now in crowded room or rich saloon,
Thy stately presence recognized, how soon
On thee the glance of many an eye is cast,
In grateful memory of pleasures past!
Pleased to behold thee, with becoming grace,
Take, as befits thee well, an honored place;
Where blest by many a heart, long mayst thou stand,
Among the virtuous matrons of our land!

A Scotch Song.

The gowan glitters on the sward,
The lavrock 's in the sky,
And collie on my plaid keeps ward,
And time is passing by.
Oh no! sad and slow
And lengthened on the ground,
The shadow of our trysting bush
It wears so slowly round!

Digitized by Google

My sheep-bell tinkles frae the west,
My lambs are bleating near,
But still the sound that I lo'e best,
Alack! I canna' hear.
Oh no! sad and slow,
The shadow lingers still,
And like a lanely ghaist I stand
And croon upon the hill.

I hear below the water roar,
The mill wi' clacking din,
And Lucky scolding frae her door,
To ca' the bairnies in.
Oh no! sad and slow,
These are na' sounds for me,
The shadow of our trysting bush,
It creeps sa' drearily!

I coft yestreen, frae Chapman Tam,
A snood of bonny blue,
And promised when our trysting cam',
To tie it round her brow.
Oh no! sad and slow,
The mark it winna' pass;
The shadow of that weary thorn
Is tethered on the grass.

Oh, now I see her on the way,
She 's past the witch's knowe,
She 's climbing up the Browny's brae,
My heart is in a lowe!
Oh no! 't is no' so,
'T is glam'rie I have seen;
The shadow of that hawthorn bush
Will move na' mair till e'en.

My book o' grace I 'll try to read,
Though conn'd wi' little skill,
When collie barks I 'll raise my head,
And find her on the hill.
Oh no! sad and slow,
The time will ne'er be gane,
The shadow of the trysting bush
Is fixed like ony stane.

Digitized by Google

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

BALFOUR, ARTHUR JAMES, an English conservative politician and writer, was born July 25, 1848, and was educated at Eton and at Cambridge. He was private secretary to his uncle, the Marquis of Salisbury, when the latter was Secretary of Foreign Affairs (1878–80). Up to 1878 he was known only as a brilliant young scholar, but in that year he was employed on the special mission of Lords Beaconsfield and Salisbury to Berlin. From 1887 to 1891 he was Chief Secretary for Ireland. After the death of W. H. Smith he became the leader of the House of Commons, and again leader of the House in 1895. Besides many magazine articles and several encyclopædia articles on music, he is known as the author of "Defence of Philosophic Doubt" (1879), "Essays and Addresses" (1893), and the volume on "Golf" in the Badminton series. "The Foundations of Belief: Being Notes Introductory to the Study of Theology," was published in 1895.

NATURALISM AND ETHICS.

I.

THE two subjects on which the professors of every creed, theological and anti-theological, seem least anxious to differ, are the general substance of the Moral Law, and the character of the sentiments with which it should be regarded. That it is worthy of all reverence; that in its main principles it is immutable and eternal; that it demands our ungrudging submission; and that we owe it not merely obedience, but love — these are commonplaces which the preachers of all schools vie with each other in proclaiming. And they are certainly right. Morality is more than a bare code of laws, than a *catalogue raisonné* of things to be done and left undone. Were it otherwise we must change something more important than the mere customary language of exhortation. The old ideals of the world would have to be uprooted, and no new ones could spring up and flourish in their stead; the very soil on which they grew would be sterilized, and the phrases in which all that has hitherto been regarded as best and noblest in human life has been

Digitized by Google

expressed, nay the words "best" and "noblest" themselves would become as foolish and unmeaning as the incantation of a forgotten superstition.

This unanimity, familiar though it be, is surely very remarkable. And it is the more remarkable because the unanimity prevails only as to conclusions, and is accompanied by the widest divergence of opinion with regard to the premises on which these conclusions are supposed to be founded. Nothing but habit could blind us to the strangeness of the fact that the man who believes that morality is based on *a priori* principles and the man who believes it to be based on the commands of God, the mystic not less than the evolutionist, should be pretty well at one both as to what morality teaches, and as to the sentiments with which its teaching should be regarded.

It is not my business in this place to examine the Philosophy of Morals, or to find an answer to the charge which this suspicious harmony of opinion among various schools of moralists appears to suggest, namely, that in their speculations they have taken current morality for granted, and have squared their proofs to their conclusions and not their conclusions to their proofs. I desire now rather to direct the reader's attention to certain questions relating to the origin of ethical systems, not to their justification; to the natural history of morals, not to its philosophy; to the place which the Moral Law occupies in the general chain of causes and effects, not to the nature of its claim on the unquestioning obedience of mankind. I am aware, of course, that many persons have been and are of opinion that these two sets of questions are not merely related but identical; that the validity of a command depends only on the source from which it springs; and that in the investigation into the character and authority of this source consists the principal business of the moral philosopher. I am not concerned here to controvert this theory, though as thus stated I do not agree with it. It will be sufficient if I lay down two propositions of a much less dubious character: (1) that, practically, human beings being what they are, no moral code can be effective which does not inspire, in those who are asked to obey it, emotions of reverence, and (2) that practically the capacity of any code to excite this or any other elevated emotion cannot be wholly independent of the origin from which those who accept that code suppose it to emanate.

Digitized by Google

Now what, according to the naturalistic creed, is the origin of the generally accepted, or indeed of any other possible moral law? What position does it occupy in the great web of interdependent phenomena by which the knowable "Whole" is on this hypothesis constituted? The answer is plain: as life is but a petty episode in the history of the Universe; as feeling is an attribute of only a fraction of things that live; so moral sentiments and the apprehension of moral rules are found in but an insignificant minority of things that feel. They are not, so to speak, among the necessities of nature; no great spaces are marked out for their accommodation; were they to vanish to-morrow, the great machine would move on with no noticeable variation; the sum of realities would not suffer sensible diminution; the organic world itself would scarcely mark the change. A few highly developed mammals, and chiefest among these *man*, would lose instincts and beliefs which have proved of considerable value in the struggle for existence, if not between individuals, at least between tribes and species. But put it at the highest, we can say no more than that there would be a great diminution of human happiness, that civilization would become difficult or impossible, and that the "higher" races might even succumb and disappear.

These are considerations which to the "higher" races themselves may seem not unimportant, however trifling to the universe at large. But let it be noted that every one of these propositions can be asserted with equal or greater assurance of all the bodily appetites, and of many of the vulgarest forms of desire and ambition. On most of the processes, indeed, by which consciousness and life are maintained in the individual and perpetuated in the race, we are never consulted; of their intimate character we are for the most part totally ignorant, and no one is in any case asked to consider them with any other emotion than that of enlightened curiosity. But in the few and simple instances in which our co-operation is required, it is obtained through the stimulus supplied by appetite and disgust, pleasure and pain, instinct, reason, and morality; and it is hard to see, on the naturalistic hypothesis, whence any one of these various natural agents is to derive a dignity or a consideration not shared by all the others, why morality should be put above appetite, or reason above pleasure.

It may perhaps be replied that the sentiments with which we choose to regard any set of actions or motives do not re-

Digitized by Google

quire special justification, that there is no disputing about this any more than about other questions of "taste," and that, as a matter of fact, the persons who take a strictly naturalistic view of Man and of the Universe are often the loudest and not the least sincere in the homage they pay to the "Majesty of the Moral Law." This is, no doubt, perfectly true; but it does not meet the real difficulty. I am not contending that sentiments of the kind referred to may not be, and are not, frequently entertained by persons of all shades of philosophical or theological opinion. My point is that in the case of those holding the naturalistic creed the sentiments and the creed are antagonistic; and that the more clearly the creed is grasped, the more thoroughly the intellect is saturated with its essential teaching, the more certain are the sentiments thus violently and unnaturally associated with it to languish or to die.

For not only does there seem to be no ground, from the point of view of Biology, for drawing a distinction in favor of any of the processes, physiological or psychological, by which the individual or the race is benefited; not only are we bound to consider the coarsest appetites, the most calculating selfishness, and the most devoted heroism, as all sprung from analogous causes and all evolved for similar objects, but we can hardly doubt that the august sentiments which cling to the ideas of duty and sacrifice are nothing better than a device of Nature to trick us into a performance of altruistic actions. The working ant expends its life in laboring, with more than maternal devotion, for a progeny not its own, and, if the race of ants be worth preserving, doubtless it does well. Instinct, the inherited impulse to follow a certain course with no developed consciousness of its final goal, is here the instrument selected by Nature to attain her ends. But man being a reasoning animal, more flexible if less certain methods have in his case to be employed. Does conscience, in bidding us to do or to refrain, speak with an authority from which there seems no appeal? Does our blood tingle at the narrative of some great deed? Do courage and self-surrender extort our passionate sympathy and invite, however vainly, our halting imitation? Does that which is noble attract even the least noble, and that which is base repel even the basest? Nay, have the words "noble" and "base" a meaning for us at all? If so, it is from no essential and immutable quality in the deeds themselves. It is because, in the struggle for existence, the altru-

Digitized by Google

istic virtues are an advantage to the family, the tribe, or the nation, but *not* always an advantage to the individual; it is because man comes into the world richly endowed with the inheritance of self-regarding instincts and appetites required by his animal progenitors, but poor indeed in any inbred inclination to the unselfishness necessary to the well-being of the society in which he lives; it is because in no other way can the original impulses be displaced by those of late growth to the degree required by public utility, that Nature, indifferent to our happiness, indifferent to our morals, but sedulous of our survival, commends disinterested virtue to our practice by decking it out in all the splendor which the specifically ethical sentiments alone are capable of supplying. Could we imagine the chronological order of the evolutionary process reversed: if courage and abnegation had been the qualities first needed, earliest developed, and therefore most deeply rooted in the ancestral organism, while selfishness, cowardice, greediness, and lust represented impulses required only at a later stage of physical and intellectual development, doubtless we should find the "elevated" emotions which now crystallize round the first set of attributes transferred without alteration or amendment to the second; the preacher would expend his eloquence in warning us against excessive indulgence in deeds of self-immolation, to which, like the "worker" ant, we should be driven by inherited instinct, and in exhorting us to the performance of actions and the cultivation of habits from which we now unfortunately find it only too difficult to abstain.

Kant, as we all know, compared the Moral Law to the starry heavens, and found them both sublime. It would, on the naturalistic hypothesis, be more to the purpose to compare it to the protective blotches on the beetle's back, and to find them both ingenious. But how on this view is the "beauty of holiness" to retain its lustre in the minds of those who know so much of its pedigree? In despite of theories, mankind — even instructed mankind — may indeed long preserve uninjured sentiments which they have learned in their most impressionable years from those they love best; but if while they are being taught the supremacy of conscience and the austere majesty of duty, they are also to be taught that these sentiments and beliefs are merely samples of the complicated contrivances, many of them mean and many of them disgusting, wrought into the physical or into the social organism by the shaping

Digitized by Google

forces of selection and elimination, assuredly much of the efficacy of these moral lessons will be destroyed, and the contradiction between ethical sentiment and naturalistic theory will remain intrusive and perplexing, a constant stumbling block to those who endeavor to combine in one harmonious creed the bare explanations of Biology and the lofty claims of Ethics.

II.

Unfortunately for my reader, it is not possible wholly to omit from this section some references to the questionings which cluster round the time-worn debate on Determinism and Free Will; but my remarks will be brief, and as little tedious as may be.

I have nothing here to do with the truth or untruth of either of the contending theories. It is sufficient to remind the reader that on the naturalistic view, at least, free will is an absurdity, and that those who hold that view are bound to believe that every decision at which mankind have arrived, and every consequent action which they have performed, was implicitly determined by the quantity and distribution of the various forms of matter and energy which preceded the birth of the solar system. In fact, no doubt remains that every individual, while balancing between two courses, is under the inevitable impression that he is at liberty to pursue either, and that it depends upon "himself" and himself alone, "himself" as distinguished from his character, his desires, his surroundings, and his antecedents, which of the offered alternatives he will elect to pursue. I do not know that any explanation has been proposed of this singular illusion. I venture with some diffidence to suggest as a theory provisionally adequate perhaps for scientific purposes, that the phenomenon is due to the same cause as so many other beneficent oddities in the organic world, namely, to natural selection. To an animal with no self-consciousness a sense of freedom would evidently be unnecessary, if not, indeed, absolutely unmeaning. But as soon as self-consciousness is developed, as soon as man begins to reflect, however crudely and imperfectly, upon himself and the world in which he lives, deliberation, volition, and the sense of responsibility become wheels in the ordinary machinery by which species-preserving actions are produced; and as these psychological states would be weakened or neutralized if they were accom-

Digitized by Google

panied by the immediate consciousness that they were as rigidly determined by their antecedents as any other effects by any other causes, benevolent Nature steps in and by a process of selective slaughter makes the consciousness in such circumstances practically impossible. The spectacle of all mankind suffering under the delusion that in their decision they are free, when, as a matter of fact, they are nothing of the kind, must certainly appear extremely ludicrous to any superior observer, were it possible to conceive, on the naturalistic hypothesis, that such observers should exist; and the comedy could not be otherwise than greatly relieved and heightened by the performances of the small sect of philosophers, who, knowing perfectly as an abstract truth that freedom is an absurdity, yet in moments of balance and deliberation fall into the vulgar error, as if they were savages or idealists.

The roots of a superstition so ineradicable must lie deep in the groundwork of our inherited organism, and must, if not now, at least in the first beginning of self-consciousness, have been essential to the welfare of the race which entertained it. Yet it may perhaps be thought that this requires us to attribute to the dawn of intelligence ideas which are notoriously of late development; and that as the primitive man knew nothing of "invariable sequences" or "universal causation," he could in no wise be embarrassed in the struggle for existence by recognizing that he and his proceedings were as absolutely determined by their antecedents as sticks and stones. It is of course true that in any formal or philosophical shape such ideas would be as remote from the intelligence of the savage as the differential calculus. But it can nevertheless hardly be denied that in some shape or other there must be implicitly present to his consciousness the sense of freedom, since his fetichism largely consists in attributing to inanimate objects the spontaneity which he finds in himself; and it seems equally certain that the sense, I will not say of *constraint*, but of *inevitableness*, would be as embarrassing to a savage in the act of choice, as it would to his more cultivated descendant, and would be not less productive of that moral impoverishment which, as I proceed briefly to point out, determinism is calculated to produce.

And here I am anxious to avoid any appearance of the exaggeration which as I think has sometimes characterized discussions upon this subject. I admit that there is nothing in the theory which need modify the substance of the Moral Law.

Digitized by Google

That which Duty prescribes, or the "Practical Reason" recommends, is equally prescribed and recommended whether our actual decisions are or are not irrevocably bound by a causal chain which reaches back in unbroken retrogression through a limitless past. It may also be admitted that no argument against good resolutions or virtuous endeavors can fairly be founded upon necessitarian doctrines. No doubt he who makes either good resolutions or virtuous endeavors does so because (on the determinist theory) he could not do otherwise; but none the less may these play an important part among the antecedents by which moral actions are ultimately produced. An even stronger admission may, I think, be properly made. There is a fatalistic temper of mind found in some of the greatest men of action, religious and irreligious, in which the sense that all that happens is foreordained does in no way weaken the energy of volition, but only adds a finer temper to the courage. It nevertheless remains the fact that the persistent realization of the doctrine that voluntary decisions are as completely determined by external and (if you go far enough back) by material conditions as involuntary ones, is wholly inconsistent with the sense of personal responsibility, and that with the sense of personal responsibility is bound up the moral will. Nor is this all. It may be a small matter that determinism should render it wholly absurd to feel righteous indignation at the misconduct of other people. It cannot be wholly without importance that it should render it equally absurd to feel righteous indignation at our own. Self-condemnation, repentance, remorse, and the whole train of cognate emotions are really so useful for the promotion of virtue that it is a pity to find them at a stroke thus deprived of all reasonable foundation, and reduced, if they are to survive at all, to the position of amiable but unintelligent weaknesses. It is clear, moreover, that these emotions if they are to fall will not fall alone. What is to become of moral admiration? The virtuous man will indeed continue to deserve and to receive admiration of a certain kind — the admiration, namely, which we justly accord to a well-made machine; but this is a very different sentiment from that at present evoked by the heroic or the saintly; and it is therefore much to be feared that, at least in the region of the higher feelings, the world will be much impoverished by the effective spread of sound, naturalistic doctrine.

No doubt this conflict between a creed which claims intel-

Digitized by Google

lectual assent and emotions which have their root and justification in beliefs which are deliberately rejected, is greatly mitigated by the precious faculty which the human race enjoys of quietly ignoring the logical consequences of its own accepted theories. If the abstract reason by which such theories are contrived always ended in producing a practice corresponding to them, natural selection would long ago have killed off all those who possessed abstract reason. If a complete accord between practice and speculation were required of us, philosophers would long ago have been eliminated. Nevertheless the persistent contradiction between that which is thought to be true, and that which is felt to be noble and of good report, not only produces a sense of moral unrest in the individual, but makes it impossible for us to avoid the conclusion that the creed which leads to such results is somehow unsuited for "such beings as we are in such a world as ours."

III.

There is thus a conflict between the sentiments associated with and subservient to morality, and the naturalistic account of their origin. It remains to ask what relation to Ethics, or, more strictly, to ethical imagination, has the teaching of Naturalism on the final results of human endeavor.

This is plainly not a question of small or subsidiary importance. That the ends prescribed by morality should be mutually consistent, and that they should be adequate, are demands which to me seem at least legitimate, and which, whether legitimate or not, will certainly be made. On the naturalistic theory can we say that they are either one or the other?

The question about consistency will be answered variously according to the particular ethical theory held by the answerer. Personally I answer it in the negative, because I agree with those who think that "reasonable self-love" has a legitimate, though doubtless subordinate, position among ethical ends, that as a matter of fact it is a virtue wholly incompatible with what is commonly called selfishness, and that society suffers not from having too much of it but from having too little. If this be so, it is manifest, as has often been pointed out, that, until the world undergoes a very remarkable transformation, a complete harmony between "egoism" and "altruism," between the pursuit of the highest happiness for one's self and the highest hap-

Digitized by Google

piness for other people, can never be provided by a creed which refuses to admit that the deeds done and the character formed in this life can flow over into another, and there permit a reconciliation and an adjustment between the conflicting principles which are not always possible here. To those again who hold (as I think, erroneously) both that the "greatest happiness for the greatest number" is the right end of action, and also that as a matter of fact every agent invariably pursues his own, a Heaven and a Hell, which should make it certain that principle and interest were always in agreement, would seem almost a necessity. Not otherwise, neither by education, public opinion, nor positive law, can there be any assured harmony produced between that which man must do by the constitution of his will, and that which he ought to do according to the promptings of his conscience. On the other hand, it must be acknowledged that those moralists who are of opinion that "altruistic" ends alone are worthy of being described as moral, and that man is not incapable of pursuing them without any self-regarding motives, require no future life to eke out their practical system. But even they would probably not be unwilling to admit with the rest of the world that there is something jarring to the moral sense in a comparison between the distribution of happiness and the distribution of virtue, and that no better mitigation of the difficulty has yet been suggested than that which is provided by a system of future "rewards and punishments."

With this bare indication of some of the points which naturally suggest themselves in connection with this part of the subject, I pass on to the more interesting problem raised by the second question, that which is concerned with the *emotional* adequacy of the ends prescribed by naturalistic ethics. And to consider this to the best advantage I will assume that we are dealing with an ethical system which puts these ends at their highest — charged as it were to the full with all that on the naturalistic theory they are capable of containing. I take as my text, therefore, no narrow or egoistic scheme, but will assume that in the perfection and felicity of the sentient creation, embracing within its ample margin every minor issue, we may find in all its completeness the all-inclusive object prescribed by morality for human endeavor. Does this, then, or does it not, supply us with all that is needed to satisfy our ethical imagination? Does it, or

Digitized by Google

does it not, provide us with an ideal end not merely vast enough to exhaust our energies but enough to satisfy our aspirations?

At first sight the question may seem absurd. The object is admittedly worthy; it is admittedly beyond our reach. The unwearied efforts of countless generations, the slow accumulation of inherited experience, may, to those who find themselves able to read optimism into evolution, promise some faint approximation to the millennium at some far distant epoch. How, then, can we, whose own contribution to the great result must be at the best insignificant, at the worst nothing or worse than nothing, presume to think that the prescribed object is less than adequate to our highest emotional requirements? The reason is plain: our ideals are framed not according to the measure of our performances, but according to the measure of our thoughts; and our thoughts about the world in which we live tend, under the influence of increasing knowledge, constantly to dwarf our estimate of the importance of man, if man be indeed no more than a phenomenon among phenomena, a natural object among other natural objects.

For what is man looked at from this point of view? Time was when his tribe and its fortunes were enough to exhaust the energies and to bound the imagination of the primitive sage. The gods' peculiar care, the central object of an attendant universe, that for which the sun shone and the dew fell, to which the stars in their courses ministered, it drew its origin in the past from divine ancestors, and might by divine favor be destined to an indefinite existence of success and triumph in the future.

These ideas represent no early or rudimentary stage in the human thought, yet have we left them far behind. The family, the tribe, the nation, are no longer enough to absorb our interests. Man — past, present, and future — lays claim to our devotion. What, then, can we say of him? Man, so far as natural science by itself is able to teach us, is no longer the final cause of the universe, the heaven-descended heir of all the ages. His very existence is an accident, his story a brief and discreditable episode in the life of one of the meanest of the planets. Of the combination of causes which first converted a dead organic compound into the living progenitors of humanity, science, indeed, as yet knows nothing. It is enough that from such beginnings famine, disease, and mutual slaughter, fit nurses of the future lords of creation, have gradually

Digitized by Google

evolved, after infinite travail, a race with conscience enough to feel that it is vile, and intelligence enough to know that it is insignificant. We survey the past, and see that its history is of blood and tears, of helpless blundering, of wild revolt, of stupid acquiescence, of empty aspirations. We sound the future, and learn that after a period, long compared with the individual life, but short indeed compared with the divisions of time open to our investigation, the energies of our system will decay, the glory of the sun will be dimmed, and the earth, tideless and inert, will no longer tolerate the race which has for a moment disturbed its solitude. Man will go down into the pit, and all his thoughts will perish. The uneasy consciousness which in this obscure corner has for a brief space broken the contented silence of the Universe will be at rest. Matter will know itself no longer. "Imperishable monuments" and "immortal deeds," death itself, and love stronger than death, will be as though they had never been. Nor will anything that *is* be better or be worse for all that the labor, genius, devotion, and suffering of man have striven through countless generations to effect.

It is no reply to say that the substance of the moral law need suffer no change through any modification of our views of man's place in the Universe. This may be true, but it is irrelevant. We desire, and desire most passionately when we are most ourselves, to give our service to that which is universal, and to that which is abiding. Of what moment is it, then (from this point of view), to be assured of the fixity of the Moral Law, when it and the sentient world, where alone it has any significance, are alike destined to vanish utterly away within periods trifling beside those with which the Geologist and the Astronomer lightly deal in the course of their habitual speculations? No doubt to us ordinary men in our ordinary moments considerations like these may seem far off and of little meaning. In the hurry and bustle of everyday life death itself — the death of the individual — seems shadowy and unreal: how much more shadowy, how much less real, that remoter but not less certain death which must some day overtake the race! Yet, after all, it is in moments of reflection that the worth of creeds may best be tested; it is through moments of reflection that they come into living and effectual contact with our active life. It cannot, therefore, be a matter to us of small moment that, as we learn to survey the material world

Digitized by Google

with a wider vision, as we more clearly measure the true proportions which man and his performances bear to the ordered Whole, our practical ideal gets relatively dwarfed and beggared, till we may well feel inclined to ask whether so transitory and so unimportant an accident in the general scheme of things as the fortunes of the human race can any longer satisfy aspirations and emotions nourished upon beliefs in the Everlasting and the Divine.

Formulas of Belief.

(From "Foundations of Belief.")

Assuming that Knowledge exists, we can hardly do otherwise than make the further assumption that it has grown and must yet further grow. In what manner, then, has that growth been accomplished? What are the external signs of its successive stages, the marks of its gradual evolution? One, at least, must strike all who have surveyed, even with a careless eye, the course of human speculation — I mean the recurring process by which the explanations or explanatory formulas in terms of which mankind endeavor to comprehend the universe are formed, are shattered, and then in some new shape are formed again. It is not, as we sometimes represent it, by the steady addition of tier to tier that the fabric of knowledge uprises from its foundation. It is not by the mere accumulation of material, nor even by a plant-like development, that our beliefs grow less inadequate to the truths which they strive to represent. Rather are we like one who is perpetually engaged in altering some ancient dwelling in order to satisfy new-born needs. The ground-plan of it is being perpetually modified. We build here; we pull down there. One part is kept in repair, another part is suffered to decay. And even those portions of the structure which may in themselves appear quite unchanged stand in such new relations to the rest, and are put to such different uses, that they would scarce be recognized by their original designer.

Digitized by Google

HONORÉ DE BALZAC.

Balzac, Honoré de, the greatest of French novelists, born at Tours May 16, 1799; died at Paris August 18, 1850. His father, who held a civil office, lost his position, and was obliged to withdraw his son from school, and placed him as clerk in the office of a notary. He began writing stories, of which he put forth some thirty, under various pseudonyms, before he had completed his twenty-fifth year. None of these met with popular favor, and he lived in great poverty. In 1826 he entered into partnership with a printer, named Barbier, and they published several books. This business enterprise proved unsuccessful, and Balzac resumed literary labor. His first successful novel was "Les Derniers Chouans" (1829). The collected edition of his works issued after his death comprises forty-five volumes. Among the most noted of his works are: "Scènes de la Vie Privée," "Scènes de la Vie de Provence," "Scènes de la Vie Parisienne," "Physiologie du Mariage," "Le Médecin de Campagne," "Le Père Goriot," "La Peau de Chagrin," "La Recherche de l'Absolu," "Histoire Intellectuelle de Louis Lambert," and "Eugène Grandet." In his "Contes Drolatiques" he successfully imitates Rabelais. According to Larousse's Dictionary, Balzac's novels amount in all to ninety-seven titles; but this does not include all the miscellaneous studies and short stories contributed to periodicals.

A Passion in the Desert.[1]

"The sight was fearful!" she exclaimed, as we left the menagerie of Monsieur Martin.

She had been watching that daring speculator as he went through his wonderful performance in the den of the hyena.

"How is it possible," she continued, "to tame those animals so as to be certain that he can trust them?"

"You think it a problem," I answered, interrupting her, "and yet it is a natural fact."

"Oh!" she cried, an incredulous smile flickering on her lip.

[1] By permission of Hardy, Pratt, & Co.

Digitized by Google

"Do you think that beasts are devoid of passions?" I asked. "Let me assure you that we teach them all the vices and virtues of our own state of civilization."

She looked at me in amazement.

"The first time I saw Monsieur Martin," I added, "I exclaimed, as you do, with surprise. I happened to be sitting beside an old soldier whose right leg was amputated, and whose appearance had attracted my notice as I entered the building. His face, stamped with the scars of battle, wore the undaunted look of a veteran of the wars of Napoleon. Moreover, the old hero had a frank and joyous manner which attracts me wherever I meet it. He was, doubtless, one of those old campaigners whom nothing can surprise, who find something to laugh at in the last contortions of a comrade, and will bury a friend or rifle his body gayly; challenging bullets with indifference; making short shrift for themselves or others; and fraternizing, as a usual thing, with the devil. After looking very attentively at the proprietor of the menagerie as he entered the den, my companion curled his lip with that expression of satirical contempt which well-informed men sometimes put on to mark the difference between themselves and dupes. As I uttered my exclamation of surprise at the coolness and courage of Monsieur Martin, the old soldier smiled, shook his head, and said with a knowing glance, 'An old story!'

"'How do you mean, an old story?' I asked. 'If you could explain the secret of this mysterious power, I should be greatly obliged to you.'

"After a while, during which we became better acquainted, we went to dine at the first restaurant we could find after leaving the menagerie. A bottle of champagne with our dessert brightened the recollections of the old man and made them singularly vivid. He related to me a circumstance in his early history which proved that he had ample cause to pronounce Monsieur Martin's performance 'an old story.'"

When we reached her house, she was so persuasive and captivating, and made me so many pretty promises, that I consented to write down for her benefit the story told me by the old hero. On the following day I sent her this episode of an historical epic, which might be entitled, "The French in Egypt."

Digitized by Google

At the time of General Desaix's expedition to Upper Eygpt a Provençal soldier, who had fallen into the hands of the Maugrabins, was marched by those tireless Arabs across the desert which lies beyond the cataracts of the Nile. To put sufficient distance between themselves and the French army, and thus insure their safety, the Maugrabins made a forced march, and did not halt until after nightfall. They then camped about a well shaded with palm-trees, near which they had previously buried a stock of provisions. Not dreaming that the thought of escape could enter their captive's mind, they merely bound his wrists, and lay down to sleep themselves, after eating a few dates and giving their horses a feed of barley. When the bold Provençal saw his enemies too soundly asleep to watch him, he used his teeth to pick up a scimitar, with which, steadying the blade by means of his knees, he contrived to cut through the cord which bound his hands, and thus recovered his liberty. He at once seized a carbine and a poniard, took the precaution to lay in a supply of dates, a small bag of barley, some powder and ball, buckled on the scimitar, mounted one of the horses, and spurred him in the direction where he supposed the French army to be. Impatient to meet the outposts, he pressed the horse, which was already wearied, so severely that the poor animal fell dead with his flanks torn, leaving the Frenchman alone in the midst of the desert.

After marching for a long time through the sand with the dogged courage of an escaping galley-slave, the soldier was forced to halt as the darkness drew on; for his utter weariness compelled him to rest, though the exquisite sky of an Eastern night might well have tempted him to continue the journey. Happily he had reached a slight elevation, at the top of which a few palm-trees shot upward, whose leafage, seen from a long distance against the sky, had helped to sustain his hopes. His fatigue was so great that he threw himself down on a block of granite, cut by Nature into the shape of a camp-bed, and slept heavily, without taking the least precaution to protect himself while asleep. He accepted the loss of his life as inevitable, and his last waking thought was one of regret for having left the Maugrabins, whose nomad life began to charm him now that he was far away from them and from every other hope of succor.

He was wakened by the sun, whose pitiless beams falling vertically upon the granite rock produced an intolerable heat.

Digitized by Google

The Provençal had ignorantly flung himself down in a contrary direction to the shadows thrown by the verdant and majestic fronds of the palm-trees. He gazed at these solitary monarchs and shuddered. They recalled to his mind the graceful shafts crowned with long weaving leaves which distinguish the Saracenic columns of the cathedral of Arles. The thought overcame him, and when, after counting the trees, he threw his eyes upon the scene around him, an agony of despair convulsed his soul. He saw a limitless ocean. The sombre sands of the desert stretched out till lost to sight in all directions; they glittered with dark lustre like a steel blade shining in the sun. He could not tell if it were an ocean or a chain of lakes that lay mirrored before him. A hot vapor swept in waves above the surface of this heaving continent. The sky had the Oriental glow of translucent purity which disappoints because it leaves nothing for the imagination to desire. The heavens and the earth were both on fire. Silence added its awful and desolate majesty. Infinitude, immensity pressed down upon the soul on every side; not a cloud in the sky, not a breath in the air, not a rift on the breast of the sand, which was ruffled only with little ridges scarcely rising above its surface. Far as the eye could reach the horizon fell away into space, marked by a slender line, slim as the edge of a sabre, — like as in summer seas a thread of light parts this earth from the heaven it meets.

The Provençal clasped the trunk of a palm-tree as if it were the body of a friend. Sheltered from the sun by its straight and slender shadow, he wept; and presently sitting down he remained motionless, contemplating with awful dread the implacable nature stretched out before him. He cried aloud, as if to tempt the solitude to answer him. His voice, lost in the hollows of the hillock, sounded afar with a thin resonance that returned no echo; the echo came from the soldiers' heart. He was twenty-two years old, and he loaded his carbine.

"Time enough!" he muttered, as he put the liberating weapon on the sand beneath him.

Gazing by turns at the burnished blackness of the sand and the blue expanse of the sky, the soldier dreamed of France. He smelt in fancy the gutters of Paris; he remembered the towns through which he had passed, the faces of his comrades, and the most trifling incidents of his life. His southern imag-

Digitized by Google

ination saw the pebbles of his own Provence in the undulating play of the heated air, as it seemed to roughen the far-reaching surface of the desert. Dreading the dangers of this cruel mirage, he went down the little hill on the side opposite to that by which he had gone up the night before. His joy was great when he discovered a natural grotto, formed by the immense blocks of granite which made a foundation for the rising ground. The remnants of a mat showed that the place had once been inhabited, and close to the entrance were a few palm-trees loaded with fruit. The instinct which binds men to life woke in his heart. He now hoped to live until some Maugrabin should pass that way; possibly he might even hear the roar of cannon, for Bonaparte was at that time overrunning Egypt. Encouraged by these thoughts, the Frenchman shook down a cluster of the ripe fruit under the weight of which the palms were bending; and as he tasted this unhoped-for manna, he thanked the former inhabitant of the grotto for the cultivation of the trees, which the rich and luscious flesh of the fruit amply attested. Like a true Provençal, he passed from the gloom of despair to a joy that was half insane. He ran back to the top of the hill, and busied himself for the rest of the day in cutting down one of the sterile trees which had been his shelter the night before.

Some vague recollection made him think of the wild beasts of the desert, and foreseeing that they would come to drink at a spring which bubbled through the sand at the foot of the rock, he resolved to protect his hermitage by felling a tree across the entrance. Notwithstanding his eagerness, and the strength which the fear of being attacked while asleep gave to his muscles, he was unable to cut the palm-tree in pieces during the day; but he succeeded in bringing it down. Towards evening the king of the desert fell; and the noise of his fall, echoing far, was like a moan from the breast of Solitude. The soldier shuddered, as though he had heard a voice predicting evil. But, like an heir who does not long mourn a parent, he stripped from the beautiful tree the arching green fronds — its poetical adornment — and made a bed of them in his refuge. Then, tired with his work and by the heat of the day, he fell asleep beneath the red vault of the grotto.

In the middle of the night his sleep was broken by a strange noise. He sat up; the deep silence that reigned everywhere enabled him to hear the alternating rhythm of a respiration

Digitized by Google

whose savage vigor could not belong to a human being. A terrible fear, increased by the darkness, by the silence, by the rush of his waking fancies, numbed his heart. He felt the contraction of his hair, which rose on end as his eyes, dilating to their full strength, beheld through the darkness two faint amber lights. At first he thought them an optical delusion; but by degrees the clearness of the night enabled him to distinguish objects in the grotto, and he saw, within two feet of him, an enormous animal lying at rest.

Was it a lion? Was it a tiger? Was it a crocodile? The Provençal had not enough education to know in what sub-species he ought to class the intruder; but his terror was all the greater because his ignorance made it vague. He endured the cruel trial of listening, of striving to catch the peculiarities of this breathing without losing one of its inflections, and without daring to make the slightest movement. A strong odor, like that exhaled by foxes, only far more pungent and penetrating, filled the grotto. When the soldier had tasted it, so to speak, by the nose, his fear became terror; he could no longer doubt the nature of the terrible companion whose royal lair he had taken for a bivouac. Before long, the reflection of the moon, as it sank to the horizon, lighted up the den and gleamed upon the shining, spotted skin of a panther.

The lion of Egypt lay asleep, curled up like a dog, the peaceable possessor of a kennel at the gate of a mansion; its eyes, which had opened for a moment, were now closed; its head was turned towards the Frenchman. A hundred conflicting thoughts rushed through the mind of the panther's prisoner. Should he kill it with a shot from his musket? But ere the thought was formed, he saw there was no room to take aim; the muzzle would have gone beyond the animal. Suppose he were to wake it? The fear kept him motionless. As he heard the beating of his heart through the dead silence, he cursed the strong pulsations of his vigorous blood, lest they should disturb the sleep which gave him time to think and plan for safety. Twice he put his hand on his scimitar, with the idea of striking off the head of his enemy; but the difficulty of cutting through the close-haired skin made him renounce the bold attempt. Suppose he missed his aim? It would, he knew, be certain death. He preferred the chances of a struggle, and resolved to await the dawn. It was not long in coming. As daylight broke, the Frenchman was able to examine the animal. Its muzzle was

Digitized by Google

stained with blood. "It has eaten a good meal," thought he, not caring whether the feast were human flesh or not; "it will not be hungry when it wakes."

It was a female. The fur on the belly and on the thighs was of sparkling whiteness. Several little spots like velvet made pretty bracelets round her paws. The muscular tail was also white, but it terminated with black rings. The fur of the back, yellow as dead gold and very soft and glossy, bore the characteristic spots, shaded like a full-blown rose, which distinguish the panther from all other species of *felis*. This terrible hostess lay tranquilly snoring, in an attitude as easy and graceful as that of a cat on the cushions of an ottoman. Her bloody paws, sinewy and well-armed, were stretched beyond her head, which lay upon them; and from her muzzle projected a few straight hairs called whiskers, which shimmered in the early light like silver wires. If he had seen her lying thus imprisoned in a cage, the Provençal would have admired the creature's grace, and the strong contrasts of vivid color which gave to her robe an imperial splendor; but as it was, his sight was jaundiced by sinister forebodings. The presence of the panther, though she was still asleep, had the same effect upon his mind as the magnetic eyes of a snake produce, we are told, upon the nightingale. . . .

Regarding himself as dead, he waited bravely, but with anxious curiosity, for the waking of his enemy. When the sun rose, the panther suddenly opened her eyes; then she stretched her paws violently, as if to unlimber them from the cramp of their position. Presently she yawned and showed the frightful armament of her teeth, and her cloven tongue, rough as a grater.

"She is like a dainty woman," thought the Frenchman, watching her as she rolled and turned on her side with an easy and coquettish movement. She licked the blood from her paws, and rubbed her head with a reiterated movement full of grace.

"Well done! dress yourself prettily, my little woman," said the Frenchman, who recovered his gayety as soon as he had recovered his courage. "We are going to bid each other good-morning;" and he felt for the short poniard which he had taken from the Maugrabins.

At this instant the panther turned her head towards the Frenchman and looked at him fixedly, without moving. The

Digitized by Google

rigidity of her metallic eyes and their insupportable clearness made the Provençal shudder. The beast moved towards him; he looked at her caressingly, with a soothing glance by which he hoped to magnetize her. He let her come quite close to him before he stirred; then, with a touch as gentle and loving as he might have used to a pretty woman, he slid his hand along her spine from the head to the flanks, scratching with his nails the flexible vertebræ which divide the yellow back of a panther. The creature drew up her tail voluptuously, her eyes softened, and when for the third time the Frenchman bestowed this self-interested caress, she gave vent to a purr like that with which a cat expresses pleasure; but it issued from a throat so deep and powerful that the sound echoed through the grotto like the last chords of an organ rolling along the roof of a church. The Provençal, perceiving the value of his caresses, redoubled them, until they had completely soothed and lulled the imperious courtesan.

When he felt that he had subdued the ferocity of his capricious companion, whose hunger had so fortunately been appeased the night before, he rose to leave the grotto. The panther let him go; but as soon as he reached the top of the little hill she bounded after him with the lightness of a bird hopping from branch to branch, and rubbed against his legs, arching her back with the gesture of a domestic cat. Then looking at her guest with an eye that was growing less flexible, she uttered the savage cry which naturalists liken to the noise of a saw.

"My lady is exacting," cried the Frenchman, smiling. He began to play with her ears and stroke her belly, and at last he scratched her head firmly with his nails. Encouraged by success, he tickled her skull with the point of his dagger, looking for the right spot where to stab her; but the hardness of the bone made him pause, dreading failure.

The sultana of the desert acknowledged the talents of her slave by lifting her head and swaying her neck to his caresses, betraying satisfaction by the tranquillity of her relaxed attitude. The Frenchman suddenly perceived that he could assassinate the fierce princess at a blow, if he struck her in the throat; and he had raised the weapon, when the panther, surfeited perhaps with his caresses, threw herself gracefully at his feet, glancing up at him with a look in which, despite her natural ferocity, a flicker of kindness could be seen. The poor Provençal, frus-

Digitized by Google

trated for the moment, ate his dates as he leaned against a palm-tree, casting from time to time an interrogating eye across the desert in the hope of discerning rescue from afar, and then lowering it upon his terrible companion, to watch the chances of her uncertain clemency. . . .

"How will it be when she is hungry?" thought the Provençal. In spite of the shudder which this reflection cost him, his attention was attracted by the symmetrical proportions of the animal, and he began to measure them with his eye. She was three feet in height to the shoulder, and four feet long, not including the tail. That powerful weapon, which was round as a club, measured three feet. The head, as large that of a lioness, was remarkable for an expression of crafty intelligence; the cold cruelty of a tiger was its ruling trait, and yet it bore a vague resemblance to the face of an artful woman. As the soldier watched her, the countenance of this solitary queen shone with savage gayety like that of Nero in his cups: she had slaked her thirst for blood, and now wished for play. The Frenchman tried to come and go, and accustom her to his movements. The panther left him free, as if contented to follow him with her eyes, seeming, however, less like a faithful dog watching his master's movements with affection, than a huge Angora cat uneasy and suspicious of them. A few steps brought him to the spring, where he saw the carcass of his horse, which the panther had evidently carried there. Only two-thirds was eaten. The sight reassured the Frenchman; for it explained the absence of his terrible companion and the forbearance which she had shown to him while asleep.

This first good luck encouraged the reckless soldier as he thought of the future. The wild idea of making a home with the panther until some chance of escape occurred entered his mind, and he resolved to try every means of taming her and of turning her good-will to account. With these thoughts he returned to her side, and noticed joyfully that she moved her tail with an almost imperceptible motion. He sat down beside her fearlessly, and they began to play with each other. He held her paws and her muzzle, twisted her ears, threw her over on her back, and stroked her soft, warm flanks. She allowed him to do so; and when he began to smooth the fur of her paws, she carefully drew in her murderous claws, which were sharp and curved like a Damascus blade. The Frenchman kept one hand on his dagger, again watching his opportunity to plunge it

Digitized by Google

into the belly of the too-confiding beast; but the fear that she might strangle him in her last convulsions once more stayed his hand. Moreover, he felt in his heart a foreboding of remorse which warned him not to destroy a hitherto inoffensive creature. He even fancied that he had found a friend in the limitless desert. His mind turned back, involuntarily, to his first mistress, whom he had named in derision "Mignonne," because her jealousy was so furious that throughout the whole period of their intercourse he lived in dread of the knife with which she threatened him. This recollection of his youth suggested the idea of teaching the young panther, whose soft agility and grace he now admired with less terror, to answer to the caressing name. Towards evening he had grown so familiar with his perilous position that he was half in love with its dangers, and his companion was so far tamed that she had caught the habit of turning to him when he called, in falsetto tones, "Mignonne!"

As the sun went down Mignonne uttered at intervals a prolonged, deep, melancholy cry.

"She is well brought up," thought the gay soldier. "She says her prayers." But the jest only came into his mind as he watched the peaceful attitude of his comrade.

"Come, my pretty blonde, I will let you go to bed first," he said, relying on the activity of his legs to get away as soon as she fell asleep, and trusting to find some other resting-place for the night. He waited anxiously for the right moment, and when it came he started vigorously in the direction of the Nile. But he had scarcely marched for half an hour through the sand before he heard the panther bounding after him, giving at intervals the saw-like cry which was more terrible to hear than the thud of her bounds.

"Well, well!" he cried, "she must have fallen in love with me! Perhaps she has never met any one else. It is flattering to be her first love."

So thinking, he fell into one of the treacherous quicksands which deceive the inexperienced traveller in the desert, and from which there is seldom any escape. He felt he was sinking, and he uttered a cry of despair. The panther seized him by the collar with her teeth, and sprang vigorously backward, drawing him, like magic, from the sucking sand.

"Ah, Mignonne!" cried the soldier, kissing her with enthusiasm, "we belong to each other now, — for life, for death!

Digitized by Google

But play me no tricks," he added, as he turned back the way he came.

From that moment the desert was, as it were, peopled for him. It held a being to whom he could talk, and whose ferocity was now lulled into gentleness, although he could scarcely explain to himself the reasons for this extraordinary friendship. His anxiety to keep awake and on his guard succumbed to excessive weariness both of body and mind, and throwing himself down on the floor of the grotto he slept soundly. At his waking Mignonne was gone. He mounted the little hill to scan the horizon, and perceived her in the far distance returning with the long bounds peculiar to these animals, who are prevented from running by the extreme flexibility of their spinal column.

Mignonne came home with bloody jaws, and received the tribute of caresses which her slave hastened to pay, all the while manifesting her pleasure by reiterated purring.

Her eyes, now soft and gentle, rested kindly on the Provençal, who spoke to her lovingly as he would to a domestic animal.

"Ah! Mademoiselle, — for you are an honest girl, are you not? You like to be petted, don't you? Are you not ashamed of yourself? You have been eating a Maugrabin. Well, well! they are animals like the rest of you. But you are not to craunch up a Frenchman; remember that! If you do, I will not love you."

She played like a young dog with her master, and let him roll her over and pat and stroke her, and sometimes she would coax him to play by laying a paw upon his knee with a pretty soliciting gesture.

Several days passed rapidly. This strange companionship revealed to the Provençal the sublime beauties of the desert. The alternations of hope and fear, the sufficiency of food, the presence of a creature who occupied his thoughts, — all this kept his mind alert, yet free: it was a life full of strange contrasts. Solitude revealed to him her secrets, and wrapped him with her charm. In the rising and the setting of the sun he saw splendors unknown to the world of men. He quivered as he listened to the soft whirring of the wings of a bird, — rare visitant! — or watched the blending of the fleeting clouds, — those changeful and many-tinted voyagers. In the waking hours of the night he studied the play of the moon upon the sandy ocean, where the strong simoom had rippled the surface

Digitized by Google

intc waves and ever-varying undulations. He lived in the Eastern day; he worshipped its marvellous glory. He rejoiced in the grandeur of the storms when they rolled across the vast plain, and tossed the sand upward till it looked like a dry red fog or a solid death-dealing vapor; and as the night came on he welcomed it with ecstasy, grateful for the blessed coolness of the light of the stars. His ears listened to the music of the skies. Solitude taught him the treasures of meditation. He spent hours in recalling trifles, and in comparing his past life with the weird present.

He grew fondly attached to his panther; for he was a man who needed an affection. Whether it were that his own will, magnetically strong, had modified the nature of his savage princess, or that the wars then raging in the desert had provided her with an ample supply of food, it is certain that she showed no sign of attacking him, and became so tame that he soon felt no fear of her. He spent much of his time in sleeping; though with his mind awake, like a spider in its web, lest he should miss some deliverance that might chance to cross the sandy sphere marked out by the horizon. He had made his shirt into a banner and tied it to the top of a palm-tree which he had stripped of its leafage. Taking counsel of necessity, he kept the flag extended by fastening the corners with twigs and wedges; for the fitful wind might have failed to wave it at the moment when the longed-for succor came in sight.

Nevertheless, there were long hours of gloom when hope forsook him; and then he played with his panther. He learned to know the different inflections of her voice and the meanings of her expressive glance; he studied the variegation of the spots which shaded the dead gold of her robe. Mignonne no longer growled when he caught the tuft of her dangerous tail and counted the black and white rings which glittered in the sunlight like a cluster of precious stones. He delighted in the soft lines of her lithe body, the whiteness of her belly, the grace of her charming head; but above all he loved to watch her as she gambolled at play. The agility and youthfulness of her movements were a constantly fresh surprise to him. He admired the suppleness of the flexible body as she bounded, crept, and glided, or clung to the trunks of palm-trees, or rolled over and over, crouching sometimes to the ground, and gathering herself together as she made ready for her vigorous spring. Yet, however vigorous the bound, however slippery the granite block

Digitized by Google

HONORÉ DE BALZAC

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

on which she landed, she would stop short, motionless, at the one word, "Mignonne."

One day, under a dazzling sun, a large bird hovered in the sky. The Provençal left his panther to watch the new guest. After a moment's pause the neglected sultana uttered a low growl.

"The devil take me! I believe she is jealous!" exclaimed the soldier, observing the rigid look which once more appeared in her metallic eyes. "The soul of Sophronie has got into her body."

The eagle disappeared in ether, and the Frenchman, recalled by the panther's displeasure, admired afresh her rounded flanks and the perfect grace of her attitude. She was as pretty as a woman. The blonde brightness of her robe shaded, with delicate gradations, to the dead-white tones of her furry thighs; the vivid sunshine brought out the brilliancy of this living gold and its variegated brown spots with indescribable lustre. The panther and the Provençal gazed at each other with human comprehension. She trembled with delight — the coquettish creature! — as she felt the nails of her friend scratching the strong bones of her skull. Her eyes glittered like flashes of lightning, and then she closed them tightly.

"She has a soul!" cried the soldier, watching the tranquil repose of this sovereign of the desert, golden as the sands, white as their pulsing light, solitary and burning as they.

"Well," she said, "I have read your defence of the beasts. But tell me what was the end of this friendship between two beings so formed to understand each other."

"Ah, exactly," I replied. "It ended as all great passions end, — by a misunderstanding. Both sides imagine treachery, pride prevents an explanation, and the rupture comes about through obstinacy."

"Yes," she said, "and sometimes a word, a look, an exclamation suffices. But tell me the end of the story."

"That is difficult," I answered. "But I will give it to you in the words of the old veteran, as he finished the bottle of champagne and exclaimed: 'I don't know how I could have hurt her, but she suddenly turned upon me as if in fury, and seized my thigh with her sharp teeth; and yet (as I afterwards remembered) not cruelly. I thought she meant to devour me, and I plunged my dagger into her throat. She rolled over with a cry that froze my soul; she looked at me in her death-

Digitized by Google

struggle, but without anger,—I would have given all the world — my cross, which I had not then gained, all, everything, — to have brought her back to life. It was as if I had murdered a friend, a human being. When the soldiers who saw my flag came to my rescue they found me weeping. Monsieur,' he resumed, after a moment's silence, 'I went through the wars in Germany, Spain, Russia, France; I have marched my carcass wellnigh over all the world; but I have seen nothing comparable to the desert. Ah, it is grand! glorious!'

"'What were your feelings there?' I asked.

"'They cannot be told, young man. Besides, I do not always regret my panther and my palm tree oasis: I must be very sad for that. But I will tell you this: in the desert there is all — and yet nothing.'

"'Stay! — explain that.'

"'Well, then,' he said, with a gesture of impatience, 'God is there, and man is not.'"

Old Goriot.

(From "Le Père Goriot.")

Next day, Goriot and Rastignac were ready to leave the lodging-house, and only awaited the good pleasure of a porter to move out of it; but towards noon there was a sound of wheels in the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève, and a carriage stopped before the door of the Maison Vauquer. Mme. de Nucingen alighted, and asked if her father was still in the house, and, receiving an affirmative reply from Sylvie, ran lightly upstairs.

It so happened that Eugène was at home all unknown to his neighbor. At breakfast time he had asked Goriot to superintend the removal of his goods, saying that he would meet him in the Rue d'Artois at four o'clock; but Rastignac's name had been called early on the list at the École de Droit, and he had gone back at once to the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève. No one had seen him come in, for Goriot had gone to find a porter, and the mistress of the house was likewise out. Eugène had thought to pay her himself, for it struck him that if he left this, Goriot in his zeal would probably pay for him. As it was, Eugène went up to his room to see that nothing had been forgotten, and blessed his foresight when he saw the blank bill bearing Vautrin's signature lying in the drawer where he had carelessly

Digitized by Google

thrown it on the day when he had repaid the amount. There was no fire in the grate, so he was about to tear it into little pieces, when he heard a voice speaking in Goriot's room, and the speaker was Delphine! He made no more noise, and stood still to listen, thinking that she should have no secrets from him; but after the first few words, the conversation between the father and daughter was so strange and interesting that it absorbed all his attention.

"Ah! thank heaven that you thought of asking him to give an account of the money settled on me before I was utterly ruined, father. Is it safe to talk?" she added.

"Yes, there is no one in the house," said her father faintly.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Mme. de Nucingen.

"God forgive you! you have just dealt me a staggering blow, child!" said the old man. "You cannot know how much I love you, or you would not have burst in upon me like this, with such news, especially if all is not lost. Has something so important happened that you must come here about it? In a few minutes we should have been in the Rue d'Artois."

"Eh! does one think what one is doing after a catastrophe? It has turned my head. Your attorney has found out the state of things now, but it was bound to come out sooner or later. We shall want your long business experience; and I came to you like a drowning man who catches at a branch. When M. Derville found that Nucingen was throwing all sorts of difficulties in his way, he threatened him with proceedings, and told him plainly that he would soon obtain an order from the President of the Tribunal. So Nucingen came to my room this morning, and asked if I meant to ruin us both. I told him that I knew nothing whatever about it, that I had a fortune, and ought to be put into possession of my fortune, and that my attorney was acting for me in the matter; I said again that I knew absolutely nothing about it, and could not possibly go into the subject with him. Was n't that what you told me to tell him?"

"Yes, quite right," answered Goriot.

"Well, then," Delphine continued, "he told me all about his affairs. He had just invested all his capital and mine in business speculations; they have only just been started, and very large sums of money are locked up. If I were to compel him to refund my dowry now, he would be forced to file his petition; but if I will wait a year, he undertakes, on his honor, to double or treble my fortune, by investing it in building land, and I shall

Digitized by Google

be mistress at last of the whole of my property. He was speaking the truth, father dear; he frightened me! He asked my pardon for his conduct; he has given me my liberty; I am free to act as I please on condition that I leave him to carry on my business in my name. To prove his sincerity, he promised that M. Derville might inspect the accounts as often as I pleased, so that I might be assured that everything was being conducted properly. In short, he put himself into my power, bound hand and foot. He wishes the present arrangements as to the expenses of housekeeping to continue for two more years, and entreated me not to exceed my allowance. He showed me plainly that it was all that he could do to keep up appearances; he has broken with his opera dancer; he will be compelled to practise the most strict economy (in secret) if he is to bide his time with unshaken credit. I scolded, I did all I could to drive him to desperation, so as to find out more. He showed me his ledgers — he broke down and cried at last. I never saw a man in such a state. He lost his head completely, talked of killing himself, and raved till I felt sorry for him."

"Do you really believe that silly rubbish?" cried her father. "It was all got up for your benefit! I have had to do with Germans in the way of business; honest and straightforward they are pretty sure to be, but when with their simplicity and frankness they are sharpers and humbugs as well, they are the worst rogues of all. Your husband is taking advantage of you. As soon as pressure is brought to bear on him he shams dead; he means to be more the master under your name than in his own. He will take advantage of the position to secure himself against the risks of business. He is as sharp as he is treacherous; he is a bad lot! No, no; I am not going to leave my girls behind me without a penny when I go to Père-Lachaise. I know something about business still. He has sunk his money in speculation, he says; very well then, there is something to show for it — bills, receipts, papers of some sort. Let him produce them, and come to an arrangement with you. We will choose the most promising of his speculations, take them over at our own risk, and have the securities transferred into your name; they shall represent the separate estate of Delphine Goriot, wife of the Baron de Nucingen. Does that fellow really take us for idiots? Does he imagine that I could stand the idea of your being without fortune, without bread, for forty-eight hours? I would not stand it a day — no, not a night, not

Digitized by Google

a couple of hours! If there had been any foundation for the idea, I should never get over it. What! I have worked hard for forty years, carried sacks on my back, and sweated and pinched and saved all my life for you, my darlings, for you who made the toil and every burden borne for you seem light; and now, my fortune, my whole life, is to vanish in smoke! I should die raving mad if I believed a word of it. By all that's holiest in heaven and earth, we will have this cleared up at once; go through the books, have the whole business looked thoroughly into! I will not sleep, nor rest, nor eat until I have satisfied myself that all your fortune is in existence. Your money is settled upon you, God be thanked! and, luckily, your attorney, Maître Derville, is an honest man. Good Lord! you shall have your snug little million, your fifty thousand francs a year, as long as you live, or I will raise a racket in Paris, I will so! If the Tribunals put upon us, I will appeal to the Chambers. If I knew that you were well and comfortably off as far as money is concerned, that thought would keep me easy in spite of bad health and troubles. Money? why, it is life! Money does everything. That great dolt of an Alsatian shall sing to another tune! Look here, Delphine, don't give way, don't make a concession of half a quarter of a farthing to that fathead, who has ground you down and made you miserable. If he can't do without you, we will give him a good cudgelling, and keep him in order. Great heavens! my brain is on fire; it is as if there were something red-hot inside my head. My Delphine lying on straw! You! my Fifine! Good gracious! Where are my gloves? Come, let us go at once; I mean to see everything with my own eyes — books, cash, and correspondence, the whole business. I shall have no peace until I know for certain that your fortune is secure."

"Oh! father dear, be careful how you set about it! If there is the least hint of vengeance in the business, if you show yourself openly hostile, it will be all over with me. He knows whom he has to deal with; he thinks it quite natural that if you put the idea into my head, I should be uneasy about my money; but I swear to you that he has it in his own hands, and that he had meant to keep it. He is just the man to abscond with all the money and leave us in the lurch, the scoundrel! He knows quite well that I will not dishonor the name I bear by bringing him into a court of law. His position is strong and weak at the same time. If we drive him to despair, I am lost."

Digitized by Google

"Why, then, the man is a rogue?"

"Well, yes, father," she said, flinging herself into a chair. "I wanted to keep it from you to spare your feelings," and she burst into tears; "I did not want you to know that you had married me to such a man as he is. He is just the same in private life — body and soul and conscience — the same through and through — hideous! I hate him; I despise him! Yes, after all that that despicable Nucingen has told me, I cannot respect him any longer. A man capable of mixing himself up in such affairs, and of talking about them to me as he did, without the slightest scruple, — it is because I have read him through and through that I am afraid of him. He, my husband, frankly proposed to give me my liberty, and do you know what that means? It means that if things turn out badly for him, I am to play into his hands, and be his stalking-horse."

"But there is law to be had! There is a Place de Grève for sons-in-law of that sort," cried her father; "why, I would guillotine him myself if there was no headsman to do it."

"No, father, the law cannot touch him. Listen, this is what he says, stripped of all his circumlocutions — 'Take your choice, you and no one else can be my accomplice; either everything is lost, you are ruined and have not a farthing, or you will let me carry this business through myself.' Is that plain speaking? He *must* have my assistance. He is assured that his wife will deal fairly by him; he knows that I shall leave his money to him and be content with my own. It is an unholy and dishonest compact, and he holds out threats of ruin to compel me to consent to it. He is buying my conscience, and the price is liberty to be Eugène's wife in all but name. 'I connive at your errors, and you allow me to commit crimes and ruin poor families!' Is that sufficiently explicit? Do you know what he means by speculations? He buys up land in his own name, then he finds men of straw to run up houses upon it. These men make a bargain with a contractor to build the houses, paying them by bills at long dates; then in consideration of a small sum they leave my husband in possession of the houses, and finally slip through the fingers of the deluded contractors by going into bankruptcy. The name of the firm of Nucingen has been used to dazzle the poor contractors. I saw that. I noticed, too, that Nucingen had sent bills for large amounts to Amsterdam, London, Naples, and Vienna, in order to prove if necessary that large sums had been paid away by the firm. How could we get possession of those bills?"

Digitized by Google

Eugène heard a dull thud on the floor; old Goriot must have fallen on his knees.

"Great heavens! what have I done to you? Bound my daughter to this scoundrel who does as he likes with her!—Oh! my child, my child! forgive me!" cried the old man.

"Yes, if I am in the depths of despair, perhaps you are to blame," said Delphine. "We have so little sense when we marry! What do we know of the world, of business, or men, or life? Our fathers should think for us! Father dear, I am not blaming you in the least, forgive me for what I said. This is all my own fault. Nay, do not cry, papa," she said, kissing him.

"Do not you cry either, my little Delphine. Look up and let me kiss away the tears. There! I shall find my wits and unravel this skein of your husband's winding."

"No, let me do that; I shall be able to manage him. He is fond of me, well and good; I shall use my influence to make him invest my money as soon as possible in landed property in my own name. Very likely I could get him to buy back Nucingen in Alsace in my name; that has always been a pet idea of his. Still, come to-morrow and go through the books, and look into the business. M. Derville knows little of mercantile matters. No, not to-morrow though. I do not want to be upset. Mme. de Beauséants' ball will be the day after to-morrow, and I must keep quiet, so as to look my best and freshest, and do honor to my dear Eugène! . . . Come, let us see his room."

But as she spoke a carriage stopped in the Rue Neuve-Sainte-Geneviève, and the sound of Mme. de Restaud's voice came from the staircase. "Is my father in?" she asked of Sylvie.

This accident was luckily timed for Eugène, whose one idea had been to throw himself down on the bed and pretend to be asleep.

"Oh, father, have you heard about Anastasie?" said Delphine, when she heard her sister speak. "It looks as though some strange things had happened in that family."

"What sort of things?" asked Goriot. "This is like to be the death of me. My poor head will not stand a double misfortune."

"Good-morning, father," said the Countess from the threshold. "Oh! Delphine, are you here?"

Digitized by Google

Mme. de Restaud seemed taken aback by her sister's presence.

"Good-morning, Nasie," said the Baroness. "What is there so extraordinary in my being here? *I* see our father every day."

"Since when?"

"If you came yourself you would know."

"Don't tease, Delphine," said the Countess fretfully. "I am very miserable, I am lost. Oh! my poor father, it is hopeless this time!"

"What is it, Nasie?" cried Goriot. "Tell us all about it, child! How white she is! Quick, do something, Delphine; be kind to her, and I will love you even better, if that were possible."

"Poor Nasie!" said Mme. de Nucingen, drawing her sister to a chair. "We are the only two people in the world whose love is always sufficient to forgive you everything. Family affection is the surest, you see."

The Countess inhaled the salts and revived.

"This will kill me!" said their father. "There," he went on, stirring the smouldering fire, "come nearer, both of you. It is cold. What is it, Nasie? Be quick and tell me, this is enough to —"

"Well, then, my husband knows everything," said the Countess. "Just imagine it; do you remember, father, that bill of Maxime's some time ago? Well, that was not the first. I had paid ever so many before that. About the beginning of January, M. de Trailles seemed very much troubled. He said nothing to me; but it is so easy to read the hearts of those you love, a mere trifle is enough; and then you feel things instinctively. Indeed, he was more tender and affectionate than ever, and I was happier than I had ever been before. Poor Maxime! in himself he was really saying good-bye to me, so he has told me since; he meant to blow his brains out! At last I worried him so, and begged and implored so hard; for two hours I knelt at his knees and prayed and entreated, and at last he told me — that he owed a hundred thousand francs. Oh! papa! a hundred thousand francs! I was beside myself! You had not the money, I knew; I had eaten up all that you had —"

"No," said Goriot; "I could not have got it for you unless I had stolen it. But I would have done that for you, Nasie! I will do it yet."

Digitized by Google

The words came from him like a sob, a hoarse sound like the death rattle of a dying man; it seemed indeed like the agony of death when the father's love was powerless. There was a pause, and neither of the sisters spoke. It must have been selfishness indeed that could hear unmoved that cry of anguish that, like a pebble thrown over a precipice, revealed the depths of his despair."

"I found the money, father, by selling what was not mine to sell," and the Countess burst into tears.

Delphine was touched; she laid her hand on her sister's shoulder, and cried too.

"Then it is all true," she said.

Anastasie bowed her head, Mme. de Nucingen flung her arms about her, kissed her tenderly, and held her sister to her heart.

"I shall always love you and never judge you, Nasie," she said.

"My angels!" murmured Goriot faintly. "Oh, why should it be trouble that draws you together?"

This warm and palpitating affection seemed to give the Countess courage.

"To save Maxime's life," she said, "to save all my own happiness, I went to the money-lender you know of, a man of iron forged in hell-fire; nothing can melt him; I took all the family diamonds that M. de Restaud is so proud of — his and mine too — and sold them to that M. Gobseck. *Sold them!* Do you understand? I saved Maxime, but I am lost. Restaud found it all out."

"How? Who told him? I will kill him," cried Goriot.

"Yesterday he sent to tell me to come to his room. I went. . . . 'Anastasie,' he said in a voice — oh! such a voice; that was enough, it told me everything — 'where are your diamonds?' — 'In my room — ' — 'No,' he said, looking straight at me, 'there they are on that chest of drawers — ' and he lifted his handkerchief and showed me the casket. 'Do you know where they come from?' he said. I fell at his feet. . . . I cried; I besought him to tell me the death he wished to see me die."

"You said that!" cried Goriot. "By God in heaven, whoever lays a hand on either of you so long as I am alive may reckon on being roasted by slow fires! Yes, I will cut him in pieces like —"

Digitized by Google

Goriot stopped; the words died away in his throat.

"And then, dear, he asked something worse than death of me. Oh! heaven preserve all other women from hearing such words as I heard then!"

"I will murder that man," said Goriot quietly. "But he has only one life, and he deserves to die twice. — And then, what next?" he added, looking at Anastasie.

"Then," the Countess resumed, "there was a pause, and he looked at me. 'Anastasie,' he said, 'I will bury this in silence; there shall be no separation; there are the children. I will not kill M. de Trailles. I might miss him if we fought, and as for other ways of getting rid of him, I should come into collision with the law. If I killed him in your arms, it would bring dishonor on *those* children. But if you do not want to see your children perish, nor their father nor me, you must first of all submit to two conditions. Answer me. Have I a child of my own?' I answered, 'Yes.' — 'Which?' — 'Ernest, our eldest boy.' — 'Very well,' he said, 'and now swear to obey me in this particular from this time forward.' I swore. 'You will make over your property to me when I require you to do so.'"

"Do nothing of the kind!" cried Goriot. "Aha! M. de Restaud, you could not make your wife happy; she has looked for happiness and found it elsewhere, and you make her suffer for your own ineptitude? He will have to reckon with me. Make yourself easy, Nasie. Aha! he cares about his heir! Good, very good. I will get hold of the boy; isn't he my grandson? What the blazes! I can surely go to see the brat! I will stow him away somewhere; I will take care of him, you may be quite easy. I will bring Restaud to terms, the monster! I shall say to him, 'A word or two with you! If you want your son back again, give my daughter her property, and leave her to do as she pleases.'"

"Father!"

"Yes. I am your father, Nasie, a father indeed! That rogue of a great lord had better not ill-treat my daughter. *Tonnerre!* What is it in my veins? There is the blood of a tiger in me; I could tear those two men to pieces! Oh! children, children! so this is what your lives are! Why, it is death! . . . What will become of you when I shall be here no longer? Fathers ought to live as long as their children. Ah! Lord God in heaven! how ill Thy world is ordered! Thou

Digitized by Google

hast a Son, if what they tell us is true, and yet Thou leavest us to suffer so through our children. My darlings, my darlings! to think that trouble only should bring you to me, that I should only see you with tears on your faces! Ah! yes, yes, you love me, I see that you love me. Come to me and pour out your griefs to me; my heart is large enough to hold them all. Oh! you might rend my heart in pieces, and every fragment would make a father's heart. If only I could bear all your sorrows for you! . . . Ah! you were so happy when you were little and still with me." . . .

"We have never been happy since," said Delphine. "Where are the old days when we slid down the sacks in the great granary?"

"That is not all, father," said Anastasie in Goriot's ear. The old man gave a startled shudder. "The diamonds only sold for a hundred thousand francs. Maxime is hard pressed. There are twelve thousand francs still to pay. He has given me his word that he will be steady and give up play in future. His love is all that I have left in the world. I have paid such a fearful price for it that I shall die if I lose him now. I have sacrificed my fortune, my honor, my peace of mind, and my children for him. Oh! do something, so that at the least Maxime may be at large and live undisgraced in the world, where he will assuredly make a career for himself. Something more than my happiness is at stake; the children have nothing, and if he is sent to Sainte-Pélagie all his prospects will be ruined."

"I haven't the money, Nasie. I have *nothing* — nothing left. This is the end of everything. Yes, the world is crumbling into ruin, I am sure. Fly! Save yourselves! Ah! — I have still my silver buckles left, and half-a-dozen silver spoons and forks, the first I ever had in my life. But I have nothing else except my life annuity, twelve hundred francs —"

"Then what has become of your money in the funds?"

"I sold out, and only kept a trifle for my wants. I wanted twelve thousand francs to furnish some rooms for Delphine."

"In your own house?" asked Mme. de Restaud, looking at her sister.

"What does it matter where they were?" asked Goriot. "The money is spent now."

"I see how it is," said the Countess. "Rooms for M. de Rastignac. Poor Delphine, take warning by me!"

Digitized by Google

"M. de Rastignac is incapable of ruining the woman he loves, dear."

"Thanks! Delphine. I thought you would have been kinder to me in my troubles, but you never did love me."

"Yes, yes, she loves you, Nasie!" cried Goriot; "she was saying so only just now. We were talking about you, and she insisted that you were beautiful, and that she herself was only pretty!"

"Pretty!" said the Countess. "She is as hard as a marble statue."

"And if I am?" cried Delphine, flushing up, "how have you treated me? You would not recognize me; you closed the doors of every house against me; you have never let an opportunity of mortifying me slip by. And when did I come, as you were always doing, to drain our poor father, a thousand francs at a time, till he is left as you see him now? That is all your doing, sister! I myself have seen my father as often as I could. I have not turned him out of the house, and then come and fawned upon him when I wanted money. I did not so much as know that he had spent those twelve thousand francs on me. I am economical, as you know; and when papa has made me presents, it has never been because I came and begged for them."

"You were better off than I. M. de Marsay was rich, as you have reason to know. You always were as slippery as gold. Good-bye; I have neither sister nor—"

"Oh! hush, hush! Nasie!" cried her father.

"Nobody else would repeat what everybody has ceased to believe. You are an unnatural sister!" cried Delphine.

"Oh, children, children! hush! hush! or I will kill myself before your eyes."

"There, Nasie, I forgive you," said Mme. de Nucingen; "you are very unhappy. But I am kinder than you are. How could you say *that* just when I was ready to do anything in the world to help you, even to be reconciled with my husband, which for my own sake I— Oh! it is just like you; you have behaved cruelly to me all through these nine years."

"Children, children, kiss each other!" cried the father. "You are angels, both of you."

"No. Let me alone," cried the Countess, shaking off the hand that her father had laid on her arm. "She is more merciless than my husband. Any one might think she was a model of all the virtues herself!"

Digitized by Google

"I would rather have people think that I owed money to M. de Marsay than own that M. de Trailles had cost me more than two hundred thousand francs," retorted Mme. de Nucingen.

"*Delphine!*" cried the Countess, stepping towards her sister.

"I shall tell you the truth about yourself if you begin to slander me," said the Baroness coldly.

"Delphine! you are a—"

Old Goriot sprang between them, grasped the Countess's hand, and laid his own over her mouth.

"Good heavens, father! What have you been handling this morning?" said Auastasie.

"Ah! well, yes I ought not to have touched you," said the poor father, wiping his hands on his trousers, "but I have been packing up my things; I did not know that you were coming to see me."

He was glad that he had drawn down her wrath upon himself.

"Ah!" he sighed, as he sat down, "you children have broken my heart between you. This is killing me. My head feels as if it were on fire. Be good to each other and love each other! This will be the death of me! Delphine! Nasie! come, be sensible; you are both in the wrong. Come, Dedel," he added, looking through his tears at the Baroness, "she must have twelve thousand francs, you see; let us see if we can find them for her. Oh, my girls, do not look at each other like that!" and he sank on his knees beside Delphine. "Ask her to forgive you — just to please me," he said in her ear. "She is more miserable than you are. Come now, Dedel."

"Poor Nasie!" said Delphine, alarmed at the wild, extravagant grief in her father's face, "I was in the wrong, kiss me—"

"Ah! that is like balm to my heart," cried Father Goriot, "But how are we to find twelve thousand francs? I might offer myself as a substitute in the army—"

"Oh! father dear!" they both cried, flinging their arms about him. "No, no!"

"God reward you for the thought. We are not worth it, are we, Nasie?" asked Delphine.

"And besides, father dear, it would only be a drop in the bucket," observed the Countess.

"But is flesh and blood worth nothing?" cried the old man in his despair. "I would give body and soul to save you, Nasie.

Digitized by Google

I would do a murder for the man who would rescue you. I would do, as Vautrin did, go to the hulks, go — " he stopped as if struck by a thunderbolt, and put both hands to his head. " Nothing left ! " he cried, tearing his hair. " If I only knew of a way to steal money, but it is so hard to do it, and then you can't set to work by yourself, and it takes time to rob a bank. Yes, it is time I was dead ; there is nothing left me to do but to die. I am no good in the world ; I am no longer a father ! No. She has come to me in her extremity, and, wretch that I am, I have nothing to give her. Ah ! you put your money into a life annuity, old scoundrel ; and had you not daughters ? You did not love them. Die, die in a ditch, like the dog that you are ! Yes, I am worse than a dog ; a beast would not have done as I have done ! Oh ! my head . . . it throbs as if it would burst."

" Papa ! " cried both the young women at once, " do, pray, be reasonable ! " and they clung to him to prevent him from dashing his head against the wall. There was a sound of sobbing.

Eugène, greatly alarmed, took the bill that bore Vautrin's signature, saw that the stamp would suffice for a larger sum, altered the figures, made it into a regular bill for twelve thousand francs, payable to Goriot's order, and went to his neighbor's room.

" Here is the money, madame," he said, handing the piece of paper to her. " I was asleep ; your conversation awoke me, and by this means I learned all that I owed to M. Goriot. This bill can be discounted, and I shall meet it punctually at the due date."

The Countess stood motionless and speechless, but she held the bill in her fingers.

" Delphine," she said, with a white face, and her whole frame quivering with indignation, anger, and rage, " I forgave you everything ; God is my witness that I forgave you, but I cannot forgive this ! So this gentleman was there all the time, and you knew it ! Your petty spite has led you to wreak your vengeance on me by betraying my secrets, my life, my children's lives, my shame, my honor ! There, you are nothing to me any longer. I hate you. I will do all that I can to injure you. I will . . ."

Anger paralyzed her ; the words died in her dry parched throat.

" Why, he is my son, my child ; he is your brother, your preserver ! " cried Goriot. " Kiss his hand, Nasie ! Stay, I will embrace him myself," he said, straining Eugène to his breast in a frenzied clasp. " Oh, my boy ! I will be more than a father to

Digitized by Google

you; I would be everything in the world to you; if I had God's power, I would fling worlds at your feet. Why don't you kiss him, Nasie? He is not a man, but an angel, an angel out of heaven."

"Never mind her, father; she is mad just now."

"Mad! am I? And what are you?" cried Mme. de Restaud.

"Children, children, I shall die if you go on like this," cried the old man, and he staggered and fell on the bed as if a bullet had struck him. — "They are killing me between them," he said to himself.

The Countess fixed her eyes on Eugène, who stood stock-still; all his faculties were numbed by this violent scene.

"Sir? . . ." she said, doubt and inquiry in her face, tone, and bearing; she took no notice now of her father nor of Delphine, who was hastily unfastening his waistcoat.

"Madame," said Eugène, answering the question before it was asked, "I will meet the bill, and keep silence about it."

"You have killed our father, Nasie!" said Delphine, pointing to Goriot, who lay unconscious on the bed. The Countess fled.

"I freely forgive her," said the old man, opening his eyes; "her position is horrible; it would turn an older head than hers. Comfort Nasie, and be nice to her, Delphine; promise it to your poor father before he dies," he asked, holding Delphine's hand in a convulsive clasp.

"Oh! what ails you, father?" she cried in real alarm.

"Nothing, nothing," said Goriot; "it will go off. There is something heavy pressing on my forehead, a little headache . . . Ah! poor Nasie, what a life lies before her!"

Just as he spoke, the Countess came back again and flung herself on her knees before him. "Forgive me!" she cried.

"Come," said her father, "you are hurting me still more."

"Monsieur," the Countess said, turning to Rastignac, "misery made me unjust to you. You will be a brother to me, will you not?" and she held out her hand. Her eyes were full of tears as she spoke.

"Nasie," cried Delphine, flinging her arms round her sister, "my little Nasie, let us forget and forgive."

"No, no," cried Nasie; "I shall never forget!"

"Dear angels," cried Goriot, "it is as if a dark curtain over my eyes had been raised; your voices have called me back to life. Kiss each other once more. Well, now, Nasie, that bill will save you, won't it?"

Digitized by Google

"I hope so. I say, papa, will you write your name on it?"

"There! how stupid of me to forget that! But I am not feeling at all well, Nasie, so you must not remember it against me. Send and let me know as soon as you are out of your strait. No, I will go to you. No, after all, I will not go; I might meet your husband, and I should kill him on the spot. And as for signing away your property, I shall have a word to say about that. Quick, my child, and keep Maxime in order in future."

Eugène was too bewildered to speak.

"Poor Anastasie, she always had a violent temper," said Mme. de Nucingen, "but she has a good heart."

"She came back for the endorsement," said Eugène in Delphine's ear.

"Do you think so?"

"I only wish I could think otherwise. Do not trust her," he answered, raising his eyes as if he confided to heaven the thoughts that he did not venture to express.

"Yes. She is always acting a part to some extent."

"How do you feel now, dear Father Goriot?" asked Rastignac.

"I should like to go to sleep," he replied.

Eugène helped him to bed, and Delphine sat by the bedside, holding his hand until he fell asleep. Then she went.

"This evening at the Italiens," she said to Eugène, "and you can let me know how he is. To-morrow you will leave this place, monsieur. Let us go into your room. — Oh! how frightful!" she cried on the threshold. "Why, you are even worse lodged than our father. Eugène, you have behaved well. I would love you more if that were possible; but, dear boy, if you are to succeed in life, you must not begin by flinging twelve thousand francs out of the windows like that. The Comte de Trailles is a confirmed gambler. My sister shuts her eyes to it. He would have made the twelve thousand francs in the same way that he wins and loses heaps of gold."

A groan from the next room brought them back to Goriot's bedside; to all appearance he was asleep, but the two lovers caught the words, "They are not happy!" Whether he was awake or sleeping, the tone in which they were spoken went to his daughter's heart. She stole up to the pallet-bed on which her father lay, and kissed his forehead. He opened his eyes.

"Ah! Delphine!" he said.

"How are you now?" she asked.

"Quite comfortable. Do not worry about me; I shall get

Digitized by Google

up presently. Don't stay with me, children; go, go and be happy."

Eugène went back with Delphine as far as her door; but he was not easy about Goriot, and would not stay to dinner, as she proposed. He wanted to be back at the Maison Vauquer. Old Goriot had left his room, and was just sitting down to dinner as he came in. Bianchon had placed himself where he could watch the old man carefully; and when the old vermicelli maker took up his square of bread and smelt it to find out the quality of the flour, the medical student, studying him closely, saw that the action was purely mechanical, and shook his head.

"Just come and sit over here, hospitaller of Cochin," said Eugène.

Bianchon went the more willingly because his change of place brought him next to the old lodger.

"What is wrong with him?" asked Rastignac.

"It is all up with him, or I am much mistaken! Something very extraordinary must have taken place; he looks to me as if he were in imminent danger of serous apoplexy. The lower part of his face is composed enough, but the upper part is drawn and distorted. Then there is that peculiar look about the eyes that indicates an effusion of serum in the brain; they look as though they were covered with a film of fine dust, do you notice? I shall know more about it by to-morrow morning."

"Is there any cure for it?"

"None. It might be possible to stave death off for a time if a way could be found of setting up a reaction in the lower extremities; but if the symptoms do not abate by to-morrow evening, it will be all over with him, poor old fellow! Do you know what has happened to bring this on? There must have been some violent shock, and his mind has given way."

"Yes, there was," said Rastignac, remembering how the two daughters had struck blow on blow at their father's heart.

"But Delphine at any rate loves her father," he said to himself.

That evening at the opera Rastignac chose his words carefully, lest he should give Mme. de Nucingen needless alarm.

"Do not be anxious about him," she said, however, as soon as Eugène began, "our father has really a strong constitution, but this morning we gave him a shock. Our whole fortunes were in peril, so the thing was serious, you see. I could not live if your affection did not make me insensible to troubles that I should once have thought too hard to bear. At this moment I

Digitized by Google

have but one fear left, but one misery to dread — to lose the love that has made me feel so glad to live. Everything else is as nothing to me compared with your love; I care for nothing else, for you are all the world to me. If I feel glad to be rich, it is for your sake. To my shame be it said, I think of my lover before my father. Do you ask why? I cannot tell you, but all my life is in you. My father gave me a heart, but you have taught it to beat. The whole world may condemn me; what does it matter if I stand acquitted in your eyes, for you have no right to think ill of me for the faults which a tyrannous love has forced me to commit for you! Do you think me an unnatural daughter? Oh! no, no one could help loving such a dear, kind father as ours. But how could I hide the inevitable consequences of our miserable marriage from him? Why did he allow us to marry when he did? Was it not his duty to think for us and foresee for us? To-day I know he suffers as much as we do, but how can it be helped? And as for comforting him, we could not comfort him in the least. Our resignation would give him more pain and hurt him far more than complaints and upbraidings. There are times in life when everything turns to bitterness."

Eugène was silent; the artless and sincere outpouring made an impression on him.

Parisian women are often false, intoxicated with vanity, selfish and self-absorbed, frivolous and shallow; yet of all women, when they love, they sacrifice their personal feelings to their passion; they rise but so much the higher for all the pettiness overcome in their nature, and become sublime. Then Eugène was struck by the profound discernment and insight displayed by this woman in judging of natural affection, when a privileged affection had separated and set her at a distance apart. Mme. de Nucingen was piqued by the silence.

"What are you thinking about?" she asked.

"I am thinking about what you said just now. Hitherto I have always felt sure that I cared far more for you than you did for me."

She smiled, and would not give way to the happiness she felt, lest their talk should exceed the conventional limits of propriety. She had never heard the vibrating tones of a sincere and youthful love; a few more words, and she feared for her self-control.

"Eugène," she said, changing the conversation, "I wonder

Digitized by Google

whether you know what has been happening? All Paris will go to Mme. de Beauséant's to-morrow. The Rochefides and the Marquis d'Ajuda have agreed to keep the matter a profound secret, but to-morrow the king will sign the marriage contract, and your poor cousin the Vicomtesse knows nothing of it as yet. She cannot put off her ball, and the Marquis will not be there. People are wondering what will happen?"

"The world laughs at baseness and connives at it. But this will kill Mme. de Beauséant."

"Oh, no," said Delphine, smiling, "you do not know that kind of woman. Why, all Paris will be there, and so shall I; I ought to go there for your sake."

"Perhaps, after all, it is one of those absurd reports that people set in circulation here."

"We shall know the truth to-morrow."

Eugène did not return to the Maison Vauquer. He could not forego the pleasure of occupying his new rooms in the Rue d'Artois. Yesterday evening he had been obliged to leave Delphine soon after midnight, but that night it was Delphine who stayed with him until two o'clock in the morning. He rose late, and waited for Mme. de Nucingen, who came about noon to breakfast with him. Youth snatches eagerly at those rosy moments of happiness, and Eugène had almost forgotten Goriot's existence. The pretty things that surrounded him were growing familiar; this domestication in itself was one long festival for him, and Mme. de Nucingen was there to glorify it all by her presence. It was four o'clock before they thought of Goriot, and of how he had looked forward to the new life in that house. Eugène said that the old man ought to be removed at once, lest he should grow too ill to move. He left Delphine, and hurried back to the lodging-house. Neither old Goriot nor young Bianchon was in the dining-room with the others.

"Aha!" said the painter as Eugène came in, "Father Goriot has broken down at last. Bianchon is upstairs with him. One of his daughters — the Comtesse de Restaurama — came to see the old gentleman, and he would get up and go out, and made himself worse. Society is about to lose one of its brightest ornaments."

Rastignac sprang to the staircase.

"Hey! Monsieur Eugène!"

"Monsieur Eugène, the mistress is calling you," shouted Sylvie.

"It is this, sir," said the widow. "You and M. Goriot should

Digitized by Google

by rights have moved out on the 15th of February. That was three days ago; to-day is the 18th; I ought really to be paid a month in advance; but if you will engage to pay for both, I shall be quite satisfied."

"Why can't you trust him?"

"Trust him, indeed! If the old gentleman went off his head and died, those daughters of his would not pay me a farthing, and his things won't fetch ten francs. This morning he went out with all the spoons and forks he has left, I don't know why. He had got himself up to look quite young, and — Lord, forgive me — but I thought he had rouge on his cheeks; he looked quite young again."

"I will be responsible," said Eugène, shuddering with horror, for he foresaw the end.

He climbed the stairs and reached old Goriot's room. The old man was tossing on his bed. Bianchon was with him.

"Good evening, father," said Eugène.

The old man turned his glassy eyes on him, smiled gently, and said:

"How is *she?*"

"She is quite well. But how are you?"

"There is nothing much the matter."

"Don't tire him," said Bianchon, drawing Eugène into a corner of the room.

"Well?" asked Rastignac.

"Nothing but a miracle can save him now. Serious congestion has set in; I have put on mustard plasters, and luckily he can feel them, they are acting."

"Is it possible to move him?"

"Quite out of the question. He must stay where he is, and be kept as quiet as possible — "

"Dear Bianchon," said Eugène, "we will nurse him between us."

"I have had the head physician round from my hospital to see him."

"And what did he say?"

"He will give no opinion till to-morrow evening. He promised to look in again at the end of the day. Unluckily, the preposterous creature must needs go and do something foolish this morning; he will not say what it was. He is as obstinate as a mule. As soon as I begin to talk to him he pretends not to hear, and lies as if he were asleep instead of answering, or if he opens

Digitized by Google

his eyes he begins to groan. Some time this morning he went out on foot in the streets, nobody knows where he went, and he took everything that he had of any value with him. He has been driving some confounded bargain, and it has been too much for his strength. One of his daughters has been here."

"Was it the Countess?" asked Eugène. "A tall, dark-haired woman, with large bright eyes, slender figure, and little feet?"

"Yes."

"Leave him to me for a bit," said Rastignac. "I will make him confess; he will tell me all about it."

"And meanwhile I will get my dinner. But try not to excite him; there is still some hope left."

"All right."

"How they will enjoy themselves to-morrow," said old Goriot when they were alone. "They are going to a grand ball."

"What were you doing this morning, papa, to make yourself so poorly this evening that you have to stop in bed?"

"Nothing."

"Did not Anastasie come to see you?" demanded Rastignac.

"Yes," said old Goriot.

"Well, then, don't keep anything from me. What more did she want of you?"

"Oh, she was very miserable," he answered, gathering up all his strength to speak. "It was this way, my boy. Since that affair of the diamonds, Nasie has not had a penny of her own. For this ball she had ordered a golden gown like a setting for a jewel. Her mantuamaker, a woman without a conscience, would not give her credit, so Nasie's waiting-woman advanced a thousand francs on account. Poor Nasie! reduced to such shifts! It cut me to the heart to think of it! But when Nasie's maid saw how things were between her master and mistress, she was afraid of losing her money, and came to an understanding with the dressmaker, and the woman refuses to send the ball-dress until the money is paid. The gown is ready, and the ball is to-morrow night; Nasie was in despair. She wanted to borrow my forks and spoons to pawn them. Her husband is determined that she shall go and wear the diamonds, so as to contradict the stories that are told all over Paris. How can she go to that heartless scoundrel and say, 'I owe a thousand francs to my dressmaker; pay her for me'? She cannot. I saw that myself. Delphine will be there, too, in a superb toilette, and Anastasie ought not to be outshone by her younger sister. And

Digitized by Google

then — she was drowned in tears, poor girl! I felt so humbled yesterday when I had not the twelve thousand francs, that I would have given the rest of my miserable life to wipe out that wrong. You see, I could have borne anything once, but latterly this want of money has broken my heart. Oh! I did not do it by halves; I titivated myself up a bit, and went out and sold my spoons and forks and buckles for six hundred francs; then I went to old Daddy Gobseck, and sold a year's interest in my annuity for four hundred francs down. Pshaw! I can live on dry bread, as I did when I was a young man; if I have done it before, I can do it again. My Nasie shall have one happy evening, at any rate. She shall be smart. The bank-note for a thousand francs is here under my pillow; it warms me to have it lying there under my head, for it is going to make my poor Nasie happy. She can turn that bad girl Victoire out of the house. A servant that cannot trust her mistress, did any one ever hear the like! I shall be quite well to-morrow. Nasie is coming at ten o'clock. They must not think that I am ill, or they will not go to the ball; they will stop and take care of me. To-morrow Nasie will come and hold me in her arms as if I were one of her children; her kisses will make me well again. After all, I might have spent the thousand francs on physic; I would far rather give them to my little Nasie, who can charm all the pain away. At any rate, I am some comfort to her in her misery; and that makes up for my unkindness in buying an annuity. She is in the depths, and I cannot draw her out of them now. Oh! I will go into business again, I will buy wheat in Odessa; out there, wheat fetches a quarter of the price it sells for here. There is a law against the importation of grain, but the good folk who made the law forgot to prohibit the introduction of wheat products and food stuffs made from corn. Hey! hey! . . . That struck me this morning. There is a fine trade to be done in starch."

Eugène, watching the old man's face, thought that his friend was light-headed.

"Come," he said, "do not talk any more, you must rest —" Just then Bianchon came up, and Eugène went down to dinner.

The two students sat up with him that night, relieving each other in turn. Bianchon brought up his medical books and studied; Eugène wrote letters home to his mother and sisters. Next morning Bianchon thought the symptoms more hopeful, but the patient's condition demanded continual attention, which the two students alone were willing to give — a task impossible

Digitized by Google

to describe in the squeamish phraseology of the epoch. Leeches must be applied to the wasted body, the poultices and hot foot-baths, and other details of the treatment required the physical strength and devotion of the two young men. Mme. de Restaud did not come; but she sent a messenger for the money.

"I expected she would come herself; but it would have been a pity for her to come, she would have been anxious about me," said the father, and to all appearance he was well content.

At seven o'clock that evening Thérèse came with a letter from Delphine.

"What are you doing, dear friend? I have been loved for a very little while, and am I neglected already? In the confidences of heart and heart, I have learned to know your soul — you are too noble not to be faithful forever, for you know that love with all its infinite subtle changes of feeling is never the same. Once you said, as we were listening to the Prayer in 'Mosè in Egitto,' 'For some it is the monotony of a single note; for others, it is the infinite of sound.' Remember that I am expecting you this evening to take me to Mme. de Beauséant's ball. Every one knows now that the King signed M. d'Ajuda's marriage-contract this morning, and the poor Vicomtesse knew nothing of it until two o'clock this afternoon. All Paris will flock to her house, of course, just as a crowd fills the Place de Grève to see an execution. It is horrible, is it not, to go out of curiosity to see if she will hide her anguish, and whether she will die courageously? I certainly should not go, my friend, if I had been at her house before; but of course, she will not receive society any more after this, and all my efforts would be in vain. My position is a very unusual one, and besides, I am going there partly on your account. I am waiting for you. If you are not beside me in less than two hours, I do not know whether I could forgive such treason."

Rastignac took up a pen and wrote: —

"I am waiting till the doctor comes to know if there is any hope of your father's life. He is lying dangerously ill. I will come and bring you the news, but I am afraid it may be a sentence of death. When I come you can decide whether you can go to the ball. — Yours a thousand times."

At half-past eight the doctor arrived. He did not take a very hopeful view of the case, but thought that there was no imme-

Digitized by Google

diate danger. Improvements and relapses might be expected, and the good man's life and reason hung in the balance.

"It would be better for him to die at once," the doctor said as he took leave.

Eugène left Goriot to Bianchon's care, and went to carry the sad news to Mme. de Nucingen. Family feeling lingered in her, and this must put an end for the present to her plans of amusement.

"Tell her to enjoy her evening as if nothing had happened," cried Goriot. He had been lying in a sort of stupor, but he suddenly sat upright as Eugène went out.

Eugène, half heart-broken, entered Delphine's room. Her hair had been dressed; she wore her dancing-slippers; she had only to put on her ball-dress; but when the artist is giving the finishing stroke to his creation, the last touches require more time than the whole groundwork of the picture.

"Why! you are not dressed!" she cried.

"Madame, your father—"

"My father again!" she exclaimed, breaking in upon him. "You need not teach me what is due to my father, I have known my father this long while. Not a word, Eugène. I will hear what you have to say when you are dressed. My carriage is waiting, take it, go round to your rooms and dress, Thérèse has put out everything in readiness for you. Come back as soon as you can; we will talk about my father on the way to Mme. de Beauséant's. We must go early; if we have to wait our turn in a row of carriages, we shall be lucky if we get there by eleven o'clock."

"Madame —"

"Quick! not a word!" she cried, darting into her dressing-room for a necklace.

"Do go, Monsieur Eugène, or you will vex Madame," said Thérèse, hurrying him away; and Eugène was too horror-stricken by this elegant parricide to resist.

He went to his room and dressed, sad, thoughtful, and dispirited. The world of Paris was like an ocean of mud for him just then; and it seemed that whoever set foot in that black mire must needs sink into it up to the chin.

"Their crimes are paltry," said Eugène to himself. "Vautrin was greater."

He had seen society in its three great phases — Obedience, Struggle, and Revolt; the Family, the World, and Vautrin; and

Digitized by Google

he hesitated in his choice. Obedience was dull, Revolt impossible, Struggle hazardous. His thoughts wandered back to the home circle. He thought of the quiet, uneventful life, the pure happiness of the days spent among those who loved him there. Those loving and beloved beings passed their lives in obedience to the natural laws of the hearth, and in that obedience found a deep and constant serenity, unvexed by torments such as these. Yet, for all his good impulses, he could not bring himself to make profession of the religion of pure souls to Delphine, nor to prescribe the duties of piety to her in the name of love. His education had begun to bear its fruits; he loved selfishly already. Besides, his tact had discovered to him the real nature of Delphine; he divined instinctively that she was capable of stepping over her father's corpse to go to the ball; and within himself he felt that he had neither the strength of mind to play the part of mentor, nor the strength of character to vex her, nor the courage to leave her to go alone.

"She would never forgive me for putting her in the wrong over it," he said to himself. Then he turned the doctor's dictum over in his mind; he tried to believe that Goriot was not so dangerously ill as he had imagined, and ended by collecting together a sufficient quantity of traitorous excuses for Delphine's conduct. She did not know how ill her father was; the kind old man himself would have made her go to the ball if she had gone to see him. So often it happens that this one or that stands condemned by the social laws that govern family relations; and yet there are peculiar circumstances in the case, differences of temperament, divergent interests, innumerable complications of family life that excuse the apparent offence.

Eugène did not wish to see too clearly; he was ready to sacrifice his conscience to his mistress. Within the last few days his whole life had undergone a change. Woman had entered into his world and thrown it into chaos; family claims dwindled away before her; she had appropriated all his being to her uses. Rastignac and Delphine found each other at a crisis in their lives when their union gave them the most poignant bliss. Their passion, so long proved, had only gained in strength by the gratified desire that often extinguishes passion. This woman was his, and Eugène recognized that not until then had he loved her; perhaps love is only gratitude for pleasure. This woman, vile or sublime, he adored for the pleasures she had brought as her dower; and Delphine loved

Digitized by Google

Rastignac as Tantalus would have loved some angel who had satisfied his hunger and quenched the burning thirst in his parched throat.

"Well," said Mme. de Nucingen when he came back in evening dress, "how is my father?"

"Very dangerously ill," he answered; "if you will grant me a proof of your affection, we will just go in to see him on the way."

"Very well," she said. "Yes, but afterwards. Dear Eugène, do be nice, and don't preach to me. Come."

They set out. Eugène said nothing for a while.

"What is it now?" she asked.

"I can hear the death-rattle in your father's throat," he said, almost angrily. And with the hot indignation of youth, he told the story of Mme. de Restaud's vanity and cruelty, of her father's final act of self-sacrifice, that had brought about this struggle between life and death, of the price that had been paid for Anastasie's golden embroideries. Delphine cried.

"I shall look frightful," she thought. She dried her tears.

"I will nurse my father; I will not leave his bedside," she said aloud.

"Ah! now you are as I would have you," exclaimed Rastignac.

The lamps of five hundred carriages lit up the darkness about the Hôtel de Beauséant. A gendarme in all the glory of his uniform stood on either side of the brightly lighted gateway. The great world was flocking thither that night in its eager curiosity to see the great lady at the moment of her fall, and the rooms on the ground floor were already full to overflowing, when Mme. de Nucingen and Rastignac appeared. Never since Louis XIV. tore her lover away from La grande Mademoiselle, and the whole court hastened to visit that unfortunate princess, had a disastrous love affair made such a sensation in Paris. But the youngest daughter of the almost royal house of Burgundy had risen proudly above her pain, and moved till the last moment like a queen in this world — its vanities had always been valueless for her, save in so far as they contributed to the triumph of her passion. The salons were filled with the most beautiful women in Paris, resplendent in their toilettes, and radiant with smiles. Ministers and ambassadors, the most distinguished men at court, men bedizened with decorations, stars, and ribbons, men who bore the most illustrious names in France, had gathered about the Vicomtesse.

Digitized by Google

The music of the orchestra vibrated in wave after wave of sound from the golden ceiling of the palace, now made desolate for its queen.

Madame de Beauséant stood at the door of the first salon to receive the guests who were styled her friends. She was dressed in white, and wore no ornament in the plaits of hair braided about her head; her face was calm; there was no sign there of pride, nor of pain, nor of joy that she did not feel. No one could read her soul; she stood there like some Niobe carved in marble. For a few intimate friends there was a tinge of satire in her smile; but no scrutiny saw any change in her, nor had she looked otherwise in the days of the glory of her happiness. The most callous of her guests admired her as young Rome applauded some gladiator who could die smiling. It seemed as if society had adorned itself for a last audience of one of its sovereigns.

"I was afraid that you would not come," she said to Rastignac.

"Madame," he said, in an unsteady voice, taking her speech as a reproach, "I shall be the last to go, that is why I am here."

"Good," she said, and she took his hand. "You are perhaps the only one that I can trust here among all these. Oh, my friend, when you love, love a woman whom you are sure that you can love always. Never forsake a woman."

She took Rastignac's arm, and went towards a sofa in the card-room.

"I want you to go to the Marquis," she said. "Jacques, my footman, will go with you; he has a letter that you will take. I am asking the Marquis to give my letters back to me. He will give them all up, I like to think that. When you have my letters, go up to my room with them. Some one shall bring me word."

She rose to go to meet the Duchesse de Langeais, her most intimate friend, who had come like the rest of the world.

Rastignac went. He asked for the Marquis d'Ajuda at the Hôtel Rochefide, feeling certain that the latter would be spending his evening there, and so it proved. The Marquis went to his own house with Rastignac, and gave a casket to the student, saying as he did so, "They are all there."

He seemed as if he was about to say something to Eugène, to ask about the ball, or the Vicomtesse; perhaps he was on the brink of the confession that, even then, he was in despair, and knew that his marriage had been a fatal mistake; but a proud

Digitized by Google

gleam shone in his eyes, and with deplorable courage he kept his noblest feelings a secret.

"Do not even mention my name to her, my dear Eugène." He grasped Rastignac's hand sadly and affectionately, and turned away from him. Eugène went back to the Hôtel Beauséant; the servant took him to the Vicomtesse's room. There were signs there of preparations for a journey. He sat down by the fire, fixed his eyes on the cedar-wood casket, and fell into deep mournful musings. Mme. de Beauséant loomed large in these imaginings, like a goddess in the Iliad.

"Ah! my friend! . . ." said the Vicomtesse; she crossed the room and laid her hand on Rastignac's shoulder. He saw the tears in his cousin's uplifted eyes, saw that one hand was raised to take the casket, and that the fingers of the other trembled. Suddenly she took the casket, put it in the fire, and watched it burn.

"They are dancing," she said. "They all came very early; but death will be long in coming. Hush! my friend," and she laid a finger on Rastignac's lips, seeing that he was about to speak. "I shall never see Paris again. I am taking my leave of this world. At five o'clock this morning I shall set out on my journey; I mean to bury myself in the remotest part of Normandy. I have had very little time to make my arrangements; since three o'clock this afternoon I have been busy signing documents, setting my affairs in order; there was no one whom I could send to —"

She broke off.

"He was sure to be —"

Again she broke off; the weight of her sorrow was more than she could bear. In such moments as these everything is agony, and some words are impossible to utter.

"And so I counted upon you to do me this last piece of service this evening," she said. "I should like to give you some pledge of friendship. I shall often think of you. You have seemed to me to be kind and noble, fresh-hearted and true, in this world where such qualities are seldom found. I should like you to think sometimes of me. Stay," she said, glancing about her, "there is this box that has held my gloves. Every time I opened it before going to a ball or to the theatre, I used to feel that I must be beautiful, because I was so happy; and I never touched it except to lay some gracious memory in it: there is so much of my old self in it, of a Madame de Beauséant who

Digitized by Google

now lives no longer. Will you take it? I will leave directions that it is to be sent to you in the Rue d'Artois. — Mme. de Nucingen looked very charming this evening. Eugène, you must love her. Perhaps we may never see each other again, my friend; but be sure of this, that I shall pray for you who have been kind to me. — Now let us go downstairs. People shall not think that I am weeping. I have all time and eternity before me, and where I am going I shall be alone, and no one will ask me the reason of my tears. One last look round first."

She stood for a moment. Then she covered her eyes with her hands for an instant, dashed away the tears, bathed her face with cold water, and took the student's arm.

"Let us go!" she said.

This suffering, endured with such noble fortitude, shook Eugène with a more violent emotion than he had felt before. They went back to the ballroom, and Mme. de Beauséant went through the rooms on Eugène's arm — the last delicately gracious act of a gracious woman. In another moment he saw the sisters, Mme. de Restaud and Mme. de Nucingen. The Countess shone in all the glory of her magnificent diamonds; every stone must have scorched like fire; she was never to wear them again. Strong as love and pride might be in her, she found it difficult to meet her husband's eyes. The sight of her was scarcely calculated to lighten Rastignac's sad thoughts; through the blaze of those diamonds he seemed to see the wretched pallet-bed on which old Goriot was lying. The Vicomtesse misread his melancholy; she withdrew her hand from his arm.

"Come," she said, "I must not deprive you of a pleasure."

Eugène was soon claimed by Delphine. She was delighted with the impression that she had made, and eager to lay at her lover's feet the homage she had received in this new world in which she hoped to live and move henceforth.

"What do you think of Nasie?" she asked him.

"She has discounted everything, even her own father's death," said Rastignac.

Towards four o'clock in the morning the rooms began to empty. A little later the music ceased, and the Duchesse de Langeais and Rastignac were left in the great ballroom. The Vicomtesse, who thought to find the student there alone, came back there at the last. She had taken leave of M. de Beauséant, who had gone off to bed, saying again as he went, "It is a great pity, my dear, to shut yourself up at your age! Pray stay among us."

Digitized by Google

Mme. de Beauséant saw the Duchess, and, in spite of herself, an exclamation broke from her.

"I saw how it was, Clara," said Mme. de Langeais. "You are going from among us, and you will never come back. But you must not go until you have heard me, until we have understood each other."

She took her friend's arm, and they went together into the next room. There the Duchess looked at her with tears in her eyes; she held her friend in a close embrace, and kissed her cheek.

"I could not let you go without a word, dearest; the remorse would have been too hard to bear. You can count upon me as surely as upon yourself. You have shown yourself great this evening; I feel that I am worthy of our friendship, and I mean to prove myself worthy of it. I have not always been kind; I was in the wrong; forgive me, dearest; I wish I could unsay anything that may have hurt you; I take back those words. One common sorrow has brought us together again, for I do not know which of us is the more miserable. M. de Montriveau was not here to-night; do you understand what that means?— None of those who saw you to-night, Clara, will ever forget you. I mean to make one last effort. If I fail, I shall go into a convent. Clara, where are you going?"

"Into Normandy, to Courcelles. I shall love and pray there until the day when God shall take me from this world. — M. de Rastignac!" called the Vicomtesse, in a tremulous voice, remembering that the young man was waiting there.

The student knelt to kiss his cousin's hand.

"Good-bye, Antoinette!" said Mme. de Beauséant. "May you be happy." — She turned to the student. "You are young," she said; "you have some beliefs still left. I have been privileged, like some dying people, to find sincere and reverent feeling in those about me as I take my leave of this world."

It was nearly five o'clock that morning when Rastignac came away. He had put Mme. de Beauséant into her travelling carriage, and received her last farewells, spoken amid fast-falling tears; for no greatness is so great that it can rise above the laws of human affection, or live beyond the jurisdiction of pain, as certain demagogues would have the people believe. Eugène returned on foot to the Maison Vauquer through the cold and darkness. His education was nearly complete.

"There is no hope for poor old Goriot," said Bianchon, as

Digitized by Google

Rastignac came into the room. Eugène looked for a while at the sleeping man, then he turned to his friend. "Dear fellow, you are content with the modest career you have marked out for yourself; keep to it. I am in hell, and I must stay there. Believe everything that you hear said of the world; nothing is too impossibly bad. No Juvenal could paint the horrors hidden away under the covering of gems and gold."

At two o'clock in the afternoon Bianchon came to wake Rastignac, and begged him to take charge of Goriot, who had grown worse as the day wore on. The medical student was obliged to go out.

"Poor old man, he has not two days to live, maybe not many hours," he said; "but we must do our utmost, all the same, to fight the disease. It will be a very troublesome case, and we shall want money. We can nurse him between us, of course, but, for my own part, I have not a penny. I have turned out his pockets, and rummaged through his drawers — result, *nix*. I asked him about it while his mind was clear, and he told me he had not a farthing of his own. What have you?"

"I have twenty francs left," said Rastignac; "but I will take them to the roulette table; I shall be sure to win."

"And if you lose?"

"Then I shall go to his sons-in-law and his daughters and ask them for money."

"And suppose they refuse?" Bianchon retorted. "The most pressing thing just now is not really money; we must put mustard poultices, as hot as they can be made, on his feet and legs. If he calls out, there is still some hope for him. You know how to set about doing it, and besides, Christophe will help you. I am going round to the dispensary to persuade them to let us have the things we want on credit. It is a pity that we could not move him to the hospital; poor fellow, he would be better there. Well, come along, I leave you in charge; you must stay with him till I come back."

The two young men went back to the room where the old man was lying. Eugène was startled at the change in Goriot's face, so livid, distorted, and feeble.

"How are you, papa?" he said, bending over the pallet-bed. Goriot turned his dull eyes upon Eugène, looked at him attentively, and did not recognize him. It was more than the student could bear; the tears came into his eyes.

. . . . . .

Digitized by Google

"Did they enjoy themselves?" It was old Goriot who spoke. He had recognized Eugène.

"Oh! he thinks of nothing but his daughters," said Bianchon. "Scores of times last night he said to me, 'They are dancing now! She has her dress.' He called them by their names. He made me cry, the devil take it, calling with that tone in his voice, for 'Delphine! my little Delphine! and Nasie!' Upon my word," said the medical student, "it was enough to make any one burst out crying."

"Delphine," said the old man, "she is there, is n't she? I knew she was there," and his eyes sought the door.

"I am going down now to tell Sylvie to get the poultices ready," said Bianchon. "They ought to go on at once."

Rastignac was left alone with the old man. He sat at the foot of the bed, and gazed at the face before him, so horribly changed that it was shocking to see.

"Noble natures cannot dwell in this world," he said; "Mme. de Beauséant has fled from it, and there he lies dying. What place indeed is there in the shallow, petty, frivolous thing called society for noble thoughts and feelings?"

Pictures of yesterday's ball rose up in his memory, in strange contrast to the deathbed before him. Bianchon suddenly appeared.

"I say, Eugène, I have just seen our head surgeon at the hospital, and I ran all the way back here. If the old man shows any signs of reason, if he begins to talk, cover him with a mustard poultice from the neck to the base of the spine, and send round for us."

"Dear Bianchon," exclaimed Eugène.

"Oh! it is an interesting case from a scientific point of view," said the medical student, with all the enthusiasm of a neophyte.

"So!" said Eugène. "Am I really the only one who cares for the poor old man for his own sake?"

"You would not have said so if you had seen me this morning," returned Bianchon, who did not take offence at this speech. "Doctors who have seen a good deal of practice never see anything but the disease, but, my dear fellow, I can see the patient still."

He went. Eugène was left alone with the old man, and with an apprehension of a crisis that set in, in fact, before very long.

Digitized by Google

"Ah! dear boy, is that you?" said old Goriot, recognizing Eugène.

"Do you feel better?" asked the law student, taking his hand.

"Yes. My head felt as if it were being screwed in a vice, but now it is set free again. Did you see my girls? They will be here directly; as soon as they know that I am ill they will hurry here at once; they used to take such care of me in the Rue de la Jussienne! Great Heavens! if only my room was fit for them to come into! There has been a young man here who has burned up all my bark fuel."

"I can hear Christophe coming upstairs," Eugène answered. "He is bringing up some firewood that that young man has sent you."

"Good, but how am I to pay for the wood? I have not a penny left, dear boy. I have given everything, everything. I am a pauper now. Well, at least the golden gown was grand, was it not? (Ah! what pain this is!) Thanks, Christophe! God will reward you, my boy; I have nothing left now."

Eugène went over to Christophe and whispered in the man's ear, "I will pay you well, and Sylvie too, for your trouble."

"My daughters told you that they were coming, did n't they, Christophe? Go again to them, and I will give you five francs. Tell them that I am not feeling well, that I should like to kiss them both and see them once again before I die. Tell, them that, but don't alarm them more than you can help."

Rastignac signed to Christophe to go, and the man went.

"They will come before long," the old man went on. "I know them so well. My tender-hearted Delphine! If I am going to die, she will feel it so much! And so will Nasie. I do not want to die; they will cry if I die; and if I die, dear Eugène, I shall not see them any more. It will be very dreary there where I am going."

"To think that neither of his daughters should come!" exclaimed Rastignac. "I will write to them both."

"Neither of them!" cried the old man, sitting upright in bed. "They are busy, they are asleep, they will not come! I knew that they would not. Not until you are dying do you know your children. . . .

"Ah! if I were rich still, if I had kept my money, if I had not given all to them, they would be with me now; they would fawn on me and cover my cheeks with their kisses! . . . Money

Digitized by Google

brings everything to you; even your daughters. My money. Oh! where is my money? If I had plenty of money to leave behind me, they would nurse me and tend me; I should hear their voices, I should see their faces."

There was a footstep on the staircase, and a young woman hastened up, panting for breath.

"She has come too late," said Rastignac. . . . There was something awful and appalling in the sudden apparition of the Countess. She saw the bed of death by the dim light of the single candle, and her tears flowed at the sight of her father's passive features, from which the life had almost ebbed. . . . Mme. de Restaud took her father's hand and kissed it.

"Forgive me, father! You used to say that my voice would call you back from the grave; ah! come back for one moment to bless your penitent daughter. Do you hear me? Oh! this is fearful! No one on earth will ever bless me henceforth; every one hates me; no one loves me but you in all the world. My own children will hate me. Take me with you, father; I will love you. I will take care of you. He does not hear me. . . . I am mad."

THE NAPOLEON OF THE PEOPLE.[1]

(From "The Country Doctor.")

"LET us go to my barn," said the doctor, taking Genestas by the arm, after saying good-night to the curate and his other guests. "And there, Captain Bluteau, you will hear about Napoleon. We shall find a few old cronies who will set Goguelat, the postman, to declaiming about the people's god. Nicolle, my stable-man, was to put a ladder by which we can get into the hay-loft through a window, and find a place where we can see and hear all that goes on. A *veillée* is worth the trouble, believe me. Come, it is n't the first time I 've hidden in the hay to hear the tale of the soldier or some peasant yarn. But we must hide; if these poor people see a stranger they are constrained at once, and are no longer their natural selves."

"Eh! my dear host," said Genestas, "have n't I often pretended to sleep, that I might listen to my troopers round a bivouac? I never laughed more heartily in the Paris theatres than I did at an account of the retreat from Moscow, told in fun, by an old sergeant to a lot of recruits who were afraid of war. He

By permission of Hardy, Pratt & Co.

Digitized by Google

NAPOLEON AT THE BATTLE OF EYLAU

From a Painting by Antoine Jean Gros

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

declared the French army slept in sheets, and drank its wine well-iced; that the dead stood still in the roads; Russia was white, they curried the horses with their teeth; those who liked to skate had lots of fun, and those who fancied frozen puddings ate their fill; the women were usually cold, and the only thing that was really disagreeable was the want of hot water to shave with: in short, he recounted such absurdities that an old quartermaster, who had had his nose frozen off and was known by the name Nez-restant, laughed himself."

"Hush," said Benassis, "here we are: I 'll go first; follow me."

The pair mounted the ladder and crouched in the hay, without being seen or heard by the people below, and placed themselves at ease, so that they could see and hear all that went on. The women were sitting in groups round the three or four candles that stood on the tables. Some were sewing, some knitting; several sat idle, their necks stretched out and their heads and eyes turned to an old peasant who was telling a story. Most of the men were standing, or lying on bales of hay. These groups, all perfectly silent, were scarcely visible in the flickering glimmer of the tallow-candles encircled by glass bowls full of water, which concentrated the light in rays upon the women at work about the tables. The size of the barn, whose roof was dark and sombre, still further obscured the rays of light, which touched the heads with unequal color, and brought out picturesque effects of light and shade. Here, the brown forehead and the clear eyes of an eager little peasant-girl shone forth; there, the rough brows of a few old men were sharply defined by a luminous band, which made fantastic shapes of their worn and discolored garments. These various listeners, so diverse in their attitudes, all expressed on their motionless features the absolute abandonment of their intelligence to the narrator. It was a curious picture, illustrating the enormous influence exercised over every class of mind by poetry. In exacting from a story-teller the marvellous that must still be simple, or the impossible that is almost believable, the peasant proves himself to be a true lover of the purest poetry. . . .

"Come, Monsieur Goguelat," said the game-keeper, "tell us about the Emperor."

"The evening is half over," said the postman, "and I don't like to shorten the victories."

"Never mind; go on! You've told them so many times we

Digitized by Google

know them all by heart; but it is always a pleasure to hear them again."

"Yes! tell us about the Emperor," cried many voices together.

"Since you wish it," replied Goguelat. "But you 'll see it is n't worth much when I have to tell it on the double-quick, charge! I 'd rather tell about a battle. Shall I tell about Champ-Aubert, where we used up all the cartridges and spitted the enemy on our bayonets?"

"No! no! the Emperor! the Emperor!"

The veteran rose from his bale of hay and cast upon the assemblage that black look laden with miseries, emergencies, and sufferings, which distiuguishes the faces of old soldiers. He seized his jacket by the two front flaps, raised them as if about to pack the knapsack which formerly held his clothes, his shoes, and all his fortune; then he threw the weight of his body on his left leg, advanced the right, and yielded with a good grace to the demands of the company. After pushing his gray hair to one side to show his forehead, he raised his head towards heaven that he might, as it were, put himself on the level of the gigantic history he was about to relate.

"You see, my friends, Napoleon was born in Corsica, a French island, warmed by the sun of Italy, where it is like a furnace, and where the people kill each other, from father to son, all about nothing; that 's a way they have. To begin with the marvel of the thing, — his mother, who was the handsomest woman of her time, and a knowing one, bethought herself of dedicating him to God, so that he might escape the dangers of his childhood and future life; for she had dreamed that the world was set on fire the day he was born. And indeed it was a prophecy! So she asked God to protect him, on condition that Napoleon should restore His holy religion, which was then cast to the ground. Well, that was agreed upon, and we shall see what came of it.

"Follow me closely, and tell me if what you hear is in the nature of man.

"Sure and certain it is that none but a man who conceived the idea of making a compact with God could have passed unhurt through the enemy's lines, through cannon-balls, and discharges of grape-shot that swept the rest of us off like flies, and always respected his head. I had a proof of that — I myself — at Eylau. I see him now, as he rode up a height, took his

Digitized by Google

field glass, looked at the battle, and said, 'All goes well.' One of those plumed busy-bodies, who plagued him considerably and followed him everywhere, even to his meals, so they said, thought to play the wag, and took the Emperor's place as he rode away. Ho! in a twinkling, head and plume were off! You must understand that Napoleon had promised to keep the secret of his compact all to himself. That's why all those who followed him, even his nearest friends, fell like nuts, — Duroc, Bessières, Lannes, — all strong as steel bars, though *he* could bend them as he pleased. Besides, — to prove he was the child of God, and made to be the father of soldiers, — was he ever known to be lieutenant or captain? no, no; commander-in-chief from the start. He did n't look to be more than twenty-four years of age when he was an old general at the taking of Toulon, where he first began to show the others that they knew nothing about manœuvring cannon.

"After that, down came our slip of a general to command the grand army of Italy, which had n't bread nor munitions, nor shoes, nor coats, — a poor army, as naked as a worm. 'My friends,' said he, 'here we are together. Get it into your pates that fifteen days from now you will be conquerors: — new clothes, good gaiters, famous shoes, and every man with a great-coat; but, my children, to get these things you must march to Milan where they are.' And we marched. France, crushed as flat as a bedbug, straightened up. We were thirty thousand barefeet against eighty thousand Austrian bullies, all fine men, well set up. I see 'em now! But Napoleon — he was then only Bonaparte — he knew how to put the courage into us! We marched by night, and we marched by day: we slapped their faces at Montenotte, we thrashed 'em at Rivoli, Lodi, Arcole, Millesimo, and we never let 'em up. A soldier gets the taste of conquest. So Napoleon whirled round those Austrian generals, who did n't know where to poke themselves to get out of his way, and he pelted 'em well, — nipped off ten thousand men at a blow sometimes, by getting round them with fifteen hundred Frenchmen, and then he gleaned as he pleased. He took their cannon, their supplies, their money, their munitions, in short, all they had that was good to take. He fought them and beat them on the mountains, he drove them into the rivers and seas, he bit 'em in the air, he devoured 'em on the ground, and he lashed 'em everywhere. Hey! the grand army feathered itself well; for, d' ye see, the Emperor, who was also a wit, called up the inhabi-

Digitized by Google

tants and told them he was there to deliver them. So after that the natives lodged and cherished us; the women too, and very judicious they were. Now here 's the end of it. In Ventose, '96, — in those times that was the month of March of to-day, — we lay cuddled in a corner of Savoy with the marmots; and yet, before that campaign was over, we were masters of Italy, just as Napoleon had predicted; and by the following March — in a single year and two campaigns — he had brought us within sight of Vienna. 'T was a clean sweep. We devoured their armies, one after the other, and made an end of four Austrian generals. One old fellow, with white hair, was roasted like a rat in the straw at Mantua. Kings begged for mercy on their knees! Peace was won.

"Could a *man* have done that? No; God helped him, to a certainty!

"He divided himself up like the loaves in the Gospel, commanded the battle by day, planned it by night; going and coming, for the sentinels saw him, — never eating, never sleeping. So, seeing these prodigies, the soldiers adopted him for their father. Forward, march! Then those others, the rulers in Paris, seeing this, said to themselves: — 'Here 's a bold one that seems to get his orders from the skies; he 's likely to put his paw on France. We must let him loose on Asia: we will send him to America, perhaps that will satisfy him.' But 'twas *written above* for him, as it was for Jesus Christ. The command went forth that he should go to Egypt. See again his resemblance to the Son of God. But that 's not all. He called together his best veterans, his fire-eaters, the ones he had particularly put the devil into, and he said to them like this: — 'My friends, they have given us Egypt to chew up, just to keep us busy, but we 'll swallow it whole in a couple of campaigns, as we did Italy. The common soldiers shall be princes and have the land for their own. Forward, march!' 'Forward, march!' cried the sergeants, and there we were at Toulon, road to Egypt. At that time the English had all their ships in the sea; but when we embarked Napoleon said, 'They won't see us. It is just as well that you should know from this time forth that your general has got his star in the sky, which guides and protects us. What was said was done. Passing over the sea, we took Malta like an orange, just to quench his thirst for victory; for he was a man who could n't live and do nothing.

"So here we are in Egypt. Good. Once here, other orders.

Digitized by Google

The Egyptians, d' ye see, are men who, ever since the earth was, have had giants for sovereigns, and armies as numerous as ants; for you must understand, that 's the land of genii and crocodiles, where they 've built pyramids as big as our mountains, and buried their kings under them to keep them fresh, — an idea that pleased 'em mightily. So then, after we disembarked, the Little Corporal said to us, 'My children, the country you are going to conquer has a lot of gods that you must respect; because Frenchmen ought to be friends with everybody, and fight the nations without vexing the inhabitants. Get it into your skulls that you are not to touch anything at first, for it is all going to be yours soon. Forward, march!' So far, so good. But all those people of Africa, to whom Napoleon was foretold under the name of Kébir-Bonaberdis, — a word of their lingo that means 'the sultan fires,' — were afraid as the devil of him. So the Grand Turk, and Asia, and Africa, had recourse to magic. They sent us a demon, named the Mahdi, supposed to have descended from heaven on a white horse, which, like its master was bullet-proof; and both of them lived on air, without food to support them. There are some that say they saw them; but I can't give you any reasons to make you certain about that. The rulers of Arabia and the Mamelukes tried to make their troopers believe that the Mahdi could keep them from perishing in battle; and they pretended he was an angel sent from heaven to fight Napoleon and get back Solomon's seal. Solomon's seal was part of their paraphernalia which they vowed our General had stolen. You must understand that we 'd given 'em a good many wry faces, in spite of what he had said to us.

"Now, tell me how they knew that Napoleon had a pact with God? Was that natural, d' ye think?

"They held to it in their minds that Napoleon commanded the genii, and could pass hither and thither in the twinkling of an eye like a bird. The fact is, he was everywhere. At last, it came to his carrying off a queen, beautiful as the dawn, for whom he had offered all his treasure, and diamonds as big as pigeons' eggs, — a bargain which the Mameluke to whom she particularly belonged positively refused, although he had several others. Such matters, when they come to that pass, can't be settled without a great many battles; and indeed there was no scarcity of battles; there was fighting enough to please everybody. We were in line at Alexandria, at Gizeh, and before the Pyramids; we marched in the sun and through the sand, where

Digitized by Google

some, who had the dazzles, saw water that they could n't drink, and shade where their flesh was roasted. But we made short work of the Mamelukes; and everybody else yielded at the voice of Napoleon, who took possession of Upper and Lower Egypt, Arabia, and even the capitals of kingdoms that were no more, where there were thousands of statues and all the plagues of Egypt, more particularly lizards, — a mammoth of a country where everybody could take his acres of land for as little as he pleased. Well, while Napoleon was busy with his affairs inland, — where he had it in his head to do fine things, — the English burned his fleet at Aboukir; for they were always looking about them to annoy us. But Napoleon, who had the respect of the East and of the West, whom the Pope called his son, and the cousin of Mohammed called 'his dear father,' resolved to punish England, and get hold of India in exchange for his fleet. He was just about to take us across the Red Sea, into Asia, a country where there are diamonds and gold to pay the soldiers and palaces for bivouacs, when the Mahdi made a treaty with the Plague, and sent it down to hinder our victories. Halt! The army to a man defiled at that parade; and few there were who came back on their feet. Dying soldiers could n't take Saint-Jean d'Acre, though they rushed at it three times with generous and martial obstinacy. The Plague was the strongest. No saying to that enemy, 'My good friend.' Every soldier lay ill. Napoleon alone was fresh as a rose, and the whole army saw him drinking in pestilence without its doing him a bit of harm.

"Ha! my friends! will you tell me that *that's* in the nature of a mere man?

"The Mamelukes, knowing we were all in the ambulances, thought they could stop the way; but that sort of joke would n't do with Napoleon. So he said to his demons, his veterans, those that had the toughest hide, 'Go, clear me the way.' Junot, a sabre of the first cut, and his particular friend, took a thousand men, no more, and ripped up the army of the pacha who had had the presumption to put himself in the way After that, we came back to headquarters at Cairo. Now, here 's another side of the story. Napoleon absent, France was letting herself be ruined by the rulers in Paris, who kept back the pay of the soldiers of the other armies, and their clothing, and their rations; left them to die of hunger, and expected them to lay down the law to the universe without taking any trouble to help them. Idiots! who amused themselves by chattering, instead of putting

Digitized by Google

their own hands in the dough. Well, that's how it happened that our armies were beaten, and the frontiers of France were encroached upon: THE MAN was not there. Now observe, I say *man* because that's what they called him; but 't was nonsense, for he had a star and all its belongings; it was we who were only men. He taught history to France after his famous battle of Aboukir, where, without losing more than three hundred men, and with a single division, he vanquished the grand army of the Turk, seventy-five thousand strong, and hustled more than half of it into the sea, r-r-rah!

"That was his last thunder-clap in Egypt. He said to himself, seeing the way things were going in Paris, 'I am the savior of France. I know it, and I must go.' But, understand me, the army did n't know he was going, or they 'd have kept him by force and made him Emperor of the East. So now we were sad; for He was gone who was all our joy. He left the command to Kléber, a big mastiff, who came off duty at Cairo, assassinated by an Egyptian, whom they put to death by impaling him on a bayonet; that's the way they guillotine people down there. But it makes 'em suffer so much that a soldier had pity on the criminal and gave him his canteen; and then, as soon as the Egyptian had drunk his fill, he gave up the ghost with all the pleasure in life. But that's a trifle we could n't laugh at then. Napoleon embarked in a cockleshell, a little skiff that was nothing at all, though 'twas called 'Fortune'; and in a twinkling, under the nose of England, who was blockading him with ships of the line, frigates, and anything that could hoist a sail, he crossed over, and there he was in France. For he always had the power, mind you, of crossing the seas at one straddle.

"Was that a human man? Bah!

"So, one minute he is at Fréjus, the next in Paris. There, they all adore him; but he summons the government. 'What have you done with my children, the soldiers?' he says to the lawyers. 'You 're a mob of rascally scribblers; you are making France a mess of pottage, and snapping your fingers at what people think of you. It won't do; and I speak the opinion of everybody.' So, on that, they wanted to battle with him and kill him — click! he had 'em locked up in barracks, or flying out of windows, or drafted among his followers, where they were as mute as fishes, and as pliable as a quid of tobacco. After that stroke — consul! And then, as it was not for him to doubt the

Digitized by Google

Supreme Being, he fulfilled his promise to the good God, who, you see, had kept His word to him. He gave Him back his churches, and re-established His religion; the bells rang for God and for him: and lo! everybody was pleased: *primo*, the priests, whom he saved from being harassed; *secundo*, the bourgeois, who thought only of their trade, and no longer had to fear the *rapiamus* of the law, which had got to be unjust; *tertio*, the nobles, for he forbade they should be killed, as, unfortunately, the people had got the habit of doing.

"But he still had the enemy to wipe out; and he was n't the man to go to sleep at a mess-table, because, d' ye see, his eye looked over the whole earth as if it were no bigger than a man's head. So then he appeared in Italy, like as though he had stuck his head through the window. One glance was enough. The Austrians were swallowed up at Marengo like so many gudgeons by a whale! Ouf! The French eagles sang their pæans so loud that all the world heard them — and it sufficed! 'We won't play that game any more,' said the German. 'Enough, enough!' said all the rest.

"To sum up: Europe backed down, England knocked under. General peace; and the kings and the people made believe kiss each other. That 's the time when the Emperor invented the Legion of Honor — and a fine thing, too. 'In France' — this is what he said at Bologne before the whole army — 'every man is brave. So the citizen who does a fine action shall be sister to the soldier, and the soldier shall be his brother, and the two shall be one under the flag of honor.'

"We, who were down in Egypt, now came home. All was changed! He left us general, and hey! in a twinkling we found him EMPEROR. France gave herself to him, like a fine girl to a lancer. When it was done — to the satisfaction of all, as you may say — a sacred ceremony took place, the like of which was never seen under the canopy of the skies. The Pope and the cardinals, in their red and gold vestments, crossed the Alps expressly to crown him before the army and the people, who clapped their hands. There is one thing that I should do very wrong not to tell you. In Egypt, in the desert close to Syria, the RED MAN came to him on the Mount of Moses, and said, 'All is well.' Then, at Marengo, the night before the victory, the same Red Man appeared before him for the second time, standing erect and saying, 'Thou shalt see the world at thy feet; thou shalt be Emperor of France, King of Italy, master of Hol-

Digitized by Google

land, sovereign of Spain, Portugal, and the Illyrian provinces, protector of Germany, savior of Poland, first eagle of the Legion of Honor — all.' This Red Man, you understand, was his genius, his spirit, — a sort of satellite who served him, as some say, to communicate with his star. I never really believed that. But the Red Man himself is a true fact. Napoleon spoke of him, and said he came to him in troubled moments, and lived in the palace of the Tuileries under the roof. So, on the day of the coronation, Napoleon saw him for the third time; and they were in consultation over many things.

"After that, Napoleon went to Milan to be crowned king of Italy, and there the grand triumph of the soldier began. Every man who could write was made an officer. Down came pensions; it rained duchies; treasures poured in for the staff which did n't cost France a penny; and the Legion of Honor provided incomes for the private soldiers, — of which I receive mine to this day. So here were the armies maintained as never before on this earth. But besides that, the Emperor, knowing that he was to be the emperor of the whole world, bethought him of the bourgeois, and to please them he built fairy monuments, after their own ideas, in places where you 'd never think to find any. For instance, suppose you were coming back from Spain and going to Berlin — well, you 'd find triumphal arches along the way, with common soldiers sculptured on the stone, every bit the same as generals. In two or three years, and without imposing taxes on any of you, Napoleon filled his vaults with gold, built palaces, made bridges, roads, scholars, fêtes, laws, vessels, harbors, and spent millions upon millions, — such enormous sums that he could, so they tell me, have paved France from end to end with five-franc pieces, if he had had a mind to.

"Now, when he sat at ease on his throne, and was master of all, so that Europe waited his permission to do his bidding, he remembered his four brothers and his three sisters, and he said to us, as it might be in conversation, in an order of the day, 'My children, is it right that the blood relations of your Emperor should be begging their bread? No. I wish to see them in splendor like myself. It becomes, therefore, absolutely necessary to conquer a kingdom for each of them, — to the end that Frenchmen may be masters over all lands, that the soldiers of the Guard shall make the whole earth tremble, that France may spit where she likes, and that all the nations shall say to her, as it is written on my copper coins, "*God protects you!*"' 'Agreed,'

Digitized by Google

cried the army. 'We 'll go fish for thy kingdoms with our bayonets.' Ha! there was no backing down, don't you see! If he had taken it into his head to conquer the moon, we should have made ready, packed knapsacks, and clambered up; happily, he did n't think of it. The kings of the countries, who liked their comfortable thrones, were naturally loath to budge, and had to have their ears pulled; so then — Forward, march! We did march: we got there; and the earth once more trembled to its centre. Hey! the men and the shoes he used up in those days! The enemy dealt us such blows that none but the grand army could have stood the fatigue of it. But you are not ignorant that a Frenchman is born a philosopher, and knows that a little sooner, or a little latter, he has got to die. So we were ready to die without a word, for we liked to see the Emperor doing *that* on the geographies."

Here the narrator nimbly described a circle with his foot on the floor of the barn.

"And Napoleon said, 'There, that 's to be a kingdom.' And a kingdom it was. Ha! the good times! The colonels were generals; the generals, marshals; and the marshals, kings. There 's one of 'em still on his throne, to prove it to Europe; but he 's a Gascon and a traitor to France for keeping that crown; and he does n't blush for shame as he ought to do, because crowns, don't you see, are made of gold. I who am speaking to you, I have seen, in Paris, eleven kings and a mob of princes surrounding Napoleon like the rays of the sun. You understand, of course, that every soldier had the chance to mount a throne, provided always he had the merit; so a corporal of the Guard was a sight to be looked at as he walked along, for each man had his share in the victory, and 't was plainly set forth in the bulletin. What victories they were! Austerlitz, where the army manœuvred as if on parade; Eylau, where we drowned the Russians in a lake, as though Napoleon had blown them into it with the breath of his mouth; Wagram, where the army fought for three days without grumbling. We won as many battles as there are saints in the calendar. It was proved then beyond a doubt, that Napoleon had the sword of God in his scabbard. The soldiers were his friends; he made them his children; he looked after us; he saw that we had shoes, and shirts, and great-coats, and bread, and cartridges; but he always kept up his majesty; for, don't you see, 't was his business to reign. No matter for that, however; a sergeant, and even a common soldier, could say to him, 'My Emperor,' just as

Digitized by Google

you say to me sometimes, 'My good friend.' He gave us an answer if we appealed to him; he slept in the snow like the rest of us; and indeed, he had almost the air of a human man. I who speak to you, I have seen him with his feet among the grapeshot, and no more uneasy than you are now, — standing steady, looking through his field glass, and minding his business. 'T was that kept the rest of us quiet. I don't know how he did it, but when he spoke he made our hearts burn within us; and to show him we were his children, incapable of balking, did n't we rush at the mouths of the rascally cannon, that belched and vomited shot and shell without so much as saying, 'Look out!' Why! the dying must needs raise their heads to salute him and cry, 'LONG LIVE THE EMPEROR!'

"I ask you, was that natural? would they have done that for a human man?

"Well, after he had settled the world, the Empress Josephine, his wife, a good woman all the same, managed matters so that she did not bear him any children, and he was obliged to give her up, though he loved her considerably. But, you see, he had to have little ones for reasons of state. Hearing of this, all the sovereigns of Europe quarreled as to which of them should give him a wife. And he married, so they told us, an Austrian archduchess, daughter of Cæsar, an ancient man about whom people talk a good deal, and not in France only, — where any one will tell you what he did, — but in Europe. It is all true, for I myself who address you at this moment, I have been on the Danube, and have seen the remains of a bridge built by that man, who, it seems, was a relation of Napoleon in Rome, and that's how the Emperor got the inheritance of that city for his son. So after the marriage, which was a fête for the whole world, and in honor of which he released the people ten years' taxes, — which they had to pay all the same, however, because the assessors did n't take account of what he said, — his wife had a little one, who was King of Rome. Now, there's a thing that had never been seen on this earth; never before was a child born a king with his father living. On that day a balloon went up in Paris to tell the news to Rome, and that balloon made the journey in one day!

"Now, is there any man among you who will stand up and declare to me that all that was human? No; it was *written above;* and may the scurvy seize them who deny that he was sent by God himself for the triumph of France!

Digitized by Google

"Well, here's the Emperor of Russia, that used to be his friend, he gets angry because Napoleon did n't marry a Russian; so he joins with the English, our enemies, — to whom our Emperor always wanted to say a couple of words in their burrows, only he was prevented. Napoleon gets angry too; an end had to be put to such doings; so he says to us: — 'Soldiers! you have been masters of every capital in Europe, except Moscow, which is now the ally of England. To conquer England and India, which belongs to the English, it becomes our peremptory duty to go to Moscow.' Then he assembled the greatest army that ever trailed its gaiters over the globe; and so marvellously in hand it was that he reviewed a million of men in one day. 'Hourra!' cried the Russians. Down came all Russia and those animals of Cossacks in a flock. 'T was nation against nation, a general hurly-burly, and beware who could; 'Asia against Europe,' as the Red Man had foretold to Napoleon. 'Enough,' cried the Emperor, 'I 'll be ready.'

"So now, sure enough, came all the kings, as the Red Man had said, to lick Napoleon's hand! Austria, Prussia, Bavaria, Saxony, Poland, Italy, every one of them were with us, flattering us; ah, it was fine! The eagles never cawed so loud as at those parades, perched high above the banners of all Europe. The Poles were bursting with joy because Napoleon was going to release them; and that 's why France and Poland are brothers to this day. 'Russia is ours,' cried the army. We plunged into it well supplied; we marched and we marched, — no Russians. At last we found the brutes entrenched on the banks of the Moskova. That 's where I won my cross, and I 've got the right to say it was a damnable battle. This was how it came about. The Emperor was anxious. He had seen the Red Man, who said to him, 'My son, you are going too fast for your feet; you will lack men; friends will betray you.' So the Emperor offered peace. But before signing, 'Let us drub those Russians!' he said to us. 'Done!' cried the army. 'Forward, march!' said the sergeants. My clothes were in rags, my shoes worn out, from trudging along those roads, which are very uncomfortable ones; but no matter! I said to myself, 'As it 's the last of our earthquakings, I 'll go into it, tooth and nail!' We were drawn up in line before the great ravine, — front seats, as 't were. Signal given; and seven hundred pieces of artillery began a conversation which would bring the blood from your ears. Then — must do justice to one's enemies — the Russians let themselves

Digitized by Google

be killed like Frenchmen; they would n't give way; we could n't advance. 'Forward,' some one cried, 'here comes the Emperor!' True enough; he passed at a gallop, waving his hand to let us know we must take the redoubt. He inspired us; on we ran, I was the first in the ravine. Ha! my God! how the lieutenants fell, and the colonels, and the soldiers! No matter! all the more shoes for those that had none, and epaulets for the clever ones who knew how to read. 'Victory!' cried the whole line; 'Victory!'—and, would you believe it? a thing never seen before, there lay twenty-five thousand Frenchmen on the ground. 'T was like mowing down a wheat-field; only in place of the ears of wheat put the heads of men! We were sobered by this time,—those who were left alive. The MAN rode up; we made a circle round him. Ha! he knew how to cajole his children; he could be amiable when he liked, and feed 'em with words when their stomachs were ravenous with the hunger of wolves. Flatterer! he distributed the crosses himself, he uncovered to the dead, and then he cried to us, 'On! to Moscow!' 'To Moscow!' answered the army.

"We took Moscow. Would you believe it? the Russians burned their own city! 'T was a haystack six miles square, and it blazed for two days. The buildings crashed like slates, and showers of melted iron and lead rained down upon us, which was naturally horrible. I may say to you plainly, it was like a flash of lightning on our disasters. The Emperor said, 'We have done enough; my soldiers shall rest here.' So we rested awhile, just to get the breath into our bodies and the flesh on our bones, for we were really tired. We took possession of the golden cross that was on the Kremlin; and every soldier brought away with him a small fortune. But out there the winter sets in a month earlier,—a thing those fools of science did n't properly explain. So, coming back, the cold nipped us. No longer an army—do you hear me?—no longer any generals, no longer any sergeants even. 'T was the reign of wretchedness and hunger,—a reign of equality at last. No one thought of anything but to see France once more; no one stooped to pick up his gun or his money if he dropped them; each man followed his nose, and went as he pleased without caring for glory. The weather was so bad the Emperor could n't see his star; there was something between him and the skies. Poor man! it made him ill to see his eagles flying away from victory. Ah! 't was a mortal blow, you may believe me.

Digitized by Google

"Well, we got to the Beresina. My friends, I can affirm to you by all that is most sacred, by my honor, that since mankind came into the world, never, never, was there seen such a fricassee of an army — guns, carriages, artillery wagons — in the midst of such snows, under such relentless skies! The muzzles of the muskets burned our hands if we touched them, the iron was so cold. It was there that the army was saved by the pontoniers, who were firm at their post; and there that Gondrin — sole survivor of the men who were bold enough to go into the water and build the bridges by which the army crossed — that Gondrin, here present, admirably conducted himself, and saved us from the Russians, who, I must tell you, still respected the grand army, remembering its victories. And," he added, pointing to Gondrin, who was gazing at him with the peculiar attention of a deaf man, "Gondrin is a finished soldier, a soldier who is honor itself, and he merits your highest esteem."

"I saw the Emperor," he resumed, "standing by the bridge, motionless, not feeling the cold — was that human? He looked at the destruction of his treasure, his friends, his old Egyptians. Bah! all that passed him, women, army wagons, artillery, all were shattered, destroyed, ruined. The bravest carried the eagles; for the eagles, d'ye see, were France, the nation, all of you! they were the civil and the military honor that must be kept pure; could their heads be lowered because of the cold? It was only near the Emperor that we warmed ourselves, because when he was in danger we ran, frozen as we were — we, who would n't have stretched a hand to save a friend. They told us he wept at night over his poor family of soldiers. Ah! none but he and Frenchmen could have got themselves out of that business.

"We did get out, but with losses, great losses, as I tell you. The Allies captured our provisions. Men began to betray him, as the Red Man predicted. Those chatterers in Paris, who had held their tongues after the Imperial Guard was formed, now thought he was dead; so they hoodwinked the prefect of police, and hatched a conspiracy to overthrow the empire. He heard of it; it worried him. He left us, saying: 'Adieu, my children; guard the outposts; I shall return to you.' Bah! without him nothing went right; the generals lost their heads; the marshals talked nonsense and committed follies; but that was not surprising, for Napoleon, who was kind, had fed 'em on gold; they had got as fat as lard, and would n't stir: some stayed in

Digitized by Google

camp when they ought to have been warming the backs of the enemy who was between us and France.

"But the Emperor came back, and he brought recruits, famous recruits; he changed their backbone and made 'em dogs of war, fit to set their teeth into anything; and he brought a guard of honor, a fine body indeed! — all bourgeois, who melted away like butter on a gridiron.

"Well, spite of our stern bearing, here 's everything going against us; and yet the army did prodigies of valor. Then came battles on the mountains, nations against nations, — Dresden, Lutzen, Bautzen. Remember these days, all of you, for 't was then that Frenchmen were so particularly heroic that a good grenadier only lasted six months. We triumphed always; yet there were those English, in our rear, rousing revolts against us with their lies! No matter, we cut our way home through the whole pack of the nations. Wherever the Emperor showed himself we followed him; for if, by sea or land, he gave us the word 'Go!' we went. At last, we were in France; and many a poor foot-soldier felt the air of his own country restore his soul to satisfaction, spite of the wintry weather. I can say for myself that it refreshed my life. Well, next, our business was to defend France, our country, our beautiful France, against all Europe, which resented our having laid down the law to the Russians, and pushed them back into their dens, so that they could n't eat us up alive, as northern nations, who are dainty and like southern flesh, have a habit of doing, — at least, so I 've heard some generals say. Then the Emperor saw his own father-in-law, his friends whom he had made kings, and the scoundrels to whom he had given back their thrones, all against him. Even Frenchmen, and allies in our own ranks, turned against us under secret orders, as at the battle of Leipsic. Would common soldiers have been capable of such wickedness? Three times a day men were false to their word — and they called themselves princes!

"So, then, France was invaded. Wherever the Emperor showed his lion face, the enemy retreated; and he did more prodigies in defending France than ever he had done in conquering Italy, the East, Spain, Europe, and Russia. He meant to bury every invader under the sod, and teach 'em to respect the soil of France. So he let them get to Paris, that he might swallow them at a mouthful, and rise to the height of his genius in a battle greater than all the rest, — a mother-battle, as 't were. But there, there! the Parisians were afraid for their twopenny

Digitized by Google

skins, and their trumpery shops; they opened the gates. Then the Ragusades began, and happiness ended. The Empress was fooled, and the white banner flaunted from the windows. The generals whom he had made his nearest friends abandoned him for the Bourbons, — a set of people no one had heard tell of. The Emperor bade us farewell at Fontainebleau: — 'Soldiers!' — I can hear him now; we wept like children; the flags and the eagles were lowered as if for a funeral: it was, I may well say it to you, it was the funeral of the Empire; her dapper armies were nothing now but skeletons. So he said to us, standing there on the portico of his palace: — 'My soldiers! we are vanquished by treachery; but we shall meet in heaven, the country of the brave. Defend my child, whom I commit to you. Long live Napoleon II.!' He meant to die, that no man should look upon Napoleon vanquished; he took poison, enough to have killed a regiment, because, like Jesus Christ before his Passion, he thought himself abandoned of God and his talisman. But the poison did not hurt him.

"See again! he found he was immortal.

"Sure of himself, knowing he must ever be THE EMPEROR, he went for a while to an island to study out the nature of these others, who, you may be sure, committed follies without end. Whilst he bided his time down there, the Chinese, and the wild men on the coast of Africa and the Barbary States, and others who are not at all accommodating, knew so well he was more than man that they respected his tent, saying to touch it would be to offend God. Thus, d'ye see, when these others turned him from the doors of his own France, he still reigned over the whole world. Before long he embarked in the same little cockleshell of a boat he had had in Egypt, sailed round the beard of the English, set foot in France, and France acclaimed him. The sacred cuckoo flew from spire to spire; all France cried out with one voice, 'LONG LIVE THE EMPEROR!' In this region, here, the enthusiasm for that wonder of the ages was, I may say, solid. Dauphiné behaved well; and I am particularly pleased to know that her people wept when they saw, once more, the gray overcoat. March first it was, when Napoleon landed with two hundred men to conquer that kingdom of France and of Navarre, which on the twentieth of the same month was again the French Empire. On that day our MAN was in Paris; he had made a clean sweep, recovered his dear France, and gathered his veterans together by saying no more than three words, 'I am here.'

Digitized by Google

"'T was the greatest miracle God had yet done! Before *him*, did ever man recover an empire by showing his hat? And these others, who thought they had subdued France! Not they! At sight of the eagles, a national army sprang up, and we marched to Waterloo. There the Guard died at one blow. Napoleon, in despair, threw himself three times before the cannon of the enemy without obtaining death. We saw that. The battle was lost. That night the Emperor called his old soldiers to him; on the field soaked with our blood he burned his banner and his eagles, — his poor eagles, ever victorious, who cried 'Forward' in the battles, and had flown the length and breadth of Europe, *they* were saved the infamy of belonging to the enemy: all the treasures of England could n't get her a tail-feather of them. No more eagles! — the rest is well known. The Red Man went over to the Bourbons, like the scoundrel that he is. France is crushed; the soldier is nothing; they deprive him of his dues; they discharge him to make room for broken-down nobles — ah, 't is pitiable! They seized Napoleon by treachery; the English nailed him on a desert island in mid-ocean on a rock raised ten thousand feet above the earth; and there he is, and will be, till the Red Man gives him back his power for the happiness of France. These others say he 's dead. Ha, dead! 'T is easy to see they don't know Him. They tell that fib to catch the people, and feel safe in their hovel of a government. Listen! the truth at the bottom of it all is that his friends have left him alone on the desert island to fulfil a prophecy, for I forgot to say that his name, Napoleon, means 'lion of the desert.' Now this that I tell you is true as the Gospel. All other tales that you hear about the Emperor are follies without common-sense; because, d' ye see, God never gave to child of woman born the right to stamp his name in red as *he* did, on the earth, which forever shall remember him! Long live Napoleon, the father of his people and of the soldiers!"

"Long live General Eblé!" cried the pontonier.

"How happened it you were not killed in the ravine at Moskova?" asked a peasant woman.

"How do I know? We went in a regiment, we came out a hundred foot-soldiers; none but the lines were capable of taking that redoubt: the infantry, d' ye see, that 's the real army."

"And the cavalry? what of that?" cried Genestas, letting himself roll from the top of the hay, and appearing to us with a suddenness which made the bravest utter a cry of terror. "Eh!

Digitized by Google

my old veteran, you forget the red lancers of Poniatowski, the cuirassiers, the dragoons! they that shook the earth when Napoleon, impatient that the victory was delayed, said to Murat, 'Sire, cut them in two.' Ha, we were off! first at a trot, then at a gallop, 'one, two,' and the enemy's line was cut in halves like an apple with a knife. A charge of cavalry, my old hero! why, 't is a column of cannon balls!"

"How about the pontoniers?" cried Gondrin.

"My children," said Genestas, becoming suddenly quite ashamed of his sortie when he saw himself in the midst of a silent and bewildered group, "there are no spies here, — see, take this and drink to the Little Corporal."

"LONG LIVE THE EMPEROR!" cried all the people present, with one voice.

"Hush, my children!" said the officer, struggling to control his emotion. "Hush! *he is dead.* He died saying, 'Glory, France, and battle.' My friends, he had to die, he! but his memory — never!"

Goguelat made a gesture of disbelief; then he said in a low voice to those nearest, "The officer is still in the service, and he 's told to tell the people the Emperor is dead. We must n't be angry with him, because, d' ye see, a soldier has to obey orders."

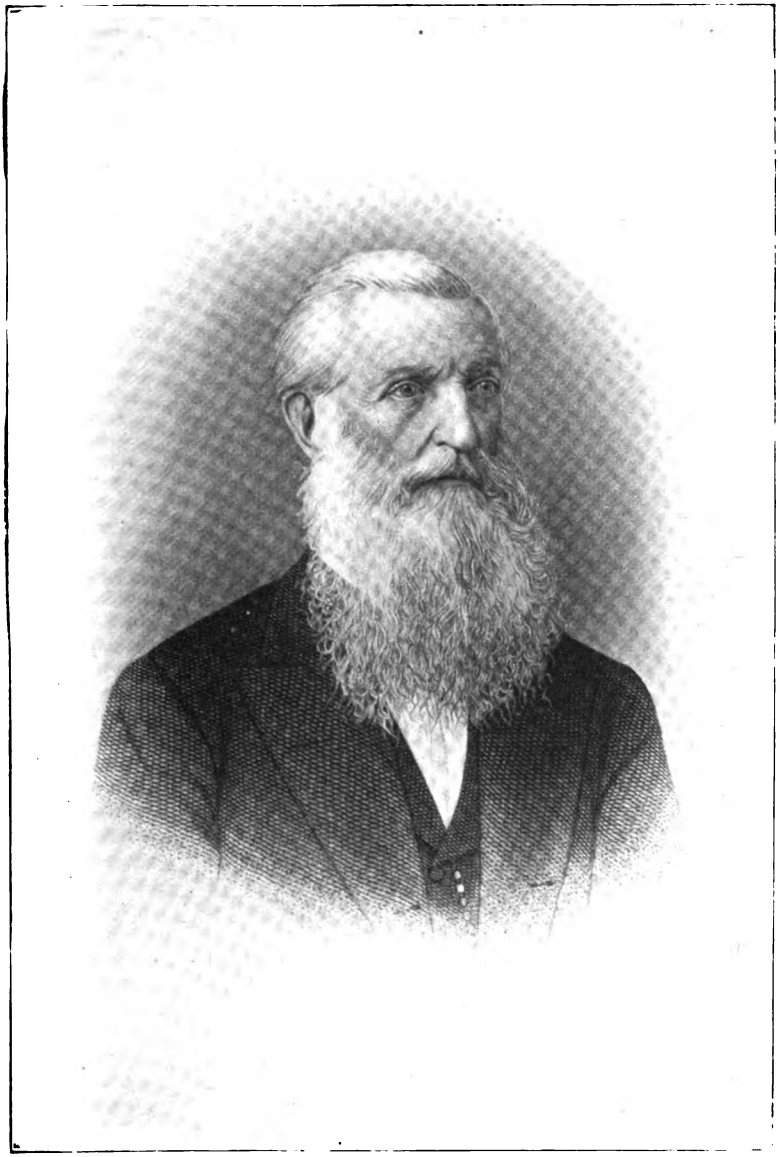
As Genestas left the barn he heard the Fosseuse say, "That officer is a friend of the Emperor and of Monsieur Benassis." On that, all the people rushed to the door to get another sight of him, and by the light of the moon they saw the doctor take his arm.

"I committed a great folly," said Genestas. "Let us get home quickly. Those eagles — the cannon — the campaigns! I no longer knew where I was."

"What do you think of my Goguelat?" asked Benassis.

"Monsieur, so long as such tales are told, France will carry in her entrails the fourteen armies of the Republic, and may at any time renew the conversation of cannon with all Europe. That 's my opinion."

Digitized by Google



GEORGE BANCROFT

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

GEORGE BANCROFT.

BANCROFT, GEORGE, an American historian, statesman, and diplomatist, was born at Worcester, Mass., October 3, 1800; died at Washington, D.C., January 17, 1891. He entered Harvard College in 1813, graduated in 1817, and went to Germany to complete his studies. He returned to America in 1822, and for a year held the position of Tutor of Greek in Harvard College. In 1823 he founded the Round Hill School at Northampton, Mass., and published a volume of poems, and in 1824 a translation of Heeren's "Politics of Ancient Greece." He had already chosen American history as his special department of activity, and in 1834 appeared the first volume of his "History of the United States," the successive volumes being issued at intervals until the twelfth volume was published, bringing the history down to the formation of the existing Government of the United States in 1789 — a period which the author appears to have fixed upon for the close of his history. In 1882 Mr. Bancroft began a thorough revision of his history, which was carried on until the completion of the work, in 1885. In 1845 Mr. Bancroft became Secretary of the Navy, in the administration of President Polk. As Secretary of the Navy he gave the order to take possession of California; and while acting *pro tem.* as Secretary of War, he issued the order in virtue of which General Taylor marched his force into Texas. In 1846 Mr. Bancroft was made Minister Plenipotentiary to Great Britain. He returned to America in 1849, and took up his residence in New York. In May, 1867, he was appointed Minister to Prussia; in 1868 he was accredited to the North German Confederation; and in 1871 to the newly formed German Empire, a position which he held until 1874, when he was recalled at his own request.

Besides his great work, "The History of the United States of America," Mr. Bancroft has contributed numerous essays to "The North American Review" and other periodicals. A collection of some of these "Miscellanies" was published in New York in 1855. His "History of the United States Constitution" appeared in 1882.

SPANIARDS IN THE UNITED STATES.

JEAN PONCE DE LEON was the discoverer of Florida. His youth had been passed in military service in Spain; and, during the wars in Grenada, he had shared in the wild exploits of predatory valor. No sooner had the return of the first voyage

Digitized by Google

across the Atlantic given an assurance of a New World, than he hastened to participate in the dangers and the fruits of adventure in America. He was a fellow voyager of Columbus in his second expedition. In the wars of Hispaniola he had been a gallant soldier; and Ovando had rewarded him with the government of the eastern province of that island. From the hills in his jurisdiction, he could behold, across the clear waters of a placid sea, the magnificent vegetation of Porto Rico, which distance rendered still more admirable, as it was seen though the transparent atmosphere of the tropics. A visit to the island stimulated the cupidity of avarice; and Ponce aspired to the government. He obtained the station; inured to sanguinary war, he was inexorably severe in his administration: he oppressed the natives; he amassed wealth. But his commission as governor of Porto Rico conflicted with the claims of the family of Columbus; and policy, as well as justice, required his removal. Ponce was displaced.

Yet, in the midst of an archipelago, and in the vicinity of a continent, what need was there for a brave soldier to pine at the loss of power over a wild though fertile island? Age had not tempered the love of enterprise: he longed to advance his fortunes by the conquest of a kingdom, and to retrieve a reputation which was not without a blemish. Besides, the veteran soldier, whose cheeks had been furrowed by hard service, as well as by years, had heard, and had believed the tale, of a fountain which possessed virtues to renovate the life of those who should bathe in its stream, or give a perpetuity of youth to the happy man who should drink of its ever-flowing waters. So universal was this tradition, that it was credited in Spain, not by all the people and the court only, but by those who were distinguished for virtue and intelligence. Nature was to discover the secrets for which alchemy had toiled in vain; and the elixir of life was to flow from a perpetual fountain of the New World, in the midst of a country glittering with gems and gold.

Ponce embarked at Porto Rico, with a squadron of three ships, fitted out at his own expense, for his voyage to fairy land. He touched at Guanahani; he sailed among the Bahamas; but the laws of nature remained inexorable. On Easter Sunday, which the Spaniards call Pascua Florida, land was seen. It was supposed to be an island, and received the name of Florida, from the day on which it was discovered, and from the aspect of the forests, which were then brilliant with a profusion of

Digitized by Google

blossoms, and gay with the fresh verdure of early spring. Bad weather would not allow the squadron to approach land: at length the aged soldier was able to go on shore, in the latitude of thirty degrees and eight minutes; some miles, therefore, to the north of St. Augustine. The territory was claimed for Spain. Ponce remained for many weeks to investigate the coast which he had discovered; though the currents of the gulf-stream, and the islands, between which the channel was yet unknown, threatened shipwreck. He doubled Cape Florida; he sailed among the group which he named Tortugas: and, despairing of entire success, he returned to Porto Rico, leaving a trusty follower to continue the research. The Indians had everywhere displayed determined hostility. Ponce de Leon remained an old man; but Spanish commerce acquired a new channel through the Gulf of Florida, and Spain a new province, which imagination could esteem immeasurably rich, since its interior was unknown.

The government of Florida was the reward which Ponce received from the king of Spain; but the dignity was accompanied with the onerous condition, that he should colonize the country which he was appointed to rule. Preparations in Spain, and an expedition against the Caribbee Indians, delayed his return to Florida. When, after a long interval, he proceeded with two ships to take possession of his province and select a site for a colony, his company was attacked by the Indians with implacable fury. Many Spaniards were killed; the survivors were forced to hurry to their ships; Ponce de Leon himself, mortally wounded by an arrow, returned to Cuba to die. So ended the adventurer, who had coveted immeasurable wealth, and had hoped for perpetual youth. The discoverer of Florida had desired immortality on earth, and gained its shadow.

Meantime, commerce may have discovered a path to Florida; and Diego Miruelo, a careless sea-captain, sailing from Havana, is said to have approached the coast, and trafficked with the natives. He could not tell distinctly in what harbor he had anchored; he brought home specimens of gold, obtained in exchange for toys; and his report swelled the rumors, already credited, of the wealth of the country. Florida had at once obtained a governor; it now constituted a part of a bishopric.

The expedition of Francisco Fernandez, of Cordova, leaving the port of Havana, and sailing west by south, discovered the province of Yucatan and the Bay of Campeachy. He turned his

Digitized by Google

prow to the north; but, whatever may be asserted by careless historians, he was by no means able to trace the coast to any harbor which Ponce de Leon had visited. At a place where he had landed for supplies of water, his company was suddenly assailed, and he himself mortally wounded.

The pilot whom Fernandez had employed soon conducted another squadron to the same shores. The knowledge already acquired was extended, and under happier auspices; and Grijalva, the commander of the fleet, explored the coast from Yucatan towards Panuco. The masses of gold which he collected, the rumors of the empire of Montezuma, its magnificence and its extent, heedlessly confirmed by the costly presents of the unsuspecting natives, were sufficient to inflame the coldest imagination, and excited the enterprise of Cortes. The voyage did not reach the shores of Florida.

But while Grijalva was opening the way to the conquest of Mexico, the line of the American coast, from the Tortugas to Panuco, is said to have been examined, yet not with care, by an expedition which was planned, if not conducted, by Francisco Garay, the governor of Jamaica. The general outline of the Gulf of Mexico now became known. Garay encountered the determined hostility of the natives; a danger which eventually proved less disastrous to him than the rivalry of his own countrymen. The adventurers in New Spain would endure no independent neighbor: the governor of Jamaica became involved in a career, which, as it ultimately tempted him to dispute the possession of a province with Cortes, led him to the loss of fortune and an inglorious death. The progress of discovery along the southern boundary of the United States was but little advanced by the expedition, of which the circumstances have been variously related.

A voyage for slaves brought the Spaniards still further upon the northern coast. A company of seven, of whom the most distinguished was Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon, fitted out two slave ships from St. Domingo, in quest of laborers for their plantations and mines. From the Bahama Islands, they passed to the coast of South Carolina, a country which was called Chicora. The Combahee River received the name of the Jordan: the name of St. Helena, given to a cape, now belongs to the sound. The natives of this region had not yet had cause to fear Europeans; their natural fastnesses had not yet been invaded; and if they fled at the approach of men from the slave ships, it was rather

Digitized by Google

from timid wonder than from a sense of peril. Gifts were interchanged; a liberal hospitality was offered to the strangers; confidence was established. At length the natives were invited to visit the ships; they came in cheerful throngs; the decks were covered. Immediately the ships weighed anchor; the sails were unfurled, and the prows turned towards St. Domingo. Husbands were torn from their wives, and children from their parents. Thus the seeds of war were lavishly scattered where peace only had prevailed, and enmity was spread through the regions where friendship had been cherished. The crime was unprofitable, and was finally avenged. One of the returning ships foundered at sea, and the guilty and guiltless perished; many of the captives in the other sickened and died.

The events that followed mark the character of the times. Vasquez, repairing to Spain, boasted of his expedition, as if it entitled him to reward, and the emperor, Charles V., acknowledged his claim. In those days, the Spanish monarch conferred a kind of appointment, which, however strange its character may appear, still has its parallel in history. Not only were provinces granted; countries were distributed to be subdued; and Lucas Vasquez de Ayllon begged to be appointed to the conquest of Chicora. After long entreaty he obtained his suit.

The issue of the new and bolder enterprise was disastrous to the undertaker. He wasted his fortune in preparations; his largest ship was stranded in the River Jordan; many of his men were killed by the natives, whom wrongs had quickened to active resistance; he himself escaped only to suffer from wounded pride; and, conscious of having done nothing worthy of being remembered, the sense of humiliation is said to have hastened his death.

The love of adventure did not wholly extinguish the desire for maritime discovery. When Cortes was able to pause from his success in Mexico, and devise further schemes for ingratiating himself with the Spanish monarch, he proposed to solve the problem of a northwest passage — the secret which has so long baffled the enterprise of the most courageous and persevering navigators. He deemed the existence of the passage unquestionable, and, by simultaneous voyages along the American coast, on the Pacific, and on the Atlantic, he hoped to complete the discovery, to which Sebastian Cabot had pointed the way.

The design of Cortes remained but the offer of loyalty. A voyage to the northwest was really undertaken by Stephen

Digitized by Google

Gomez, an experienced naval officer, who had been with Magellan in the first memorable passage into the Pacific Ocean. The expedition was decreed by the council for the Indies, in the hope of discovering the northern route to India, which, notwithstanding it had been sought for in vain, was yet universally believed to exist. His ship entered the bays of New York and New England; on old Spanish maps, that portion of our territory is marked as the Land of Gomez. Failing to discover a passage, and fearful to return without success and without a freight, he filled his vessel with robust Indians, to be sold as slaves. Brilliant expectations had been raised; and the conclusion was esteemed despicably ludicrous. The Spaniards scorned to repeat their voyages to the cold and frozen north; in the south, and in the south only, they looked for "great and exceeding riches." The adventure of Gomez had no political results. It had been furthered by the enemies of Cabot, who was at that time in the service of Spain; and it established the reputation of the Bristol mariner.

But neither the fondness of the Spanish monarch for extensive domains, nor the desire of the nobility for new governments, nor the passion of adventurers for undiscovered wealth, would permit the abandonment of the conquest of Florida. Permission to invade that territory was next sought for and obtained by Pamphilo de Narvaez, a man of no great virtue or reputation. This is the same person who had been sent by the jealous governor of Cuba to take Cortes prisoner, and who, after having declared him an outlaw, was himself easily defeated. He lost an eye in the affray, and his own troops deserted him. When brought into the presence of the man whom he had promised to arrest, he said to him, "Esteem it great good fortune, that you have taken me captive." Cortes replied, and with truth, "It is the least of the things I have done in Mexico."

The territory, placed at the mercy of Narvaez, extended to the River of Palms; further, therefore, to the west, than the territory which was afterwards included in Louisana. His expedition was as adventurous as his attempt against Cortes, but it was memorable for its disasters. Of the three hundred men, of whom eighty were mounted, but four or five returned. The valor of the natives, thirst, famine, and pestilence, the want of concert between the ships and the men set on shore, the errors of judgment in the commanders, rapidly melted away the unsuccessful company. It is not possible to ascertain, with exact-

Digitized by Google

ness, the point where Narvaez first landed in Florida; probably it was at a bay a little east of the meridian of Cape St. Antonio, in Cuba; it may have been, therefore, not far from the bay now called Appalachee. The party soon struck into the interior; they knew not where they were, nor whither they were going, and followed the directions of the natives. These, with a sagacity careful to save themselves from danger, described the distant territory as full of gold, and freed themselves from the presence of troublesome guests by exciting a hope that covetousness could elsewhere be amply gratified. The town of Appalachee which was thought to contain immense accumulations of wealth, proved to be an inconsiderable collection of wigwams. It was probably in the region of the Bay of Pensacola, that the remnant of the party, after a ramble of eight hundred miles, finally came again upon the sea, in a condition of extreme penury. Here they manufactured rude boats, in which none but desperate men would have embarked; and Narvaez and most of his companions, after having passed nearly six months in Florida, perished in a storm near the mouths of the Mississippi. One ship's company was wrecked upon an island; most of those who were saved died of famine. The four who ultimately reached Mexico by land succeeded only after years of hardships. The simple narrative of their wanderings, their wretchedness, and their courageous enterprise, could not but have been full of marvels; their rambles, extending across Louisiana and the northern part of Mexico to the shores of the Pacific Ocean in Sonora, were almost as wide as those of Lewis and Clark to the sources of the Missouri and the mouth of the Columbia River; the story, which one of them published, and of which the truth was affirmed, on oath, before a magistrate, is disfigured by bold exaggerations and the wildest fictions. The knowledge of the bays and rivers of Florida, on the Gulf of Mexico, was not essentially increased; the strange tales of miraculous cures, of natural prodigies and of the resuscitation of the dead, were harmless falsehoods; the wanderers, on their return, persevered in the far more fatal assertion, that Florida was the richest country in the world.

The assertion was readily believed, even by those to whom the wealth of Mexico and Peru was familiarly known. To no one was credulity more disastrous than to Ferdinand de Soto, a native of Xeres, and now an ambitious courtier. He had himself gained fame and fortune by military service in the New

Digitized by Google

World. He had been the favorite companion of Pizarro in the conquest of Peru, where he had distinguished himself for conduct and valor. At the storming of Cusco, he had surpassed his companions in arms. He assisted in arresting the unhappy Atahualpa; and he shared in the immense ransom with which the credulous inca purchased the promise of freedom. Perceiving the angry divisions which were threatened by the jealousy of the Spaniards in Peru, Soto had seasonably withdrawn, with his share of the spoils, and now appeared in Spain to enjoy his reputation, to display his opulence, and to solicit advancement. His reception was triumphant; success of all kinds awaited him. The daughter of the distinguished nobleman, under whom he had first served as a poor adventurer, became his wife; and the special favor of Charles V. invited his ambition to prefer a large request. It had ever been believed, that the depths of the continent at the north concealed cities as magnificent, and temples as richly endowed, as any which had yet been plundered within the limits of the tropics. Soto desired to rival Cortes in glory, and surpass Pizarro in wealth. Blinded by avarice and the love of power, he repaired to Valladolid, and demanded permission to conquer Florida at his own cost; and Charles V. readily conceded to so renowned a commander the government of the Isle of Cuba, with absolute power over the immense territory to which the name of Florida was still vaguely applied.

No sooner was the design of the new expedition published in Spain, than the wildest hopes were indulged. How brilliant must be the prospect, since even the conqueror of Peru was willing to hazard his fortune and the greatness of his name! Adventurers assembled as volunteers; many of them, people of noble birth and good estates. Houses and vineyards, lands for tillage, and rows of olive-trees in the Ajarrafe of Seville, were sold, as in the times of the crusades, to obtain the means of military equipments. The port of San Lucar of Barrameda was crowded with those who hastened to solicit permission to share in the enterprise. Even soldiers of Portugal desired to be enrolled for the service. A muster was held; the Portuguese appeared in the glittering array of burnished armor; and the Castilians, brilliant with hopes, were "very gallant with silk upon silk." Soto gave directions as to the armament; from the numerous aspirants, he selected for his companions six hundred men in the bloom of life, the flower of the peninsula; many persons of good account, who had sold estates for their equipments, were obliged to remain behind.

Digitized by Google

The fleet sailed as gayly as if it had been but a holiday excursion of a bridal party. In Cuba, the precaution was used to send vessels to Florida to explore a harbor; and two Indians, brought as captives to Havana, invented such falsehoods as they perceived would be acceptable. They conversed by signs; and the signs were interpreted as affirming that Florida abounded in gold. The news spread great contentment; Soto and his troops were restless with longing for the hour of their departure to the conquest of "the richest country which had yet been discovered." The infection spread in Cuba; and Vasco Porcallo, an aged and a wealthy man, lavished his fortune in magnificent equipments.

Soto had been welcomed in Cuba by long and brilliant festivals and rejoicings. At length, all preparations were completed; leaving his wife to govern the island, he and his company, full of unbounded expectations, embarked for Florida; and, in about a fortnight, his fleet anchored in the Bay of Spiritu Santo. The soldiers went on shore; the horses, between two and three hundred in number, were disembarked; and the men of the expedition stood upon the soil which they had so eagerly desired to tread. Soto would listen to no augury but that of success; and, like Cortes, he refused to retain his ships, lest they should afford a temptation to retreat. Most of them were sent to Havana. The aged Porcallo, a leading man in the enterprise, soon grew alarmed, and began to remember his establishments in Cuba. It had been a principal object with him to obtain slaves for his estates and mines; despairing of success, and terrified with the marshes and thick forests, he also sailed for the island, where he could enjoy his wealth in security. Soto was indignant at the desertion, but concealed his anger.

And now began the nomadic march of the adventurers; a numerous body of horsemen, besides infantry, completely armed; a force exceeding in numbers and equipments the famous expeditions against the empires of Mexico and Peru. Every thing was provided that experience in former invasions and the cruelty of avarice could suggest; chains for captives, and the instruments of a forge; arms of all kinds then in use, and bloodhounds as auxiliaries against the feeble natives; ample stores of food, and, as a last resort, a drove of hogs, which would soon swarm in the favoring climate, where the forests and the Indian maize furnished abundant sustenance. It was a roving

Digitized by Google

expedition of gallant freebooters in quest of fortune. It was a romantic stroll of men whom avarice rendered ferocious, through unexplored regions, over unknown paths; wherever rumor might point to the residence of some chieftain with more than Peruvian wealth, or the ill-interpreted signs of the ignorant natives might seem to promise a harvest of gold. The passion for cards now first raged among the groves of the south; and often at the resting-places groups of listless adventurers clustered together to enjoy the excitement of desperate gaming. Religious zeal was also united with avarice: there were not only cavalry foot-soldiers, with all that belongs to warlike array; twelve priests, besides other ecclesiastics, accompanied the expedition. Florida was to become Catholic during scenes of robbery and and carnage. Ornaments, such as are used at the service of mass, were carefully provided; every festival was to be kept; every religious practice to be observed. As the troop marched through the wilderness, the solemn processions, which the usages of the church enjoined, were scrupulously instituted.

The wanderings of the first season brought the company from the Bay of Spiritu Santo to the country of the Appalachians, east of the Flint River, and not far from the head of the Bay of Appalachee. The names of the intermediate places cannot be identified. The march was tedious and full of dangers. The Indians were always hostile; the two captives of the former expedition escaped; a Spaniard, who had been kept in slavery from the time of Narvaez could give no accounts of any country where there was silver or gold. The guides would purposely lead the Castilians astray, and involve them in morasses; even though death, under the fangs of the bloodhounds, was the certain punishment. The whole company grew dispirited, and desired the governor to return, since the country opened no brilliant prospects. "I will not turn back," said Soto, "till I have seen the poverty of the country with my own eyes." The hostile Indians who were taken prisoners were in part put to death, in part enslaved. These were led in chains, with iron collars about their necks; their service was, to grind the maize and to carry the baggage. An exploring party discovered Ochus, the harbor of Pensacola; and a message was sent to Cuba, desiring that in the ensuing year supplies for the expedition might be sent to that place.

Early in the spring of the following year, the wanderers renewed their march, with an Indian guide, who promised to lead

Digitized by Google

the way to a country, governed, it was said, by a woman, and where gold so abounded, that the art of melting and refining it was understood. He described the process so well, that the credulous Spaniards took heart, and exclaimed, "He must have seen it, or the devil has been his teacher!" The Indian appears to have pointed towards the Gold Region of North Carolina. The adventurers, therefore, eagerly hastened to the northeast; they passed the Alatamaha; they admired the fertile valleys of Georgia, rich, productive, and full of good rivers. They passed a northern tributary of the Alatamaha, and a southern branch of the Ogechee; and, at length, came upon the Ogechee itself, which, in April, flowed with a full channel and a strong current. Much of the time, the Spaniards were in wild solitudes; they suffered for want of salt and of meat. Their Indian guide affected madness; but "they said a gospel over him, and the fit left him." Again he involved them in pathless wilds; and then he would have been torn to pieces by the dogs, if he had not still been needed to assist the interpreter. Of four Indian captives who were questioned, one bluntly answered, he knew no country such as they described; the governor ordered him to be burnt, for what they esteemed his falsehood. The sight of the execution quickened the invention of his companions; and the Spaniards made their way to the small Indian settlement of Cutifa-Chiqui. A dagger and a rosary were found here; the story of the Indians traced them to the expedition of Vasquez de Ayllon; and a two day's journey would reach, it was believed, the harbor of St. Helena. The soldiers thought of home, and desired either to make a settlement on the fruitful soil around them, or to return. The governor was "a stern man, and of few words." Willingly hearing the opinions of others, he was inflexible, when he had once declared his own mind; and all his followers, "condescending to his will," continued to indulge delusive hopes.

The direction of the march was now to the north; to the comparatively sterile country of the Cherokees, and in part through a district in which gold is now found. The inhabitants were poor, but gentle; they liberally offered such presents as their habits of life permitted — deer skins and wild hens. Soto could hardly have crossed the mountains, so as to enter the basin of the Tennessee River; it seems, rather, that he passed from the head-waters of the Savannah, or the Chattahouchee, to the head-waters of the Coosa. The name of Canasauga, a village at which he halted, is still given to a

Digitized by Google

branch of the latter stream. For several months, the Spaniards were in the valleys which send their waters to the Bay of Mobile. Chiaha was an island distant about a hundred miles from Canasauga. An exploring party which was sent to the north were appalled by the aspect of the Appalachian chain, and pronounced the mountains impassable. They had looked for mines of copper and gold; and their only plunder was a buffalo robe.

In the latter part of July, the Spaniards were at Coosa. In the course of the season, they had occasion to praise the wild grape of the country, the same, perhaps, which has since been thought worthy of culture, and to admire the luxuriant growth of maize, which was springing from the fertile plains of Alabama. A southerly direction led the train to Tuscaloosa; nor was it long before the wanderers reached a considerable town on the Alabama, above the junction of the Tombecbee, and about one hundred miles, or six days' journey, from Pensacola. The village was called Mavilla, or Mobile, a name which is still preserved, and applied, not to the bay only, but to the river, after the union of its numerous tributaries. The Spaniards, tired of lodging in the fields, desired to occupy the cabins; the Indians rose to resist the invaders, whom they distrusted and feared. A battle ensued; the terrors of their cavalry gave the victory to the Spaniards. I know not if a more bloody Indian fight ever occurred on the soil of the United States: the town was set on fire; and a witness of the scene, doubtless greatly exaggerating the loss, relates that two thousand five hundred Indians were slain, suffocated, or burned. They had fought with desperate courage; and, but for the flames, which consumed their light and dense settlements, they would have effectually repulsed the invaders. "Of the Christians, eighteen died;" one hundred and fifty were wounded with arrows; twelve horses were slain, and seventy hurt. The flames had not spared the baggage of the Spaniards; it was within the town, and was entirely consumed.

Meanwhile, ships from Cuba had arrived at Ochus, now Pensacola. Soto was too proud to confess his failure. He had made no important discoveries; he had gathered no stores of silver and gold, which he might send to tempt new adventurers; the fires of Mobile had consumed the curious collections which he had made. It marks the resolute cupidity and stubborn pride with which the expedition was conducted, that

Digitized by Google

he determined to send no news of himself, until, like Cortes, he had found some rich country.

But the region above the mouth of the Mobile was populous and hostile, and yet too poor to promise plunder. Soto retreated towards the north; his troops already reduced, by sickness and warfare, to five hundred men. A month passed away before he reached winter-quarters at Chicaça, a small town in the country of the Chickasaws, in the upper part of the state of Mississippi; probably on the western bank of the Yazoo. The weather was severe, and snow fell; but maize was yet standing in the open fields. The Spaniards were able to gather a supply of food, and the deserted town, with such rude cabins as they added, afforded them shelter through the winter. Yet no mines of Peru were discovered; no ornaments of gold adorned the rude savages; their wealth was the harvest of corn, and wigwams were their only palaces; they were poor and independent; they were hardy and loved freedom. When spring opened, Soto, as he had usually done with other tribes, demanded of the chieftain of the Chickasaws two hundred men to carry the burdens of his company. The Indians hesitated. Human nature is the same in every age and in every climate. Like the inhabitants of Athens in the days of Themistocles, or those of Moscow of a recent day, the Chickasaws, unwilling to see strangers and enemies occupy their homes, in the dead of night, deceiving the sentinels, set fire to their own village, in which the Castilians were encamped. On a sudden, half the houses were in flames; and the loudest notes of the war-whoop rung through the air. The Indians, could they have acted with calm bravery, might have gained an easy and entire victory; but they trembled at their own success, and feared the unequal battle against weapons of steel. Many of the horses had broken loose; these, terrified and without riders, roamed through the forest, of which the burning village illuminated the shades, and seemed to the ignorant natives the gathering of hostile squadrons. Others of the horses perished in the stables; most of the swine were consumed; eleven of "the Christians" were burned, or lost their lives in the tumult. The clothes which had been saved from the fires of Mobile were destroyed, and the Spaniards, now as naked as the natives, suffered from the cold. Weapons and equipments were consumed or spoiled. Had the Indians made a resolute onset on this night or the next, the Spaniards would have been

Digitized by Google

unable to resist. But in a respite of a week, forges were erected, swords newly tempered, and good ashen lances were made, equal to the best of Biscay. When the Indians attacked the camp, they found "the Christians" prepared.

All the disasters which had been encountered, far from diminishing the boldness of the governor, served only to confirm his obstinacy by wounding his pride. Should he, who had promised greater booty than Mexico or Peru had yielded, now return as a defeated fugitive, so naked that his troops were clad only in skins and mats of ivy? The search for some wealthy region was renewed; the caravan marched still further to the west. For seven days, it struggled through a wilderness of forests and marshes; and, at length, came to Indian settlements in the vicinity of the Mississippi. Soto was the first of Europeans to behold the magnificent river, which rolled its immense mass of waters through the splendid vegetation of a wide alluvial soil. The lapse of nearly three centuries has not changed the character of the stream; it was then described as more than a mile broad; flowing with a strong current, and, by the weight of its waters, forcing a channel of great depth. The water was always muddy; trees and timber were continually floating down the stream.

The Spaniards were guided to the Mississippi by natives; and were directed to one of the usual crossing places, probably at the lowest Chickasaw Bluff, not far from the thirty-fifth parallel of latitude. The arrival of the strangers awakened curiosity and fear. A multitude of people from the western banks of the river, painted and gayly decorated with great plumes of white feathers, the warriors standing in rows with bow and arrows in their hands, the chieftains sitting under awnings as magnificent as the artless manufactures of the natives could weave, came rowing down the stream in a fleet of two hundred canoes, seeming to the admiring Spaniards "like a fair army of galleys." They brought gifts of fish, and loaves made of the fruit of the persimmon. At first they showed some desire to offer resistance; but, soon becoming conscious of their relative weakness, they ceased to defy an enemy who could not be overcome, and suffered injury without attempting open retaliation. The boats of the natives were too weak to transport horses; almost a month expired before barges, large enough to hold three horsemen each, were constructed for crossing the river. At length the Spaniards embarked upon the Mississippi; and Europeans were borne to its western bank.

Digitized by Google

The Dahcota tribes, doubtless, then occupied the country southwest of the Missouri; Soto had heard its praises; he believed in its vicinity to mineral wealth; and he determined to visit its towns. In ascending the Mississippi, the party was often obliged to wade through morasses; at length they came, as it would seem, upon the district of Little Prairie, and the dry and elevated lands which extend towards New Madrid. Here the religions of the invaders and the natives came in contrast. The Spaniards were adored as children of the sun, and the blind were brought into their presence, to be healed by the sons of light. "Pray only to God, who is in heaven, for whatsoever ye need," said Soto in reply; and the sublime doctrine, which, thousands of years before, had been proclaimed in the deserts of Arabia, now first found its way into the prairies of the Far West. . . .

He attempted to overawe a tribe of Indians near Natchez by claiming a supernatural birth, and demanding obedience and tribune. "You say you are the child of the sun," replied the undaunted chief; "dry up the river, and I will believe you. Do you desire to see me? Visit the town where I dwell. If you come in peace, I will receive you with special good-will; if in war, I will not shrink one foot back." But Soto was no longer able to abate the confidence or punish the temerity of the natives. His stubborn pride was changed by long disappointments into a wasting melancholy; and his health sunk rapidly and entirely under a conflict of emotions. A malignant fever ensued, during which he had little comfort, and was neither visited nor attended as the last hours of life demand. Believing his death near at hand, he held the last solemn interview with his faithful followers; and, yielding to the wishes of his companions, who obeyed him to the end, he named a successor. On the next day he died. Thus perished Ferdinand de Soto, the governor of Cuba, the successful associate of Pizarro. His miserable end was the more observed, from the greatness of his former prosperity. His soldiers pronounced his eulogy by grieving for their loss; the priests chanted over his body the first requiems that were ever heard on the waters of the Mississippi. To conceal his death, his body was wrapped in a mantle, and, in the stillness of midnight, was silently sunk in the middle of the stream. The discoverer of the Mississippi slept beneath its waters. He had crossed a large part of the continent in search of gold, and found nothing so remarkable as his burial-place.

Digitized by Google

MATTEO BANDELLO.

BANDELLO, MATTEO, an Italian novelist and dramatist; born at Castelnuovo, Piedmont, about 1480; died in 1562. In Rome he became a Dominican friar, then entered a monastery in Milan, but led on the whole a roving life, sojourning in various cities and at several of the petty courts of Italy until 1525, when he went to France. Made bishop of Agen by Henry II. in 1550, he resigned that dignity in 1555. His tales, 214 in number, present vivid delineations of the loose manners of those times, and have frequently served as a source to many succeeding story-writers and dramatists, among them Shakespeare. Several were translated by T. Roscoe in his "Italian Novelists" (vol. iii., London, 1825).

THE MISCHIEVOUS APE.

(Translated by Thomas Roscoe.)

IN the time of Lodovico Sforza, the unfortunate Duke of Milan, there was kept, among other living curiosities in the ducal palace, a large and beautiful ape, whose amusing yet harmless manners, full of practical jests and witticisms, had long obtained for him the liberty of going at large. Such indeed was his reputation for prudence and good conduct, that he was not merely permitted the range of the whole palace, but frequently visited the outskirts, in the vicinity of Maine, of Cusano, and San Giovanni, and was not unfrequently seen conversing with some friend upon the walls. In fact most people were eager to show their respect for him by presenting him with fruits and other dainties, no less from regard to his ducal patron, than to his own intrinsic merits. The singular pleasure he afforded to all classes of society, by his happy talents of various kinds, was always a sufficient passport from place to place. But his favorite resort, among many others, was the house of an ancient gentlewoman, situated in the parish of San Giovanni, upon the walls; where he cultivated the society of her two sons, one of whom in particular, though at the head of

Digitized by Google

a family, invariably received his monkey guest in the most amiable manner, making him as much at home as if he had been the lady's favorite lapdog. These young men, perceiving their aged mother amused with the animal's unequalled exhibitions of his art, vied with each other in paying the most gratifying attentions to his monkeyship; and would certainly, had he not happened to have been ducal property, either have purchased or stolen him, merely out of regard to their mother. The whole household, likewise, received orders to treat him with the same invariable kindness and respect, studying what appeared most agreeable to his taste, so as to give him an affection for the old lady's house. This last motive weighed so greatly with his apeship, that he almost deserted his other neighbors, in order to enjoy more of the society of these very agreeable friends; although he was careful to return to his own ducal residence at the castle in the evening. During this time the aged lady becoming very infirm, no longer left her chamber, where she was affectionately attended by her whole family, who supplied her with every alleviation in the power of medical advice to bestow. Thither, occasionally, our facetious hero was also introduced for the purpose of awakening a smile on the wan features of the patient, by his strange and amusing manners, receiving some delicate morsels in return from the poor lady's own hand. As he possessed a natural taste, in common with most of his race, for every kind of sweets, he was in the habit of besieging the old lady's room with great perseverance and assiduity, feasting upon the best confectionery with far higher zest than the poor patient herself. Worn out at length, by long infirmities and age, she soon after departed this world, having first with becoming piety confessed herself, and received the holy sacraments of our church, with the communion and extreme unction at the final close.

While the funeral ceremonies were preparing, and the last offices rendered to the deceased, the monkey appeared to pay remarkable attention to all that was going forward. The corpse being dressed, and placed on the funeral bier, the holy sisterhood then attended with the usual ceremonies, offering up hymns and aves to the Virgin for the soul of the deceased. The body was afterwards borne to the parish church not far distant, not unobserved by the monkey, who watched the procession depart. But he soon turned his attention to the state of things around him; and after feasting on the cake and wine,

Digitized by Google

being a little elevated, he began to empty the boxes and drawers, and examine the contents. Having observed the deceased in her last habiliments, and the form of her head-dress when she was laid out, the facetious ape immediately began to array himself in the cast-off garments, exactly in the manner he had witnessed; and so perfect was the resemblance, that when he had covered himself up in bed, the physician himself would have been puzzled to detect the cheat. Here the false patient lay, when the domestics entered the chamber; and suddenly perceiving the monkey thus dexterously laid out, they ran back in the utmost terror and surprise, believing that they had really seen either the corpse or the spirit of the deceased. After recovering sufficient presence of mind to speak, they declared, as they hoped to be saved, that they had seen their mistress reposing upon her sick couch as usual. On the return of the two brothers with their friends and relatives from church, they directly resolved to ascend in a body into the sick chamber; and night already approaching, they all felt, in spite of their affected indifference, an unpleasant sensation on entering the room. Drawing near the bedside, they not only fancied they saw and heard a person breathe, but observing the coverings move, as if the patient were about to spring from the couch, they retreated with the utmost precipitation and alarm. When they had recovered their spirits a little, the guests requested that a priest might be sent for, to whom, on his arrival, they proceeded to explain the case. On hearing the nature of it, the good friar, being of a truly prudent and pious turn, dispatched a person back for his clerk, with orders to bring him the large ivory crucifix, and the illuminated psalter. These, with the help of holy water, the wafer, and the priest's stole, were judged a sufficient match for the devices of the Evil One; and thus armed, repeating the seven psalms with due ejaculations to the Virgin, they once more ascended the stairs, the clerk, in obedience to the friar, bearing the huge ivory crucifix at their head. He had previously exhorted the brothers to have no fears for the final salvation of their parent, as the number and excellence of her confessions were an effectual preservative against the most diabolical efforts of the adversary. He maintained that there was not the least cause for alarm, for what the servants had beheld were merely Satanic illusions, which he had frequently been in the habit of dispelling with singular success; and that

Digitized by Google

having made use of his exorcisms, he would then bless the house, and, with the Lord's help, lay such a curse upon the bad spirits, as would deprive them of the least inclination to return.

When they arrived at the chamber door, all the guests, in spite of these encouraging exhortations and the sprinkling of holy water, drew back, while the bold friar ordered his clerk to advance in the name of the Lord; which he did, followed only by his superior. Approaching the sick-bed, they perceived Monna Bertuccia, our facetious ape, laid out as we have said, in perfect personification of the deceased. After mumbling some prayers, and flourishing the cross in vain, for some time, they began to entertain doubts of their success, though at the same time they felt ashamed to retreat. So sprinkling the holy water with a more liberal hand, crying: "*Asperges me, domine: asperges me;*" they complimented the ape with a portion of it in his face. Expecting upon this to be next saluted with a blow of the huge cross, he suddenly began to grin and chatter in so horrible a manner, that the sacred vessel fell from the priest's hands, and the clerk at the same time dropping the crucifix, they both fled together. Such was their haste that they stumbled, one over the other, down the stairs, the priest falling upon his clerk, when they reached the bottom.

On hearing the sudden crash, and the terrified exclamations of the good friar, "*Jesus, Jesus, Domine, adjuva me,*" the brothers, followed by the rest of the party, rushed towards the spot, eagerly inquiring what dreadful accident had occurred. Both of the holy personages gazed on the guests without being able to utter a word; but their pallid looks spoke volumes sufficient to answer all demands. The poor clerk fainted away, no less from excess of fear than from the terrible fall he had just received. Having obliged both to partake of some restoratives, the priest at length summoned courage enough to say: "It is true, my dear children, I have indeed seen your poor departed mother in the form of a fierce demon;" when just as he had finished these words, the cause of all their disturbance, desirous of securing the remnants of the feast, was heard approaching at a pretty brisk and clattering pace down the unlucky stairs. Without giving any of the party time to discover a fresh place of refuge, or even to prepare their minds for his reception, he bounced suddenly into the room, armed cap-a-pie, in the fearful petticoats of the deceased. His head was dressed to a nicety exactly in the same manner as the old lady's,

Digitized by Google

and his whole body very decently arrayed in her late habiliments. He placed himself in the midst of the company, all of whom stood rooted to the spot, silent and awe-stricken, awaiting the dreadful scene that might ensue. The wrinkles in his countenance certainly bore no small resemblance to those in the features of the deceased, to which his very serious demeanor added not a little. Yet after a few secret ejaculations for divine protection on the part of the guests, the facetious visitor was soon recognized by one of the brothers, the only person who had possessed courage to look the monkey in the face, on his sudden entrance into the room. Momentary prayers and exclamations were then as suddenly converted into bursts of laughter; and in a few minutes the author of all their sufferings began to resume the usual hilarity of his disposition, to exhibit his best manœuvres in the saltic art, and with the greatest politeness severally to accost the company. He evinced, however, the utmost aversion to disrobing himself of his new honors, snapping at any one who ventured to approach him, while he performed his antics in the ablest and most whimsical manner. In full dress he thus set out on his return to the castle, meeting with reiterated plaudits, as he passed along the streets. In this state he was welcomed home by the domestics of the castle, producing infinite diversion among the courtiers, and all those who witnessed his exploits. Nor did the two brothers punish him for his involuntary fault; rather kindly permitting him to return to his old haunts, where he feasted and frolicked away his days, until he attained to a happy and respectable old age.

Digitized by Google

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS.

BANGS, JOHN KENDRICK, an American journalist and writer of juvenile stories, was born at Yonkers, N. Y., in 1862. He was graduated from Columbia College in 1883. His first book, "Roger Camerden," was written in 1886. "New Waggings of Old Tales by Two Wags," appeared in 1887, followed by "Katherine" and "Mephistopheles," two travesties. He wrote the juvenile stories: "Tiddledy-wink Tales" (1890); "In Camp with a Tin Soldier" (1892); "The Tiddledy-wink Poetry-Book" (1892), and "Half-Hours with Jimmieboy" (1893). In "Coffee and Repartee" (1893) he introduces his funnily-wise and very serious "Idiot," who reappears in "Three Weeks in Politics" (1894). Later works are: "Toppleton's Client" (1894); "The Water-Ghost" (1894); "The Idiot" (1895); "Mr. Bonaparte of Corsica" (1895); "A House-Boat on the Styx" (1895); "A Rebellious Heroine," and "Bicyclers, and Other Farces" (1896).

THE HOUSE COMMITTEE DISCUSS THE POETS.[1]

(From "A House-Boat on the Styx.")

"THERE 's one thing this house-boat needs," wrote Homer in the complaint-book that adorned the centre-table in the reading-room, "and that is a Poets' Corner. There are smoking-rooms for those who smoke, billiard-rooms for those who play billiards, and a card-room for those who play cards. I do not smoke, I can't play billiards, and I do not know a trey of diamonds from a silver salver. All I can do is write poetry. Why discriminate against me? By all means let us have a Poets' Corner, where a man can be inspired in peace."

For four days this entry lay in the book apparently unnoticed. On the fifth day the following lines, signed by Samson, appeared: —

"I approve of Homer's suggestion. There should be a Poets' Corner here. Then the rest of us could have some comfort. While playing *vingt-et-un* with Diogenes in the card-room on Friday evening a poetic member of this club was taken with a most violent fancy, and it required the combined efforts of Diogenes and myself, assisted by the janitor, to remove the

[1] Copyright, 1895, by Harper & Brothers.

Digitized by Google

frenzied and objectionable member from the room. The habit some of our poets have acquired of giving way to their inspirations all over the club-house should be stopped, and I know of no better way to accomplish this desirable end than by the adoption of Homer's suggestion. Therefore I second the motion."

Of course the suggestion of two members so prominent as Homer and Samson could not well be ignored by the house committee, and it reluctantly took the subject in hand at an early meeting.

"I find here," said Demosthenes to the chairman, as the committee gathered, "a suggestion from Homer and Samson that this house-boat be provided with a Poets' Corner. I do not know that I approve of the suggestion myself, but in order to bring it before the committee for debate I am willing to make a motion that the request be granted."

"Excuse me," put in Doctor Johnson, "but where do you find that suggestion? 'Here' is not very definite. Where *is* 'here'?"

"In the complaint-book, which I hold in my hand," returned Demosthenes, putting a pebble in his mouth so that he might enunciate more clearly.

A frown ruffled the serenity of Doctor Johnson's brow.

"In the complaint-book, eh?" he said, slowly. "I thought house committees were not expected to pay any attention to complaints in complaint-books. I never heard of its being done before."

"Well, I can't say that I have either," replied Demosthenes, chewing thoughtfully on the pebble, "but I suppose complaint-books are the places for complaints. You don't expect people to write serial stories or dialect poems in them, do you?"

"That is n't the point, as the man said to the assassin who tried to stab him with the hilt of his dagger," retorted Doctor Johnson, with some asperity. "Of course, complaint-books are for the reception of complaints — nobody disputes that. What I want to have determined is whether it is necessary or proper for the complaints to go further."

"I fancy we have a legal right to take the matter up," said Blackstone, wearily; "though I don't know of any precedent for such action. In all the clubs I have known the house committees have invariably taken the ground that the complaint-book was established to guard them against the annoyance of hearing complaints. This one, however, has been forced upon us by our secretary, and in view of the age of the complainants I think we cannot well decline to give them a specific answer.

Digitized by Google

Respect for age is *de rigueur* at all times, like clean hands. I 'll second the motion."

"I think the Poets' Corner entirely unnecessary," said Confucius. "This is n't a class organization, and we should resist any effort to make it or any portion of it so. In fact, I will go further and state that it is my opinion that if we do any legislating in the matter at all, we ought to discourage rather than encourage these poets. They are always littering the club up with themselves. Only last Wednesday I came here with a guest — no less a person than a recently deceased Emperor of China — and what was the first sight that greeted our eyes?"

"I give it up," said Doctor Johnson. "It must have been a catacornered sight, whatever it was, if the Emperor's eyes slanted like yours."

"No personalities, please, Doctor," said Sir Walter Raleigh, the chairman, rapping the table vigorously with the shade of a handsome gavel that had once adorned the Roman Senate-chamber.

"He 's only a Chinaman!" muttered Johnson.

"What was the sight that greeted your eyes, Confucius?" asked Cassius.

"Omar Khayyam stretched over five of the most comfortable chairs in the library," returned Confucius; "and when I ventured to remonstrate with him he lost his temper, and said I 'd spoiled the whole second volume of the Rubáiyát. I told him he ought to do his rubáiyátting at home, and he made a scene, to avoid which I hastened with my guest over to the billiard-room; and there, stretched at full length on the pool-table, was Robert Burns trying to write a sonnet on the cloth with chalk in less time than Villon could turn out another, with two lines start, on the billiard-table with the same writing materials. Now I ask you, gentlemen, if these things are to be tolerated? Are they not rather to be reprehended, whether I am a Chinaman or not?"

"What would you have us do, then?" asked Sir Walter Raleigh, a little nettled. "Exclude poets altogether? I was one, remember."

"Oh, but not much of one, Sir Walter," put in Doctor Johnson, deprecatingly.

"No," said Confucius. "I don't want them excluded, but they should be controlled. You don't let a shoemaker who has become a member of this club turn the library sofas into

Digitized by Google

benches and go pegging away at boot-making, so why should you let the poets turn the place into a verse factory? That 's what I'd like to know."

"I don't know but what your point is well taken," said Blackstone, "though I can't say I think your parallels are very parallel. A shoemaker, my dear Confucius, is somewhat different from a poet."

"Certainly," said Doctor Johnson. "Very different — in fact, different enough to make a conundrum of the question — what is the difference between a shoemaker and a poet? One makes the shoes and the other shakes the muse — all the difference in the world. Still, I don't see how we can exclude the poets. It is the very democracy of this club that gives it life. We take in everybody — peer, poet, or what not. To say that this man shall not enter because he is this or that or the other thing would result in our ultimately becoming a class organization, which, as Confucius himself says, we are not and must not be. If we put out the poet to please the sage, we 'll soon have to put out the sage to please the fool, and so on. We 'll keep it up, once the precedent is established, until finally it will become a class club entirely — a Plumbers' Club, for instance — and how absurd that would be in Hades! No, gentlemen, it can't be done. The poets must and shall be preserved."

"What 's the objection to class clubs, anyhow?" asked Cassius. "I don't object to them. If we could have had political organizations in my day I might not have had to fall on my sword to get out of keeping an engagement I had no fancy for. Class clubs have their uses."

"No doubt," said Demosthenes. "Have all the class clubs you want, but do not make one of this. An Authors' Club, where none but authors are admitted, is a good thing. The members learn there that there are other authors than themselves. Poets' Clubs are a good thing; they bring poets into contact with each other, and they learn what a bore it is to have to listen to a poet reading his own poem. Pugilists' Clubs are good; so are all other class clubs; but so also are clubs like our own, which takes in all who are worthy. Here a poet can talk poetry as much as he wants, but at the same time he hears something besides poetry. We must stick to our original idea."

"Then let us do something to abate the nuisance of which I complain," said Confucius. "Can't we adopt a house rule that poets must not be inspired between the hours of 11 A.M. and 5

Digitized by Google

P.M., or in the evening after eight; that any poet discovered using more than five arm-chairs in the composition of a quatrain will be charged two oboli an hour for each chair in excess of that number; and that the billiard-marker shall be required to charge a premium of three times the ordinary fee for tables used by versifiers in lieu of writing-pads?"

"That would n't be a bad idea," said Sir Walter Raleigh. "I, as a poet, would not object to that. I do all my work at home, anyhow."

"There 's another phase of this business that we have n't considered yet, and it 's rather important," said Demosthenes, taking a fresh pebble out of his bonbonnière. "That 's in the matter of stationery. This club, like all other well-regulated clubs, provides its members with a suitable supply of writing materials. Charon informs me that the waste-baskets last week turned out forty-two reams of our best correspondence paper on which these poets had scribbled the first draft of their verses. Now I don't think the club should furnish the poets with the raw material for their poems any more than, to go back to Confucius's shoemaker, it should supply leather for our cobblers."

"What do you mean by raw material for poems?" asked Sir Walter, with a frown.

"Pen, ink, and paper. What else?" said Demosthenes.

"Does n't it take brains to write a poem?" said Raleigh.

"Does n't it take brains to make a pair of shoes?" retorted Demosthenes, swallowing a pebble in his haste.

"They 've got a right to the stationery, though," put in Blackstone. "A clear legal right to it. If they choose to write poems on the paper instead of boring people to death with letters, as most of us do, that 's their own affair."

"Well, they 're very wasteful," said Demosthenes.

"We can meet that easily enough," observed Cassius. "Furnish each writing-table with a slate. I should think they 'd be pleased with that. It 's so much easier to rub out the wrong word."

"Most poets prefer to rub out the right word," growled Confucius. "Besides, I shall never consent to slates in this house-boat. The squeaking of the pencils would be worse than the poems themselves."

"That 's true," said Cassius. "I never thought of that. If a dozen poets got to work on those slates at once, a fife corps would n't be a circumstance to them."

Digitized by Google

"Well, it all goes to prove what I have thought all along," said Doctor Johnson. "Homer's idea is a good one, and Samson was wise in backing it up. The poets need to be concentrated somewhere where they will not be a nuisance to other people, and where other people will not be a nuisance to them. Homer ought to have a place to compose in where the *vingt-et-un* players will not interrupt his frenzies, and, on the other hand, the *vingt-et-un* and other players should be protected from the wooers of the muse. I 'll vote to have the Poets' Corner, and in it I move that Cassius's slate idea be carried out. It will be a great saving, and if the corner we select be far enough away from the other corners of the club, the squeaking of the slate-pencils need bother no one."

"I agree to that," said Blackstone. "Only I think it should be understood that, in granting the petition of the poets, we do not bind ourselves to yield to doctors and lawyers and shoemakers and plumbers in case they should each want a corner to themselves."

"A very wise idea," said Sir Walter. Whereupon the resolution was suitably worded, and passed unanimously.

Just where the Poets' Corner is to be located the members of the committee have not as yet decided, although Confucius is strongly in favor of having it placed in a dingy situated a quarter of a mile astern of the house-boat, and connected therewith by a slight cord, which can be easily cut in case the squeaking of the poets' slate-pencils becomes too much for the nervous system of the members who have no corner of their own.

Digitized by Google

JOHN BANIM.

BANIM, JOHN, an Irish novelist, born at Kilkenny, Ireland, April 3, 1798; died near there, August 18, 1842. He began active life as a miniature-painter, but early abandoned art for literature. In 1825 and 1826 appeared two volumes of stories entitled "Tales of the O'Hara Family." These were followed in 1828 by "The Croppy," a story connected with the unlucky insurrection of 1798. Banim afterward put forth several other novels, among which are "The Denounced," "The Last Baron of Crana," and "Boyne Water." He also contributed to periodicals in prose and verse. Some time before his death he was stricken by disease, which seemed to preclude literary work, and in 1837 a pension of £150 was given to him from the civil list, and a further sum of £40 was awarded for the education of his daughter. "The Tales of the O'Hara Family" and "The Croppy" are the most characteristic of his works. "The O'Hara Tales" were written in collaboration with his brother, Michael Banim (1796–1874), also an Irish novelist, though of minor importance.

BURNING THE HOUSE OF A CROPPY.

(From "The Croppy.")

THE smith kept a brooding and gloomy silence, his almost savage yet steadfast glare fastened upon the element that, not more raging than his own bosom, devoured his dwelling. Fire had been set to the house in many places within and without, and though at first it crept slowly along the surface of the thatch, or only sent out bursting wreaths of vapor from the interior, or through the doorway, few minutes elapsed until the whole of the combustible roof was one mass of flame, shooting up into the serene air in a spire of dazzling brilliancy, mixed with vivid sparks, and relieved against a background of dark-gray smoke. Sky and earth reddened into common ignition with the blaze. The houses around gleamed hotly; the very stones and rocks on the hillside seemed portions of fire, and

Digitized by Google

Shawn-a-Gow's bare head and herculean shoulders were covered with spreading showers of the ashes of his own roof.

His distended eye, fixed too upon the figures of the actors in this scene, now reddened fiercely distinct, and their scabbards, their buttons, and their polished black helmets, flickering redly in the glow, as at a command from their captain, they sent up the hillside three shouts, over the demolition of the Croppy's dwelling. But still, though his breast heaved, and though wreaths of foam edged his lips, Shawn was silent, and little Peter now feared to address a word to him; and other sights and occurrences claimed whatever attention he was able to afford.

Rising to a pitch of shrillness that overmastered the cheers of the yeomen, the cries of a man in bodily agony struck on the ears of the listeners on the hill, and looking hard towards a spot brilliantly illuminated they saw Saunders Smyly vigorously engaged in one of his tasks as disciplinarian to the Ballybrechoone cavalry. With much ostentation, his instrument of torture was flourished round his head; and though at every lash the shrieks of the sufferer came loud, the lashes themselves were scarce less distinct.

A second group challenged the eye. Shawn-a-Gow's house stood alone in the village. A short distance before its door was a lime-tree, with benches contrived all round the trunk, upon which in summer weather the gossipers of the village used to seat themselves. This tree, standing between our spectators and the blaze, cut darkly against the glowing objects beyond it, and three or four yeomen — their backs turned to the hill, their faces to the burning house, and consequently their figures also appearing black — seemed busily occupied in some feat that required the exertion of pulling with their hands lifted above their heads.

Shawn flashed an inquiring glance upon them; and anon a human form, still, like their figures, vague and undefined in blackness, gradually became elevated from the ground beneath the tree, until its head almost touched a projecting branch; and then it remained stationary, suspended from that branch.

Shawn's rage increased to madness at this sight, though he did not admit it to be immediately connected with his more individual causes for wrath. And now came an event that made a climax, for the present, to his emotions, and at length caused some expression of his pent-up feelings.

Digitized by Google

A loud crackling crash echoed from his house; a volume of flame, taller and more dense than any by which it was preceded, darted up to the heavens; then almost former darkness fell on the hillside; a gloomy red glow alone remained on the objects below; and nothing but thick smoke, dotted with sparks, continued to issue from his dwelling. After everything that could interiorly supply food to the flame had been devoured, it was the roof of his old house that now fell in.

"By the ashes o' my cabin, burnt down before me this night — an' I standin' a houseless beggar on the hillside lookin' at id — while I can get an Orangeman's house to take the blaze, an' a wisp to kindle the blaze up, I'll burn ten houses for that one!"

And so asseverating, he re-crossed the summit of the hill, and, followed by Peter Rooney, descended into the little valley of refuge.

Soggarth Aroon.

"O Priest, O Love!"

THE IRISH PEASANT'S ADDRESS TO HIS PRIEST.

Am I the slave they say,
Soggarth Aroon?
Since you did show the way,
Soggarth Aroon,
Their slave no more to be,
While they would work with me
Ould Ireland's slavery,
Soggarth Aroon?

Why not her poorest man,
Soggarth Aroon,
Try and do all he can,
Soggarth Aroon,
Her commands to fulfil
Of his own heart and will,
Side by side with you still,
Soggarth Aroon?

Loyal and brave to you,
Soggarth Aroon,
Yet be no slave to you,
Soggarth Aroon,

Digitized by Google

Nor out of fear to you
Stand up so near to you —
Och! out of fear to *you!*
Soggarth Aroon!

Who, in the winter's night,
Soggarth Aroon,
When the cowld blast did bite,
Soggarth Aroon,
Came to my cabin door,
And on my earthen floor
Knelt by me, sick and poor,
Soggarth Aroon?

Who, on the marriage day,
Soggarth Aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggarth Aroon;
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring,
At the poor christening,
Soggarth Aroon?

Who, as friend only met,
Soggarth Aroon,
Never did flout me yet,
Soggarth Aroon?
And when my hearth was dim
Gave, while his eye did brim,
What I should give to him,
Soggarth Aroon?

Och! you, and only you,
Soggarth Aroon!
And for this I was true to you,
Soggarth Aroon;
In love they 'll never shake
When for ould Ireland's sake
We a true part did take,
Soggarth Aroon!

The Irish Maiden's Song.

You know it now — it is betrayed
This moment in mine eye,
And in my young cheeks' crimson shade,
And in my whispered sigh.

Digitized by Google

You know it now — yet listen now —
Though ne'er was love more true,
My plight and troth and virgin vow
Still, still I keep from you,
Ever!

Ever, until a proof you give
How oft you 've heard me say,
I would not even his empress live
Who idles life away,
Without one effort for the land
In which my fathers' graves
Were hollowed by a despot hand
To darkly close on slaves —
Never!

See! round yourself the shackles hang,
Yet come you to love's bowers,
That only he may soothe their pang
Or hide their links in flowers —
But try all things to snap them first,
And should all fail when tried,
The fated chain you cannot burst
My twining arms shall hide —
Ever!

Digitized by Google

THÉODORE DE BANVILLE.

BANVILLE, THÉODORE DE, a French poet, novelist, and dramatist, was born at Moulins, March 14, 1823, and died at Paris, March 13, 1891. He was the son of an officer in the French army. He began to write poetry at the age of nineteen, and continued for fifty years to be active both in prose and in verse. As a poet, he displayed a remarkable mastery of rhyme and rhythm; and it is in the exhibition of these that he chiefly excelled. Under his auspices the graceful metrical systems of the pléiade, as well as the older forms of the mediæval poets, such as ballades, rondeaus, and triolets, were once more brought into fashion. Saintsbury, speaking of De Banville's writings, says: "His serious poetry is full of poetical language and sentiment; his lighter verse is charming; his prose is excellent; and he was no mean hand at drama." The first volume of De Banville, "Les Caryatides," published in 1841, gave him at once a standing as a poet among the younger members of the romantic school; but the first work which attracted general attention, and which, it has been said, awakened expectations that were not fully realized in his subsequent writings, was his "Odes Funambulesques," issued in 1857. His principal drama is "Gringoire;" and other notable works are "Stalactites," "Odelettes," "Les Exilés, "Occidentales," and a volume of recollections entitled "Mes Souvenirs."

BALLADE DES PENDUS.

(From "Gringoire;" translated by Andrew Lang.)

WHERE wide the forest boughs are spread
  Where Flora wakes with sylph and fay,
Are crowns and garlands of men dead,
  All golden in the morning gay;
Within this ancient garden gray
  Are clusters such as no man knows,
Where moss and soldan bear the sway:
  This is King Louis' orchard close!

These wretched folk wave overhead,
  With such strange thoughts as none may say;
A moment still, then sudden sped,
  They swing in a ring and waste away.

Digitized by Google

The morning smites them with her ray;
They toss with every breeze that blows,
They dance where fires of dawning play:
This is King Louis' orchard close!

All hanged and dead, they 've summonèd
(With Hell to aid, that hears them pray)
New legions of an army dread,
Now down the blue sky flames the day;
The dew dies off; the foul array
Of obscene ravens gathers and goes,
With wings that flap and beaks that flay:
This is King Louis' orchard close!

ENVOI.

Prince, where leaves murmur of the May,
A tree of bitter clusters grows;
The bodies of men dead are they!
This is King Louis' orchard close!

THE BALLADIST.

(From Shirley's "Adaptation of Gringoire.")

"AYE, 't is a habit, this making of verse; an idle habit and a waste of precious sheepskin. 'T is but the arranging of sister sounds until they make a jingled repetition; like the silver bells upon a distant sledge. And the world despises the poet; despises him as much, perchance, as he despises it. Yet has he no choice; for the gift is of God, and the poet's call is from within. You, Jeanette, have never felt the bitter sweetness of suffering the pangs of others! You have never said to yourself, when full of joy and gladness, 'At this very moment there are thousands of my fellow-creatures weeping; thousands enduring all the pains that harsh fate can send them; thousands beholding their most cherished children die inch by inch, and feeling a portion of their very hearts torn from their living breasts.' These thoughts have never come to *you*."

"Indeed they have, Gringoire; and when I have heard how many are bowed down by pain and oppression, I have wished to be a man that I might fight with might and main in their defence."

"Then you *have* a heart! Hear me tell you that there are

Digitized by Google

on this earth thousands, aye, millions of our fellow-creatures born to live in misery and doomed to die in despair."

"Alas!"

"There are white slaves chained to many a gilded chariot, who work and wear out their lives in loathsome labor, that unworthy masters may loll on well-stuffed cushions and dream how much more precious is their dainty flesh than that of all their serfs. What does the poet amid these scenes of sadness? The pains of others touch *his* heart; the tears of others bathe *his* cheek; the sobs of others choke *his* voice, and the wrongs of others cry aloud for justice through *his* throat and pen! No bribe can silence; no prison stifle his uplifted voice. He enters palaces and bids their owners pause; he creeps into cots and gives their tenants hope; he tilts at luxury and waste; and in tones of warning cries: —

"Lords and lordlings, titled tyrants,
Listen to my simple lay:
Hear the People's poet tell you,
Poverty's a crime to-day!

"Hear the truth — that word unwelcome —
Keep the hungry mob at bay;
Let them hide their famished faces;
Poverty's a crime to-day!

"Common people are your cattle,
Born to labor and obey;
Spurn them, work them, tax them, kill them;
Poverty's a crime to-day!

"What if they be bowed with sorrow,
You are healthful, proud, and gay;
You deserve a better fortune;
Poverty's a crime to-day!

"If *their* lives be long December,
Yours is just as much a May;
Loudly laugh, 't will drown their curses;
Poverty's a crime to-day!

"Heed not starving men and women,
Fallen lifeless in the fray;
Trample on their breathless bodies;
Poverty's a crime to-day!

Digitized by Google

MME. DE MAINTENON

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

"They have *Souls*, these common people,
Spurn their bodies as ye may;
In their heart of hearts they *hate* you;
Poverty 's a crime to-day!

"Is this truth, or mere complaining?
Dare the rich my words gainsay?
Shame on all their pomp and splendor!
Poverty 's a crime to-day!

"Dawn of Hope is dimly breaking,
'T will come ere our babes are gray:
When 't is here, let Crœsus cower!
Poverty 's *no crime* to-day!"

"And he who speaks thus tenderly of the weak and suffering is the man the King would have me marry! Why do you think I could never love him?"

The White Rose.

Sent by a Yorkshire Lover to his Lancastrian Mistress.

If this fair rose offend thy sight,
Placed in thy bosom bare,
'T will blush to find itself less white,
And turn Lancastrian there.

But if thy ruby lip it spy,
As kiss it thou mayst deign,
With envy pale 't will lose its dye,
And Yorkshire turn again.

Anonymous.

Digitized by Google

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

BARBAULD, ANNA LETITIA (AIKIN), an English poet and essayist, was born at Kibworth-Harcourt, Leicestershire, June 20, 1743; died at Stoke-Newington, March 9, 1825. In 1774 she was married to the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld, a dissenting minister of Huguenot descent. She had already acquired a literary reputation; and she and her husband opened a school, which proved very successful. Her works are numerous, both in prose and verse. She is perhaps best known by the "Evenings at Home," written by her in conjunction with her brother John about 1794, much the larger portion being by him. In her prose writings she imitated the style of Dr. Johnson. She was well educated, and numbered among her friends many famous authors, including Sir Walter Scott and Wordsworth. Her first poems (1773) went through four editions in one year. She wrote: "Early Lessons for Children" (about 1774); "Devotional Pieces" (1775); "Hymns in Prose for Children" (1776), translated in many languages; "Eighteen hundred and Eleven," her longest effort (1811); and prepared an edition of the best English novels in fifty volumes.

A DIALOGUE OF THE DEAD.

BETWEEN HELEN OF TROY AND MADAME DE MAINTENON.

HELEN. Whence comes it, my dear Madame Maintenon, that beauty, which in the age I lived in produced such extraordinary effects, has now lost almost all its power?

MAINTENON. I should wish first to be convinced of the fact, before I offer to give you a reason for it.

HELEN. That will be very easy; for there is no occasion to go any further than our own histories and experience to prove what I advance. You were beautiful, accomplished, and fortunate; endowed with every talent and every grace to bend the heart of man and mould it to your wish: and your schemes were successful; for you raised yourself from obscurity and dependence to be the wife of a great monarch. — But what is

Digitized by Google

this to the influence my beauty had over sovereigns and nations! I occasioned a long ten years' war between the most celebrated heroes of antiquity; contending kingdoms disputed the honor of placing me on their respective thrones; my story is recorded by the father of verse; and my charms make a figure even in the annals of mankind. You were, it is true, the wife of Louis XIV., and respected in his court: but you occasioned no wars; you are not spoken of in the history of France, though you furnished materials for the memoirs of a court. Are the love and admiration that were paid you merely as an amiable woman to be compared with the enthusiasm I inspired, and the boundless empire I obtained over all that was celebrated, great, or powerful in the age I lived in?

MAINTENON. All this, my dear Helen, has a splendid appearance, and sounds well in a heroic poem; but you greatly deceive yourself if you impute it all to your personal merit. Do you imagine that half the chiefs concerned in the war of Troy were at all influenced by your beauty, or troubled their heads what became of you, provided they came off with honor? Believe me, love had very little to do in the affair. Menelaus sought to revenge the affront he had received; Agamemnon was flattered with the supreme command; some came to share the glory, others the plunder; some because they had bad wives at home, some in hopes of getting Trojan mistresses abroad: and Homer thought the story extremely proper for the subject of the best poem in the world. Thus you became famous; your elopement was made a national quarrel; the animosities of both nations were kindled by frequent battles: and the object was not the restoring of Helen to Menelaus, but the destruction of Troy by the Greeks. — My triumphs, on the other hand, were all owing to myself and to the influence of personal merit and charms over the heart of man. My birth was obscure; my fortunes low; I had passed the bloom of youth, and was advancing to that period at which the generality of our sex lose all importance with the other. I had to do with a man of gallantry and intrigue, a monarch who had been long familiarized with beauty, and accustomed to every refinement of pleasure which the most splendid court in Europe could afford: Love and Beauty seemed to have exhausted all their powers of pleasing for him in vain. Yet this man I captivated, I fixed; and far from being content, as other beauties had been, with the honor of possessing his heart, I brought him to make

Digitized by Google

me his wife, and gained an honorable title to his tenderest affection. — The infatuation of Paris reflected little honor upon you. A thoughtless youth, gay, tender, and impressible, struck with your beauty, in violation of all the most sacred laws of hospitality carries you off, and obstinately refuses to restore you to your husband. You seduced Paris from his duty, I recovered Louis from vice; you were the mistress of the Trojan prince, I was the companion of the French monarch.

HELEN. I grant you were the wife of Louis, but not the queen of France. Your great object was ambition, and in that you met with a partial success; my ruling star was love, and I gave up everything for it. But tell me, did not I show my influence over Menelaus in his taking me again after the destruction of Troy?

MAINTENON. That circumstance alone is sufficient to show that he did not love you with any delicacy. He took you as a possession that was restored to him, as a booty that he had recovered; and he had not sentiment enough to care whether he had your heart or not. The heroes of your age were capable of admiring beauty, and often fought for the possession of it; but they had not refinement enough to be capable of any pure, sentimental attachment or delicate passion. Was that period the triumph of love and gallantry, when a fine woman and a tripod were placed together for prizes at a wrestling bout, and the tripod esteemed the more valuable reward of the two? No: it is our Clelia, our Cassandra and Princess of Cleves, that have polished mankind and taught them how to love.

HELEN. Rather say you have lost sight of nature and passion, between bombast on one hand and conceit on the other. Shall one of the cold temperament of France teach a Greek how to love? Greece, the parent of fair forms and soft desires, the nurse of poetry, whose soft climate and tempered skies disposed to every gentler feeling, and tuned the heart to harmony and love! — was Greece a land of barbarians? But recollect, if you can, an incident which showed the power of beauty in stronger colors — than when the grave old counsellors of Priam on my appearance were struck with fond admiration, and could not bring themselves to blame the cause of a war that had almost ruined their country; you see I charmed the old as well as seduced the young.

MAINTENON. But I, after I was grown old, charmed the young; I was idolized in a capital where taste, luxury, and

Digitized by Google

magnificence were at the height; I was celebrated by the greatest wits of my time, and my letters have been carefully handed down to posterity.

HELEN. Tell me now, sincerely, were you happy in your elevated fortune?

MAINENON. Alas! Heaven knows I was far otherwise; a thousand times did I wish for my dear Scarron again. He was a very ugly fellow, it is true, and had but little money; but the most easy, entertaining companion in the world: we danced, laughed, and sung; I spoke without fear or anxiety, and was sure to please. With Louis all was gloom, constraint, and a painful solicitude to please — which seldom produces its effect: the king's temper had been soured in the latter part of life by frequent disappointments; and I was forced continually to endeavor to procure him that cheerfulness which I had not myself. Louis was accustomed to the most delicate flatteries; and though I had a good share of wit, my faculties were continually on the stretch to entertain him, — a state of mind little consistent with happiness or ease; I was afraid to advance my friends or punish my enemies. My pupils at St. Cyr were not more secluded from the world in a cloister than I was in the bosom of the court; a secret disgust and weariness consumed me. I had no relief but in my work and books of devotion; with these alone I had a gleam of happiness.

HELEN. Alas! one need not have married a great monarch for that.

MAINTENON. But deign to inform me, Helen, if you were really as beautiful as fame reports; for, to say truth, I cannot in your shade see the beauty which for nine long years had set the world in arms.

HELEN. Honestly, no. I was rather low, and something sunburnt: but I had the good fortune to please; that was all. I was greatly obliged to Homer.

MAINTENON. And did you live tolerably with Menelaus after all your adventures?

HELEN. As well as possible. Menelaus was a good-natured, domestic man, and was glad to sit down and end his days in quiet. I persuaded him that Venus and the Fates were the cause of all my irregularities, which he complaisantly believed. Besides, I was not sorry to return home: for, to tell you a secret, Paris had been unfaithful to me long before his death, and was fond of a little Trojan brunette whose office it was to hold up

Digitized by Google

my train; but it was thought dishonorable to give me up. I began to think love a very foolish thing: I became a great housekeeper, worked the battles of Troy in tapestry, and spun with my maids by the side of Menelaus, who was so satisfied with my conduct, and behaved, good man, with so much fondness, that I verily think this was the happiest period of my life.

MAINTENON. Nothing more likely; but the most obscure wife in Greece could rival you there. Adieu! You have convinced me how little fame and greatness conduce to happiness.

HYMN TO CONTENT.

O THOU, the nymph with placid eye!
O seldom found, yet ever nigh!
  Receive my temperate vow:
Not all the storms that shake the pole
Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul
  And smooth the unaltered brow.

O come, in simple vest arrayed,
With all thy sober cheer displayed
  To bless my longing sight:
Thy mien composed, thy even pace,
Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
  And chaste, subdued delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
O gently guide my pilgrim feet,
  To find thy hermit cell,
Where in some pure and equal sky
Beneath thy soft indulgent eye
  The modest virtues dwell:

Simplicity, in Attic vest,
And Innocence, with candid breast,
  And clear undaunted eye;
And Hope, who points to distant years,
Fair opening through this vale of tears
  A vista to the sky.

There Health through whose calm bosom glide
The temperate joys in eventide,
  That rarely ebb or flow;
And Patience there, thy sister meek,
Presents her mild unvarying cheek
  To meet the offered blow.

Digitized by Google

Her influence taught the Phrygian sage
A tyrant master's wanton rage
With settled smiles to wait:
Inured to toil and bitter bread,
He bowed his meek submissive head,
And kissed thy sainted feet.

But thou, O Nymph, retired and coy!
In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
To tell thy tender tale?
The lowliest children of the ground,
Moss-rose and violet blossom round,
And lily of the vale.

O say what soft propitious hour
I best may choose to hail thy power,
And court thy gentle sway.
When Autumn, friendly to the Muse,
Shall thine own modest tints diffuse,
And shed thy milder day.

LIFE.

LIFE! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me 's a secret yet.
But this I know, when thou are fled,
Where'er they lay these limbs, this head,
No clod so valueless shall be,
As all that then remains of me.

. . . . . .

Life! we 've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'T is hard to part when friends are dear —
Perhaps 't will cost a sigh, a tear;
—Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time;
Say not Good Night, — but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

Digitized by Google

RICHARD HARRIS BARHAM.

BARHAM, RICHARD HARRIS, an English clergyman and humorous writer, born at Canterbury, December 6, 1788; died in London, June 17, 1845. He began the study of law, but abandoned the legal for the clerical profession; was ordained in 1813; was made a minor canon of St. Paul's, London, in 1821, and three years later became one of the priests in ordinary in the chapel of King George IV. He was a grave, dignified, and decorous clergyman. Few indeed knew that he was also one of the cleverest humorous writers of his time. In 1837 he began to contribute, under the pseudonym of "Thomas Ingoldsby," to "Bentley's Miscellany" a series of papers in prose and verse with the general title of "The Ingoldsby Legends," which were accorded a high place in humorous literature, and are now classics. He also wrote: "My Cousin Nicholas," a novel (1841); and "Life of Theodore Hook" (1849).

MY LORD TOMNODDY.

(From the "Ingoldsby Legends.")

My Lord Tomnoddy got up one day;
It was half after two,
He had nothing to do,
So his Lordship rang for his cabriolet.

Tiger Tim
Was clean of limb,
His boots were polished, his jacket was trim;
With a very smart tie in his smart cravat,
And a smart cockade on the top of his hat;
Tallest of boys, or shortest of men,
He stood in his stockings just four foot ten;
And he asked as he held the door on the swing,
"Pray, did your Lordship please to ring?"
My Lord Tomnoddy he raised his head,
And thus to Tiger Tim he said,
"Malibran's dead,
Duvernay 's fled,
Taglioni has not yet arrived in her stead;

Digitized by Google

Tiger Tim, come tell me true,
What may a nobleman find to do?"
Tim looked up, and Tim looked down,
He paused, and he put on a thoughtful frown,
And he held up his hat, and he peeped in the crown,
He bit his lip, and he scratched his head,
He let go the handle, and thus he said,
As the door, released, behind him banged:
"An 't please you, my Lord, there 's a man to be hanged."

My Lord Tomnoddy jumped up at the news,
"Run to M'Fuze,
And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And run to Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues.
Ropedancers a score
I 've seen before —
Madame Sacchi, Antonio, and Master Black-more:
But to see a man swing
At the end of a string,
With his neck in a noose, will be quite a new thing!"

My Lord Tomnoddy stepped into his cab —
Dark rifle green, with a lining of drab;
Through street, and through square,
His high-trotting mare,
Like one of Ducrow's, goes pawing the air,
Adown Piccadilly and Waterloo Place,
Went the high-trotting mare at a very quick pace;
She produced some alarm,
But did no great harm,
Save frightening a nurse with a child on her arm,
Spattering with clay
Two urchins at play,
Knocking down — very much to the sweeper's dismay —
An old woman who would n't get out of the way,
And upsetting a stall
Near Exeter Hall,
Which made all the pious Church-mission folks squall;
But eastward afar,
Through Temple Bar,
My Lord Tomnoddy directs his car;
Never heeding their squalls,
Or their calls, or their bawls,
He passes by Waithman's Emporium for shawls,
And, merely just catching a glimpse of St. Paul's,

Digitized by Google

Turns down the Old Bailey,
Where, in front of the jail, he
Pulls up at the door of the ginshop, and gayly
Cries, "What must I fork out to-night, my trump,
For the whole first floor of the Magpie and Stump?"
. . . . . .
The clock strikes twelve — it is dark midnight —
Yet the Magpie and Stump is one blaze of light.
The parties are met;
The tables are set;
There is "punch," "cold *without*," "hot *with*," "heavy wet,"
Ale glasses and jugs,
And rummers and mugs,
And sand on the floor, without carpets or rugs,
Cold fowl and cigars,
Pickled onions in jars,
Welsh rabbits and kidneys — rare work for the jaws, —
And very large lobsters, with very large claws;
And there is M'Fuze,
And Lieutenant Tregooze,
And there is Sir Carnaby Jenks, of the Blues,
All come to see a man "die in his shoes!"

The clock strikes One!
Supper is done,
And Sir Carnaby Jenks is full of his fun,
Singing "Jolly companions every one!"
My Lord Tomnoddy
Is drinking gin toddy,
And laughing at everything, and everybody.

The clock strikes Two! and the clock strikes Three!
— "Who so merry, so merry as we?"
Save Captain M'Fuze,
Who is taking a snooze,
While Sir Carnaby Jenks is busy at work,
Blacking his nose with a piece of burnt cork.

The clock strikes Four!
Round the debtor's door
Are gathered a couple of thousand or more;
As many await
At the press-yard gate,
Till slowly its folding doors open, and straight
The mob divides, and between their ranks
A wagon comes loaded with posts and planks.

Digitized by Google

The clock strikes Five!
The Sheriffs arrive,
And the crowd is so great that the street seems alive;
But Sir Carnaby Jenks
Blinks, and winks,
A candle burns down in the socket, and stinks,
Lieutenant Tregooze
Is dreaming of Jews,
And acceptances all the bill brokers refuse;
My Lord Tomnoddy
Has drunk all his toddy,
And just as dawn is beginning to peep,
The whole of the party are fast asleep.

Sweetly, oh! sweetly, the morning breaks,
With roseate streaks,
Like the first faint blush on a maiden's cheeks;
Seemed as that mild and clear blue sky
Smiled upon all things far and high,
On all — save the wretch condemned to die.
Alack! that ever so fair a sun
As that which its course has now begun
Should rise on such scene of misery —
Should gild with rays so light and free
That dismal, dark-frowning gallows tree!

And hark! — a sound comes, big with fate;
The clock from St. Sepulchre's tower strikes — Eight! —
List to that low funereal bell:
It is tolling, alas! a living man's knell —
And see, — from forth that opening door
They come! — He steps that threshold o'er
Who never shall tread upon threshold more.
— God! 't is a fearsome thing to see
That pale, wan man's mute agony,
The glare of that wild, despairing eye,
Now bent on the crowd, now turned to the sky,
As though 't were scanning, in doubt and in fear,
The path of the Spirit's unknown career;
Those pinioned arms, those hands that ne'er
Shall be lifted again, not even in prayer;
That heaving chest! — Enough, — 't is done!
The bolt has fallen! — the spirit is gone —
For weal or for woe is known but to One! —
— Oh! 't was a fearsome sight! — Ah me!
A deed to shudder at, not to see.

Digitized by Google

Again that clock! 't is time, 't is time!
The hour is past; — with its earliest chime
The chord is severed, its lifeless clay
By "dungeon villains" is borne away:
Nine! — 't was the last concluding stroke!
And then — my Lord Tomnoddy awoke!
And Treegooze and Sir Carnaby Jenks arose,
And Captain M'Fuze, with the black on his nose:
And they stared at each other, as much as to say
"Hollo! hollo!
Here 's a rum Go!
Why, Captain! — my Lord! — Here 's the devil to pay!
The fellow 's been cut down and taken away! —
What 's to be done?
We 've missed all the fun! —
Why, they 'll laugh at and quiz us all over the town,
We are all of us done so uncommonly brown!"

What *was* to be done? — 't was perfectly plain
That they could not well hang the man over again.
What *was* to be done? — The man was dead!
Naught *could* be done — naught could be said;
So — my Lord Tomnoddy went home to bed!

The Jackdaw of Rheims.

(From the "Ingoldsby Legends.")

The Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair!
Bishop, and abbot and prior were there;
Many a monk, and many a friar,
Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree —
In sooth a goodly company;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
Never, I ween, Was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamed of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims!

In and out Through the motley rout
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about;
Here and there Like a dog in a fair
Over comfits and cakes, And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier! he hopped upon all!
With saucy air, He perched on the chair

Digitized by Google

Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat;
And he peered in the face Of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
"We two are the greatest folks here to-day!"
And the priests, with awe, As such freaks they saw,
Said, "The devil must be in that little Jackdaw!"

The feast was over, the board was cleared,
The flawns and the custards had all disappeared,
And six little Singing Boys, — dear little souls!
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,
Came, in order due, Two by two
Marching that grand refectory through.

A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Embossed and filled with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender water and eau de Cologne;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.
One little boy more A napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's Hat marked in "permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dressed all in white:
From his finger he draws His costly turquoise;
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,
Deposits it straight By the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait;
Till, when nobody 's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring.

There 's a cry and a shout, And a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they 're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turned inside out;
The friars are kneeling, And hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.
The Cardinal drew Off each plum-colored shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
He peeps, and he feels In the toes and the heels;
They turn up the dishes, — they turn up the plates, —

Digitized by Google

They take up the poker and poke out the grates, —
They turn up the rugs, — They examine the mugs: —
But no! — no such thing; — They can't find the RING!
And the Abbot declared that, "when nobody twigged it,
Some rascal or other had popped in and prigged it!"

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He called for his candle, his bell, and his book!
In holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed;
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head;
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
He cursed him in living, he cursed him dying! —
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise To no little surprise,
Nobody seemed one penny the worse!

The day was gone, The night came on,
The Monks and the Friars they searched till dawn;
When the Sacristan saw, On crumpled claw,
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw;
No longer gay, As on yesterday;
His feathers all seemed to be turned the wrong way; —
His pinions drooped — he could hardly stand —
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand;
His eye so dim, So wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, "THAT'S HIM! —
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing!
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring!"
The poor little Jackdaw, When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw;
And turned his bald head, as much as to say,
"Pray, be so good as to walk this way!"
Slower and slower He limped on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry door,
Where the first thing they saw, Midst the sticks and the straw
Was the RING in the nest of that little Jackdaw!

Digitized by Google

Then the great Lord Cardinal called for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took;
The mute expression Served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution! —
When those words were heard, That poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 't was really absurd,
He grew sleek, and fat; In addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat!

His tail waggled more Even than before;
But no longer it wagged with an impudent air,
No longer he perched on the Cardinal's chair.
He hopped now about With a gait devout;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seemed telling the Confessor's beads.
If any one lied, — or if any one swore, —
Or slumbered in prayer time and happened to snore,
That good Jackdaw Would give a great "Caw!"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
While many remarked, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"
He long lived the pride Of that country side,
And at last in the odor of sanctity died;
When, as words were too faint, His merits to paint,
The conclave determined to make him a Saint;
And on newly made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It 's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of Jim Crow!

Digitized by Google

SABINE BARING-GOULD.

BARING-GOULD, SABINE, an English clergyman and author, the oldest son of Edward Baring-Gould of Lew-Trenchard, Devonshire, was born in Exeter, Devonshire, January 28, 1834. He graduated at Clare College, Cambridge, in 1856, and took orders in the Church of England in 1864. From 1864 to 1867 he was curate of Harbury, Yorkshire; from 1867 to 1871 curate of Dalton, Yorkshire; and from 1871 to 1881 rector of East Mersea, Essex. At his father's death, in 1872, he succeeded to the family estates, and in 1881 to the rectory of Lew-Trenchard. He visited Iceland in 1861, and in 1863 published "Iceland: its Scenes and Sagas," though he had previously published one or more books. Among his most important works are, in mediæval lore: "The Book of Werewolves," "Post-mediæval Preachers," "Myths of the Middle Ages" (two series), "The Silver Store," "Curiosities of Olden Times," and "Legends of Old Testament Characters." On theological subjects: "The Origin and Development of Religious Belief," "Mosaicism," "Lives of the Saints," "Some Modern Difficulties," "The Lost and Hostile Gospels," "Village Sermons for a Year," "The Vicar of Morwenstow," "The Seven Last Words," "The Church in Germany," and "The Trials of Jesus." His novels, which are among his most interesting books, are: "Mehalah," "Court Royal," "Red Spider," "The Gaverocks," "Richard Cable," "John Herring," "Margery of Quether," "In the Roar of the Sea," "Mrs. Curgenven of Curgenven," "Cheap Jack Zita," "Kitty Alone." The "Tragedy of the Cæsars" was published in 1892, "Dartmoor Idylls" in 1896. From 1871 to 1873 Mr. Baring-Gould was editor of *The Sacristy*, a quarterly review of ecclesiastical art and literature.

THE CORNISH WRECKERS.

(From "The Vicar of Morwenstow.")

WHEN the Rev. R. S. Hawker came to Morwenstow in 1834, he found that he had much to contend with, not only in the external condition of church and vicarage, but also in that which is of greater importance. . . .

Digitized by Google

"The farmers of the parish were simple-hearted and respectable; but the denizens of the hamlet, after receiving the wages of the harvest time, eked out a precarious existence in the winter, and watched eagerly and expectantly for the shipwrecks that were certain to happen, and upon the plunder of which they surely calculated for the scant provision of their families. The wrecked goods supplied them with the necessaries of life, and the rended planks of the dismembered vessel contributed to the warmth of the hovel hearthstone.

"When Mr. Hawker came to Morwenstow, 'the cruel and covetous natives of the strand, the wreckers of the seas and rocks for flotsam and jetsam,' held as an axiom and an injunction to be strictly obeyed: —

"'Save a stranger from the sea,
And he'll turn your enemy!'

"The Morwenstow wreckers allowed a fainting brother to perish in the sea before their eyes without extending a hand of safety, — nay, more, for the egotistical canons of a shipwreck, superstitiously obeyed, permitted and absolved the crime of murder by 'shoving the drowning man into the sea,' to be swallowed by the waves. Cain! Cain! where is thy brother? And the wrecker of Morwenstow answered and pleaded in excuse, as in the case of undiluted brandy after meals, 'It is Cornish custom.' The illicit spirit of Cornish custom was supplied by the smuggler, and the gold of the wreck paid him for the cursed abomination of drink."

One of Mr. Hawker's parishioners, Peter Barrow, had been for full forty years a wrecker, but of a much more harmless description: he had been a watcher of the coast for such objects as the waves might turn up to reward his patience. Another was Tristam Pentire, a hero of contraband adventure, and agent for sale of smuggled cargoes in bygone times. With a merry twinkle of the eye, and in a sharp and ringing tone, he loved to tell such tales of wild adventure and of "derring do" as would make the foot of the exciseman falter and his cheek turn pale.

During the latter years of last century there lived in Wellcombe, one of Mr. Hawker's parishes, a man whose name is still remembered with terror — "Cruel Coppinger." There are people still alive who remember his wife.

Local recollections of the man have molded themselves into the rhyme —

Digitized by Google

"Will you hear of Cruel Coppinger?
He came from a foreign land:
He was brought to us by the salt water,
He was carried away by the wind!"

His arrival on the north coast of Cornwall was signalized by a terrific hurricane. The storm came up Channel from the south-west. A strange vessel of foreign rig went on the reefs of Harty Race, and was broken to pieces by the waves. The only man who came ashore was the skipper. A crowd was gathered on the sand, on horseback and on foot, women as well as men, drawn together by the tidings of a probable wreck. Into their midst rushed the dripping stranger, and bounded suddenly upon the crupper of a young damsel who had ridden to the beach to see the sight. He grasped her bridle, and shouting in some foreign tongue, urged the double-laden animal into full speed, and the horse naturally took his homeward way. The damsel was Miss Dinah Hamlyn. The stranger descended at her father's door, and lifted her off her saddle. He then announced himself as a Dane, named Coppinger. He took his place at the family board, and there remained until he had secured the affections and hand of Dinah. The father died, and Coppinger at once succeeded to the management and control of the house, which thenceforth became a den and refuge of every lawless character along the coast. All kinds of wild uproar and reckless revelry appalled the neighborhood day and night. It was discovered that an organized band of smugglers, wreckers, and poachers made this house their rendezvous, and that "Cruel Coppinger" was their captain. In those days, and in that far-away region, the peaceable inhabitants were unprotected. There was not a single resident gentleman of property and weight in the entire district. No revenue officer durst exercise vigilance west of the Tamar; and to put an end to all such surveillance at once, the head of a gauger was chopped off by one of Coppinger's gang on the gunwale of a boat.

Strange vessels began to appear at regular intervals on the coast, and signals were flashed from the headlands to lead them into the safest creek or cove. Amongst these vessels, one, a full-rigged schooner, soon became ominously conspicuous. She was for long the chief terror of the Cornish Channel. Her name was The Black Prince. Once, with Coppinger on board, she led a revenue-cutter into an intricate channel near the Bull Rock, where, from knowledge of the bearings, The Black Prince escaped scathless, while the king's vessel perished with all on

Digitized by Google

board. In those times, if any landsman became obnoxious to Coppinger's men, he was seized and carried on board The Black Prince, and obliged to save his life by enrolling himself in the crew. In 1835, an old man of the age of ninety-seven related to Mr. Hawker that he had been so abducted, and after two years' service had been ransomed by his friends with a large sum. "And all," said the old man very simply, "because I happened to see one man kill another, and they thought I would mention it."

Amid such practices, ill-gotten gold began to flow and ebb in the hands of Coppinger. At one time he had enough money to purchase a freehold farm bordering on the sea. When the day of transfer came, he and one of his followers appeared before the lawyer and paid the money in dollars, ducats, doubloons, and pistoles. The man of law demurred, but Coppinger with an oath bade him take this or none. The document bearing Coppinger's name is still extant. His signature is traced in stern bold characters, and under his autograph is the word "Thuro" (thorough) also in his own handwriting.

Long impunity increased Coppinger's daring. There were certain bridle roads along the fields over which he exercised exclusive control. He issued orders that no man was to pass over them by night, and accordingly from that hour none ever did. They were called "Coppinger's Tracks." They all converged at a headland which had the name of Steeple Brink. Here the cliff sheered off, and stood three hundred feet of perpendicular height, a precipice of smooth rock toward the beach, with an overhanging face one hundred feet down from the brow. Under this was a cave, only reached by a cable ladder lowered from above, and made fast below on a projecting crag. It received the name of "Coppinger's Cave." Here sheep were tethered to the rock, and fed on stolen hay and corn till slaughtered; kegs of brandy and hollands were piled around; chests of tea; and iron-bound sea-chests contained the chattels and revenues of the Coppinger royalty of the sea. . . .

But the end arrived. Money became scarce, and more than one armed king's cutter was seen day and night hovering off the land. So he "who came with the water went with the wind." His disappearance, like his arrival, was commemorated by a storm.

A wrecker who had gone to watch the shore saw, as the sun went down, a full-rigged vessel standing off and on. Coppinger

Digitized by Google

came to the beach, put off in a boat to the vessel, and jumped on board. She spread canvas, stood off shore, and with Coppinger in her was seen no more. That night was one of storm. Whether the vessel rode it out, or was lost, none knew.

. . . . . .

In 1864 a large ship was seen in distress off the coast. The Rev. A. Thynne, rector of Kilkhampton, at once drove to Morwenstow. The vessel was riding at anchor a mile off shore, west of Hartland Race. He found Mr. Hawker in the greatest excitement, pacing his room and shouting for some things he wanted to put in his greatcoat-pockets, and intensely impatient because his carriage was not round. With him was the Rev. W. Valentine, rector of Whixley in Yorkshire, then resident at Chapel in the parish of Morwenstow.

"What are you going to do?" asked the rector of Kilkhampton: "I shall drive at once to Bude for the lifeboat."

"No good!" thundered the vicar, "no good comes out of the west. You must go east. I shall go to Clovelly, and then, if that fails, to Appledore. I shall not stop till I have got a lifeboat to take those poor fellows off the wreck."

"Then," said the rector of Kilkhampton, "I shall go to Bude, and see to the lifeboat there being brought out."

"Do as you like; but mark my words, no good comes of turning to the west. Why," said he, "in the primitive church they turned to the west to renounce the Devil."

His carriage came to the door, and he drove off with Mr. Valentine as fast as his horses could spin him along the hilly, wretched roads.

Before he reached Clovelly, a boat had put off with the mate from the ship, which was the Margaret Quail, laden with salt. The captain would not leave the vessel; for, till deserted by him, no salvage could be claimed. The mate was picked up on the way, and the three reached Clovelly.

Down the street proceeded the following procession — the street of Clovelly being a flight of stairs: —

First, the vicar of Morwenstow in a claret-colored coat, with long tails flying in the gale, blue knitted jersey, and pilot-boots, his long silver locks fluttering about his head. He was appealing to the fishermen and sailors of Clovelly to put out in their lifeboat to rescue the crew of the Margaret Quail. The men stood sulky, lounging about with folded arms, or hands in their pockets, and sou'-westers slouched over their brows. The women

Digitized by Google

were screaming at the tops of their voices that they would not have their husbands and sons and sweethearts enticed away to risk their lives to save wrecked men. Above the clamor of their shrill tongues and the sough of the wind rose the roar of the vicar's voice: he was convulsed with indignation, and poured forth the most sacred appeals to their compassion for drowning sailors.

Second in the procession moved the Rev. W. Valentine, with purse full of gold in his hand, offering any amount of money to the Clovelly men, if they would only go forth in the lifeboat to the wreck.

Third came the mate of the Margaret Quail, restrained by no consideration of cloth, swearing and damning right and left, in a towering rage at the cowardice of the Clovelly men.

Fourth came John, the servant of Mr. Hawker, with bottles of whisky under his arm, another inducement to the men to relent and be merciful to their imperilled brethren.

The first appeal was to their love of heaven and to their humanity; the second was to their pockets, their love of gold; the third to their terrors, their fear of Satan, to whom they were consigned; and the fourth to their stomachs, their love of grog.

But all appeals were in vain. Then Mr. Hawker returned to his carriage, and drove away farther east to Appledore, where he secured the lifeboat. It was mounted on a wagon; ten horses were harnessed to it; and as fast as possible it was conveyed to the scene of distress.

But in the meanwhile the captain of the Margaret Quail, despairing of help and thinking that his vessel would break up under him, came off in his boat with the rest of the crew, trusting rather to a rotten boat, patched with canvas which they had tarred over, than to the tender mercies of the covetous Clovellites, in whose veins ran the too recent blood of wreckers. The only living being left on board was a poor dog.

No sooner was the captain seen to leave the ship than the Clovelly men lost their repugnance to go to sea. They manned boats at once, gained the Margaret Quail, and claimed three thousand pounds for salvage.

There was an action in court, as the owners refused to pay such a sum; and it was lost by the Clovelly men, who, however got an award of twelve hundred pounds. The case turned somewhat on the presence of the dog on the wreck; and it was argued that the vessel was not deserted, because a dog had been left on

Digitized by Google

board to keep guard for its masters. The owner of the cargo failed; and the amount actually paid to the salvors was six hundred pounds to two steam-tugs (three hundred pounds each), and three hundred pounds to the Clovelly skiff and sixteen men.

Mr. Hawker went round the country indignantly denouncing the sailors of Clovelly, and with justice. It roused all the righteous wrath in his breast. And as may well be believed, no love was borne him by the inhabitants of that little fishing village. They would probably have made a wreck of him had he ventured among them.

The Fortunate Isles.

(From "Curious Myths of the Middle Ages.")

Those well versed in history remember to have read that in the time of the conquest of Spain, in the eighth century, seven bishops, at the head of seven bands of exiles, had fled across the great ocean to some distant shores, where they might found seven Christian cities, and enjoy their faith unmolested. The fate of these wanderers had hitherto remained a mystery, and their story had faded from memory; but the report of the old pilot revived the long forgotten theme, and it was determined, by the pious and enthusiastic, that this island thus accidentally discovered was the identical place of refuge whither the wandering bishops had been guided with their flocks by the hand of Providence. No one, however, entered into the matter with half the zeal of Don Fernando de Alma, a young cavalier of high standing in the Portuguese court, and of a meek, sanguine, and romantic temperament. The Island of the Seven Cities became now the constant subject of his thoughts by day and of his dreams by night: and he determined to fit out an expedition and set sail in quest of the sainted island. Don Ioacos II. furnished him with a commission, constituting him Adelantado, or governor, of any country he might discover, with the single proviso, that he should bear all the expense of the discovery, and pay a tenth of the profits to the crown. With two vessels he put out to sea and steered for the Canaries — in those days the regions of nautical discovery and romance, and the outposts of the known world; for as yet Columbus had not crossed the ocean. Scarce had they reached those latitudes than they were separated by a violent tempest. For many days the caravel of Don Fernando was driven about at the mercy of the elements, and the crew were in

Digitized by Google

despair. All at once the storm subsided, the ocean sank into a calm, the clouds which had veiled the face of heaven were suddenly withdrawn, and the tempest-tossed mariners beheld a fair and mountainous island, emerging, as if by enchantment, from the murky gloom. The caravel now lay perfectly becalmed off the mouth of a river, on the banks of which, about a league off, was descried a noble city, with lofty walls and towers, and a protecting castle. After a time a stately barge with sixteen oars was seen emerging from the river and approaching the vessel. Under a silken canopy in the stern sat a richly clad cavalier, and over his head was a banner bearing the sacred emblem of the cross. When the barge reached the caravel, the cavalier stepped on board, and, in the old Castilian language, welcomed the strangers to the Island of the Seven Cities. Don Fernando could scarcely believe that this was not all a dream. He made known his name and the object of his voyage. The Grand Chamberlain — such was the title of the cavalier from the island — assured him that, as soon as his credentials were presented, he would be acknowledged as the Adelantado of the Seven Cities. In the meantime the day was waning; the barge was ready to convey him to land, and would assuredly bring him back. Don Fernando leaped into it after the Grand Chamberlain, and was rowed ashore. Everything there bore the stamp of former ages, as if the world had suddenly rolled back for several centuries; and no wonder, for the Island of the Seven Cities had been cut off from the rest of the world for several hundred years. On shore Don Fernando spent an agreeable evening at the court-house, and late at night, with reluctance, he re-entered the barge to return to his vessel. The barge sallied out to sea, but no caravel was to be seen. The oarsmen rowed on — their monotonous chant had a lulling effect. A drowsy influence crept over Don Fernando; objects swam before his eyes, and he lost consciousness. On his recovery, he found himself in a strange cabin, surrounded by strangers. Where was he? On board a Portuguese ship bound for Lisbon. How had he come there? He had been taken senseless from a wreck drifting about the ocean. The vessel arrived in the Tagus, and anchored before the famous capital. Don Fernando sprang joyfully on shore and hastened to his ancestral mansion. A strange porter opened the door, who knew nothing of him or of his family; no people of the name had inhabited the house for many a year. He sought the house of his betrothed, the Donna Serafina. He beheld her on the

Digitized by Google

balcony; then he held his arms towards her with an exclamation of rapture. She cast upon him a look of indignation and hastily retired. He rang at the door; as it was opened by the porter, he rushed past, sought the well-known chamber, and threw himself at the feet of Serafina. She started back in affright, and took refuge in the arms of a youthful cavalier.

"What mean you, Señor?" cried the latter.

"What right have you to ask that question?" demanded Don Fernandino, fiercely.

"The right of an affianced suitor."

"O, Serafina! is this your fidelity?" cried he, in a tone of agony.

"Serafina! What mean you by Serafina, Señor? This lady's name is Maria."

"What!" cried Don Fernando; "is not this Serafina Alvarez, the original of yon portrait which smiles on me from the wall?"

"Holy virgin!" cried the young lady, casting her eyes upon the portrait, "he is talking of my great-grandmother!"

Major Cornelius.

(From "Margery of Quether.")

We clubbed together for a bottle of British brandy; we heaped up the fire with what remained of coals in the box, after Miss Jones was gone. We got the "general" Jemima to supply us with hot water and tumblers. We persuaded Miss Jones to let us have a bowl full of sugar, to be charged in our bills. We sat up and discussed the major. We were so pleased that the dear old man had gone out; it would brighten his life. He would laugh and tell his stories, and recall old reminiscences with his fellow-veterans; he would associate once more with those in his own rank of life. We did not say aloud, but we felt, that he belonged to an order different from ourselves. We were jolly fellows, good fellows, no nonsense about us, and all that; but we had not his polish of mind and manner, that indescribable something which forms an invisible yet impassable barrier between the classes in life.

Twelve o'clock! He promised to be home by midnight, or shortly after, and the major was punctual. At twelve-twenty we heard his key in the door, but he seemed unable to open it. One of us went into the passage to unlatch. Two or three of us stood up and filled the doorway of the sitting-room.

Digitized by Google

"The old gentleman has taken so much port that he can't hit the keyhole. Wicked old major!" said one.

But when the door opened, and we saw him in the glare from the hall-light, the rising joke died away on our lips.

He arrived in his dress suit, *without the great-coat!*

"Good gracious, major! Why! what is the meaning of this! Where is the great-coat?"

He came in, looking very white and depressed, the curl over his forehead out of twist, his collar limp, his shoulders stooping. He walked more lamely than usual. We made him come into the warm room. His hands were like ice. We forced him to take some spirit and water. We tried to rouse him. It was in vain. He looked utterly crushed.

"What is the matter, sir? What has happened?"

After awhile we learned what had occurred. The evening had passed very pleasantly: never more so. When he left the drawing-room he descended to the hall and asked for his great-coat. It was lost. It was nowhere hanging up. It had not fallen behind a bench. It was not lying across a chair. Then the porter said he was very much afraid that some rascal, taking advantage of the door being open upon the arrival of a guest, had slipped into the hall unobserved, and had walked off with the newest and best of the great-coats. Thus was the disapearance accounted for. It could be accounted for on no other hypothesis.

"Shall we lend you one of Sir Archibald's to go home in?" asked the servant.

"No, thank you."

So the major had walked home in his dress suit, without his new great-coat. That was lost — lost forever. There was not the smallest prospect of its being recovered. The poor old man was utterly cast down. Without the great-coat he could not longer walk abroad respectably. He sat in the arm-chair with his head down and his hands shaking. We did our best to encourage him, but what could we promise? He could not possibly raise the money for a new great-coat. Besides, this one, now lost, was unpaid for. He would not take more than a little drop of brandy and water. He could not look before him. The future was not to be faced without a great-coat. Presently he stood up and lit his candle; he would go to bed. He was tired; perhaps to-morrow he would be better.

We squeezed his hand, and sat speechless, listening to his

Digitized by Google

foot as he went upstairs. He dragged his lame leg wearily after him.

"Poor old chap!" said I; "he seems done for completely."

Next morning we were all assembled at breakfast — that is, all but the major — when a rap came at the front door and a ring at the bell. Jemima answered. A moment after she came in with the great-coat — yes, the identical great-coat over her arm. Sir Archibald's valet had brought it. He had seen it, with the others, in the hall, had believed it to belong to a gentleman staying in the house, and, to avoid confusion, had removed it to the library. The mistake had only been found out when all the guests were gone, and the servant had come over with the great-coat the first thing in the morning.

I ran upstairs to arouse the major with the joyful news. I knocked at his door, but received no answer. I opened it and looked in. I saw the old man on his knees by his bedside. He was saying his prayers. I would not disturb him, so drew back. He was a long time over these same prayers. I looked in again. He had not stirred. Then, with a start, I saw that the bed had not been slept in, and the major was in his dress suit. I went up and touched him.

He was dead.

The loss of the great-coat had been the last disappointment he could bear. The brave old heart had given up the battle, and stopped beating.

When afterwards the great-coat pockets were searched, there were found in them two letters. One was the bill for the coat; the other bore an American stamp. It was from his brother — a penitent letter; he was now doing well, and he enclosed to Major Cornelius a draft for a hundred pounds. The letter had not been opened.

Digitized by Google

THE CORNISH COAST

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

JANE BARLOW.

BARLOW, JANE, an Irish novelist; born at Clontarf, County Dublin, October 17, 1860; became noted as the writer of "Irish Idyls," published in 1892. In 1885 she had contributed to "The Dublin University Review" a philosophical disquisition on eschatology in a bog, entitled "Walled Out," narrated with all the grim humor and pathetic outlook of the peasant, but so full of historical and Greek allusions that the editor advertised, though in vain, for the name of the learned author. "Kerrigan's Quality," her first long story, "Bogland Studies," and "The Mockers of the Shallow Waters" were published in 1893. Other works are "The End of Elfintown" (1894); "Maureen's Fairing" (1895).

LAST TIME AT M'GURK'S.

(From "Bogland Studies.")

And in troth I 've no call to be laid on the shelf yet, as ould as I be:
There 's Thady O'Neill up above, that 's a year or so senior to me,
An' passin' his meadow just now, I seen it was mowin', and bedad,
There 's himself in it stoopin' away as limber an' soople as a lad.
An' the Widdy Maclean, that was married afore I was three fut high,
She 'll thramp her three mile to the town every market day that comes by.
'T was the fever, last Lent was a twelvemonth, disthroyed me; I 'm fit for naught since.
The way of it was: Our ould cow had sthrayed off thro' the gap in the fence,
An' Long Daly he met me an' tould me. Sez he: "An' ye 'll need to make haste,
If it 's dhry-fut ye 'd find her this night." For away o'er the hills to the aist
The hail showers were slantin' in sthrakes; an' thin wanst clane across wid a swipe
Wint the lightnin'. An': "Look-a," sez he, "there 's Saint Pether a kindlin' his pipe;

Digitized by Google

That 'll take a good sup to put out." An', thrue for him, he 'd
scarce turned his back,
Whin it settled to polther an' pour, an' the sky overhead grew as
black
As the botthomless pit; not a stim could I see, nor a sight o' the
baste,
But, sthravadin' about in the bog, I slipped into a hole to me
waist,
An' was never so nigh dhrownin' dead, forby bein' dhrenched to the
skin;
So I groped me way home thro' the dark in the teeth of a freezin'
win'.
An' next mornin' I could n't move finger nor fut, all me limbs were
that sore,
And I lay there a ravin' like wild in me bed for a month an' more;
For me head was on fire, an' the pains was like gimlits an' knives
in me bones,
Till the neighbors a goin' the road 'ud be hearin' me groans an' me
moans.
An' thin, whin I 'd over'd the worst, as the Docther 'd not
looked for at all,
Sure, the strenth was gone out o' me clane, an' I scarcely was able
to crawl,
An' that stooped, any rapin' hook's sthraighter than me, an' the jints
o' me stift,
An' me fingers as crookt as the claws of a kite, wid no use in thim lift;
An' whin first I got on me ould brogues, I stuck fast like a wheel
in a rut,
I seemed raisin' the weight o' the world every time that I lifted me
fut.

So I sat in the door not long afther, whin Judy O'Neill comes by,
An': "Bedad, Mick Flynn, ye 're an ould man grown," sez she;
an': "Git out!" sez I.
But as soon as she 'd passed I stepped round to the field that the
lads were in,
For I thought I 'd been idlin' enough, an' 't was time I set to it agin.
They were diggin' the first of the praties; I smelt thim 'fore
ever I came,
An' I dunno a pleasanter scent in the world than the smell o' thim
same,
Whin ye thrust down your spade or your fork, an' ye turn thim up
hangin' in clumps,
Wid the skins o' thim yeller an' smooth, an' the clay shakin' off
thim in lumps.

Digitized by Google

They 'd a creel on the bank be the gate, an' Pat called from his end
o' the dhrill
To be bringin' it up where he was, for he wanted another to fill;
And I thought to ha' lifted it light, but I 'd betther ha' let it
alone,
Tho' 't was hardly three parts full, an' 'ud hould but a couple o'
stone;
For I had n't the strenth to hoist it, and over it wint wid a pitch,
An' there like a sthookaun I stood, an' the praties rowled in the
ditch.
But Pat, whin he seen I was vexed, up he come an' laid hould
o' me arm,
An' he bid me never to mind, for there was n't a ha'porth o'
harm.
An' sez I: "I 'm not able for aught." An' sez he: "Dad, ye 've
worked in your day
Like a Trojin, an' now ye 've a right to your rest, while we 'll
wrastle away.
Sure it 's many a creel ye 've loaded afore I 'd the strenth or the
wit;
And ye need n't be throublin' your head, for there 's plinty of help
I 'll git;
Here 's Larry an' Tim grown sizable lads, an' Joe 'll soon be lendin'
a hand —
So ye 'll just sit quite in your corner, an' see that we 'll git on
grand."
And he said it as kind as could be, yet me heart felt as heavy
as lead,
And I wint to the door, and I sat in the sun, but I wished I was
dead.

He 's been always a good son, Pat, an' the wife, there 's no
fau't in his wife,
Sure she 's doin' her best to keep house sin' me ould woman lost her
life;
But the throuble she 's had — och! the crathur, small blame to her
now if she 'd think
It was time they were quit of a wan fit for naught save to ait an' to
dhrink.
For whiles, whin she 's washin' the praties, or cuttin' the chil-
dher's bread,
I know be the look of her face she 's rememb'rin' the child that 's
dead;
The littlest, that died in last winther, and often afore it died
Did be askin' its mammy for bread, an' thin, 'cause she 'd none, it
cried;

Digitized by Google

An' the Docther he said 't was the hunger had kilt it; an' that was the case:
Ye could see thro' its wee bits of hands, an' its eyes were as big as its face.
An' whiles whin I 'm aitin' me crust, *I'll* be thinkin' to hear it cry —
But *she*, that 's the mother who bore it — who 'd blame her? In throth not I.
Och! but that was the terrible winther, an' like to ha' starved us outright;
Ne'er a hungrier saison I mind since the first o' the pratie blight;
An' whine'er wan 's no call to be hungry, it 's three times as hungry wan feels,
An' so I that worked never a sthroke, I did always be great at me meals.
Yet I spared thim the most that I could, for o' nights whin I noticed our heap
O' praties looked small in the pot, I 'd let on I was fast asleep;
So Molly she 'd spake to the childher, an' bid thim to whisht an' be quite,
Fer if gran'daddy sted on asleep, he 'd be wantin' no supper that night;
Thin, the crathurs, as cautious an' cute as the mice they 'd all keep whin they heard,
An' to think that the little childher 'd sit watchin', not darin' a word,
But hush-hushin' wan to the other, for fear I might happin to wake
And ait up their morsel o' food — sure me heart 'ud be ready to break.

Thin I 'd think: "There 's the House; ay, an' thin they 'd be fewer to starve an' to stint;"
Yet I hated the thought, an' kep' hopin' I 'd maybe be dead ere I wint.
But I 'm just afther hearin' this day what has settled me plans in me mind,
Like as if I had turned round me face; and I won't go a lookin' behind.
I 'd been sthreelin' about in the slip at the back, whin I thought I 'd creep down
An' see what was up at M'Gurk's, for it 's weeks since I 've been in the town;
So round to the front I was come, an' the first thing that ever I seen

Digitized by Google

Was two gintlemen close to our door, an' a car standin' down the boreen.
And the wan o' the two was a sthranger, a stout little man, wid each square
O' the checks on his coateen the size of our own bit o' field over there;
Divil much to be lookin' at aither, tho' here the lads tould me as how
'T was no less than our Landlord himself, that we 'd never set eyes on till now.
For away off in England he lives, where they say he 's an iligant place
Wid big walls round it sevin mile long, and owns dozens of horses to race,
That costs him a fortin to keep; so whin all of his money is spint,
He sends word over here to the Agint; an' bids him make haste wid the rint.
An' the other 's the Agint, I know him; worse luck, I 've known many a wan,
An' it 's sorra much good o' thim all. I remember the carryin's on
We 'd have in the ould times at home, whin we heard he was comin' his round:
For, suppose we 'd a calf or a heifer, we 'd dhrive her off into the pound,
Or if we 'd a firkin of butther, we 'd hide it away in the thatch.
Ay, bedad, if we 'd even so much as an old hin a sittin' to hatch,
We 'd clap her in under the bed, out o' sight, for, mind you, we knew right well
He 'd be raisin' the rint on us sthraight, if he spied that we 'd aught to sell.
I 've heard tell there 's a change in the law, an' the rint takes three Judges to fix,
So it is n't as aisy these times for an Agint to play thim bad thricks;
I dunno the rights of it clear, but all 's wan, for he would if he could;
And as soon as I seen him this day, I was sure he 'd come afther no good.
But I slipped the wrong side o' the bank ere they heard me, an' there I sat still,
An' they came an' stood nigh it to wait, while their car crep' along up the hill.

Digitized by Google

And Turner, the Agint, looked back to the house: "Well, yer Lordship," he sez,
"That 's a case for eviction; we 'll scarce see a pinny while wan o' thim stez.
Why, they have n't a goose or a hin, let alone e'er a baste on the land,
So where we 're to look for our money is more nor I understand.
But in coorse the man 's axin' for time." An' sez t' other, "Confound him! in coorse —
'T is their thrade to be axin' for that, if ye 're axin' a pound for your purse.
They may have their damned time, sure, an' welcome, as long as they plase, on'y first
They 'll pay up or clear out." An' the Agint he laughed till ye 'd think he 'd ha' burst.
An' sez he, "Thin 'clear out' 'll be the word, and my notion 's we 'll find that it pays,
If we pull down thim ould sticks o' cabins, an' put in the cattle to graze;
Faith, I 'd liefer see sheep on the land than the likes o' that breed any day,"
Sez he, pointin' his hand to the dike, where the childher, poor sowls, were at play.
An' the Lord sez, "It 's on'y a pity we can't git the lap of a wave
Just for wanst, o'er the whole o' the counthry; no end to the throuble 't would save,
And lave the place *clane*." An' the Agint laughed hearty; sez he: "Our best start,
Since we can't git thim under the wather, is sendin' thim over it smart.
An' these Flynns here we 'd imigraph aisy; they 've several lads nearly grown;
The on'y dhrawback 's the ould father, we 'll just have to let him alone,
For the son sez he 's sheer past his work, an' that niver 'ud do in the States;
It 's a burthen he 's been on their hands for this great while — he 'll go on the rates.
Sure, the Union 's the place for the likes of him, so long as he bides above."
But be this time their car had come by, an' up wid thim, an' off they dhruv.

Digitized by Google

I'd ne'er ha' thought Patsy 'd say that; an' he did n't belike —
I dunno —
But it 's on'y the truth if he did. A burthen? Bedad, I 'm so.
An' Pat, that 's a rale good son, and has been all the days of his life,
It 's the quare thanks I 'm givin' him now, to be starvin' the childher and wife.
For I often considher a sayin' we have: "Whin it 's little ye 've got,
It 's the hunger ye 'll find at the botthom, if many dip spoons in your pot."
But if wanst they were shut o' meself, an' the Agint 'ud wait for a bit,
They might weather the worst o' the throuble, an' keep the ould roof o'er thim yit.
But suppose they 're put out afther all, an' packed off to the divil knows where,
An' I up away in the House, I might never so happin to hear;
An' I 'd liefer not know it for certin. Och! to think the ould place was a roon,
Wid naught left save the rims o' four walls, that the weeds 'ud be coverin' soon;
An' the bastes o' the field walkin' in; an' the hole where the hearth was filled
Wid the briers; an' no thrace o' the shed that I helped me poor father to build,
An' I but a slip of a lad, an' that plased to be handlin' the tools,
I 'most hammered the head off each nail that I dhruv. Och, it 's boys that are fools.

'T is sevin mile good into Westport; I never could thramp it so far,
But Tim Daly dhrives there of a Friday; he 'll loan me a sate on his car.
An' Friday 's to-morra, ochone! so I 'm near now to seein' me last
O' Barney, an' Pat, an' the childher, an' all the ould times seem past.
I remimber the House goin' by it. It stands on a bit of a rise,
Stone-black, lookin' over the lan', wid its windows all starin' like eyes;
And it 's lonesome an' sthrange I 'll be feelin', wid ne'er a friend's face to behould;
An' the days 'ill go dhreary an' slow. But I 'm ould, plase God, I'm ould.

Digitized by Google

The Widow Joyce's Cloak.[1]

(From "Strangers at Lisconnel.")

Still, although the Tinkers' name has become a byword among us through a long series of petty offences rather than any one flagrant crime, there is a notable misdeed on record against them, which has never been forgotten in the lapse of many years. It was perpetrated soon after the death of Mrs. Kilfoyle's mother, the Widow Joyce, an event which is but dimly recollected now at Lisconnel, as nearly half a century has gone by. She did not very long survive her husband, and he had left his roots behind in his little place at Clonmena, where, as we know, he had farmed not wisely but too well, and had been put out of it for his pains to expend his energy upon our oozy black sods and stark-white bowlders. But instead he moped about, fretting for his fair green fields, and few proudly cherished beasts, — especially the little old Kerry cow. And at his funeral the neighbors said, "Ah, bedad, poor man, God help him, he niver held up his head agin from that good day to this."

When Mrs. Joyce felt that it behooved her to settle her affairs, she found that the most important possession she had to dispose of was her large cloak. She had acquired it at the prosperous time of her marriage, and it was a very superior specimen of its kind, in dark-blue cloth being superfine, and its ample capes and capacious hood being double-lined and quilted and stitched in a way which I cannot pretend to describe, but which made it a most substantial and handsome garment. If Mrs. Joyce had been left entirely to her own choice in the matter, I think she would have bequeathed it to her younger daughter Theresa, notwithstanding that custom clearly designated Bessy Kilfoyle, the eldest of the family, as the heiress. For she said to herself that poor Bessy had her husband and children to consowl her, any way, but little Theresa, the crathur, had ne'er such a thing at all, and would n't have, not she, God love her. "And the back of me hand to some I could name." It seemed to her that to leave the child the cloak would be almost like keeping a warm wing spread over her in the cold wide world; and there was no fear that Bessy would take it amiss.

But Theresa herself protested strongly against such a disposition, urging for one thing that sure she 'd be lost in it entirely if ever she put it on; a not unfounded objection, as Theresa was

[1] Copyright, 1895, by Dodd, Mead and Company. By permission.

Digitized by Google

several sizes smaller than Bessy, and even she fell far short of her mother in stature and portliness. Theresa also said confidently with a sinking heart, "But sure, anyhow, mother jewel, what matter about it? 'Twill be all gone to houles and flitters and thraneens, and so it will, plase goodness, afore there 's any talk of anybody else wearin' it except your own ould self." And she expressed much the same conviction one day to her next-door neighbor, old Biddy Ryan, to whom she had run in for the loan of a sup of sour milk, which Mrs. Joyce fancied. To Biddy's sincere regret she could offer Theresa barely a skimpy noggin of milk, and only a meagre shred of encouragement; and by way of eking out the latter with its sorry substitute, consolation, she said as she tilted the jug perpendicularly to extract its last drop: —

"Well, sure, me dear, I do be sayin' me prayers for her every sun goes over our heads that she might be left wid you this great while yet; 'deed, I do so. But ah, acushla, if we could be keepin' people that-a-way, would there be e'er a funeral iver goin' black on the road at all at all? I 'm thinkin' there 's scarce a one livin', and he as ould and foolish and little-good-for as you plase, but some crathur 'ill be grudgin' him to his grave, that 's himself may be all the while wishin' he was in it. Or, morebetoken, how can we tell what quare ugly misfortin' thim that 's took is took out of the road of, that we should be as good as biddin' thim stay till it comes to ruinate them? So it 's prayin' away I am, honey," said old Biddy, whom Theresa could not help hating heart-sickly. "But like enough the Lord might know better than to be mindin' a word I say."

And it seemed that He did; anyway, the day soon came when the heavy blue cloak passed into Mrs. Kilfoyle's possession.

At that time it was clear, still autumn weather, with just a sprinkle of frost white on the wayside grass, like the wraith of belated moonlight, when the sun rose, and shimmering into rainbow stars by noon. But about a month later the winter swooped suddenly on Lisconnel: with wild winds and cold rain that made crystal-silver streaks down the purple of the great mountain-heads peering in over our bogland.

So one perishing Saturday Mrs. Kilfoyle made up her mind that she would wear her warm legacy on the bleak walk to Mass next morning, and reaching it down from where it was stored away among the rafters wrapped in an old sack, she shook it respectfully out of its straight-creased folds. As she did so she

Digitized by Google

noticed that the binding of the hood had ripped in one place, and that the lining was fraying out, a mishap which should be promptly remedied before it spread any further. She was not a very expert needlewoman, and she thought she had better run over the way to consult Mrs. O'Driscoll, then a young matron, esteemed the handiest and most helpful person in Lisconnel.

"It 's the nathur of her to be settin' things straight wherever she goes," Mrs. Kilfoyle said to herself as she stood in her doorway waiting for the rain to clear off, and looking across the road to the sodden roof which sheltered her neighbor's head. It had long been lying low, vanquished by a trouble which even she could not set to rights, and some of the older people say that things have gone a little crookeder in Lisconnel ever since.

The shower was a vicious one, with the sting of sleet and hail in its drops, pelted about by gusts that ruffled up the puddles into ripples, all set on end, like the feathers of a frightened hen. The hens themselves stood disconsolately sheltering under the bank, mostly on one leg, as if they preferred to keep up the slightest possible connection with such a very damp and disagreeable earth. You could not see far in any direction for the fluttering sheets of mist, and a stranger who had been coming along the road from Duffclane stepped out of them abruptly quite close to Mrs. Kilfoyle's door, before she knew that there was anybody near. He was a tall, elderly man, gaunt and grizzled, very ragged, and so miserable-looking that Mrs. Kilfoyle could have felt nothing but compassion for him had he not carried over his shoulder a bunch of shiny cans, which was to her mind as satisfactory a passport as a ticket of leave. For although these were yet rather early days at Lisconnel, the Tinkers had already begun to establish their reputation. So when he stopped in front of her and said, "Good-day, ma'am," she only replied distantly, "It 's a hardy mornin'," and hoped he would move on. But he said, "It 's cruel could, ma'am," and continued to stand looking at her with wide and woful eyes, in which she conjectured — erroneously, as it happened — hunger for warmth or food. Under these circumstances, what could be done by a woman who was conscious of owning a redly glowing hearth with a big black pot, fairly well filled, clucking and bobbing upon it? To possess such wealth as this, and think seriously of withholding a share from anybody who urges the incontestable claim of wanting it, is a mood altogether foreign

Digitized by Google

to Lisconnel, where the responsibilities of poverty are no doubt very imperfectly understood. Accordingly Mrs. Kilfoyle said to the tattered tramp, "Ah, thin, step inside and have a couple of hot pitaties." And when he accepted the invitation without much alacrity, as if he had something else on his mind, she picked for him out of the steam two of the biggest potatoes, whose earth-colored skins, cracking, showed a fair flouriness within; and she shook a little heap of salt, the only relish she had, onto the chipped white plate as she handed it to him, saying, "Sit you down be the fire, there, and git a taste of the heat."

Then she lifted her old shawl over her head, and ran out to see where at all Brian and Thady were gettin' their deaths on her under the pours of rain; and as she passed the Keoghs' adjacent door — which was afterward the Sheridans', whence their Larry departed so reluctantly — young Mrs. Keogh called her to come in and look at "the child," who, being a new and unique possession, was liable to develop alarmingly strange symptoms, and had now "woke up wid his head that hot, you might as well put your hand on the hob of the grate." Mrs. Kilfoyle stayed only long enough to suggest, as a possible remedy, a drop of two-milk whey. "But ah, sure, woman dear, where at all 'ud we come by that, wid the crathur of a goat scarce wettin' the bottom of the pan?" and to draw reassuring omens from the avidity with which the invalid grabbed at a sugared crust. In fact, she was less than five minutes out of her house; but when she returned to it, she found it empty. First, she noted with a moderate thrill of surprise that her visitor had gone away leaving his potatoes untouched; and next, with a rough shock of dismay, that her cloak no longer lay on the window seat where she had left it. From that moment she never felt any real doubts about what had befallen her, though for some time she kept on trying to conjure them up, and searched wildly round and round and round her little room, like a distracted bee strayed into the hollow furze-bush, before she sped over to Mrs. O'Driscoll with the news of her loss.

It spread rapidly through Lisconnel, and brought the neighbors together exclaiming and condoling, though not in great force, as there was a fair going on down beyant, which nearly all the men and some of the women had attended. This was accounted cruel unlucky, as it left the place without any one able-bodied and active enough to go in pursuit of the thief. A prompt start might have overtaken him, especially as he was

Digitized by Google

said to be a "thrifle lame-futted;" though Mrs. M'Gurk, who had seen him come down the hill, opined that "'t was n't the sort of lameness 'ud hinder the miscreant of steppin' out, on'y a quare manner of flourish he had in a one of his knees, as if he was gatherin' himself up to make an offer at a grasshopper's lep, and then thinkin' better of it."

Little Thady Kilfoyle reported that he had met the strange man a bit down the road, "leggin' it along at a great rate, wid a black rowl of somethin' under his arm that he looked to be crumplin' up as small as he could," — the word "crumpling" went acutely to Mrs. Kilfoyle's heart, — and some long-sighted people declared that they could still catch glimpses of a receding figure through the hovering fog on the way toward Sallinbeg.

"I 'd think he 'd be beyant seein' afore now," said Mrs. Kilfoyle, who stood in the rain, the disconsolate centre of the group about her door; all women and children except old Johnny Keogh, who was so bothered and deaf that he grasped new situations slowly and feebly, and had now an impression of somebody's house being on fire. "He must ha' took off wid himself the instiant me back was turned, for ne'er a crumb had he touched of the pitaties."

"Maybe he 'd that much shame in him," said Mrs. O'Driscoll.

"They 'd a right to ha' choked him, troth and they had," said Ody Rafferty's aunt.

"Is it chokin'?" said young Mrs. M'Gurk, bitterly. "Sure the bigger thief a body is, the more he 'll thrive on whatever he gits; you might think villiny was as good as butter to people's pitaties, you might so. Shame how are you? Liker he 'd ate all he could swally in the last place he got the chance of layin' his hands on anythin'."

"Och, woman alive, but it 's the fool you were to let him out of your sight," said Ody Rafferty's aunt. "If it had been me, I 'd niver ha' took me eyes off him, for the look of him on'y goin' by made me flesh creep upon me bones."

"'Deed was I," said Mrs. Kilfoyle, sorrowfully, "a fine fool. And vexed she 'd be, rael vexed, if she guessed the way it was gone on us, for the dear knows what dirty ould rapscallions 'ill get the wearin' of it now. Rael vexed she 'd be."

This speculation was more saddening than the actual loss of the cloak, though that bereft her wardrobe of far and away its most valuable property, which should have descended as an heirloom to her little Katty, who, however, being at present but

Digitized by Google

three months old, lay sleeping happily unaware of the cloud that had come over her prospects.

"I wish to goodness a couple of the lads 'ud step home wid themselves this minit of time," said Mrs. M'Gurk. "They 'd come up wid him yet, and take it off of him ready enough. And smash his ugly head for him, if he would be givin' them any impidence."

"Aye, and 't would be a real charity — the mane baste; — or sling him in one of the bog-houles," said the elder Mrs. Keogh, a mild-looking little old woman. "I 'd liefer than nine ninepennies see thim comin' along. But I 'm afeared it 's early for thim yet."

Everybody's eyes turned, as she spoke, toward the ridge of the Knockawn, though with no particular expectation of seeing what they wished upon it. But behold, just at that moment three figures, blurred among the gray rain-mists, looming into view.

"Be the powers," said Mrs. M'Gurk, jubilantly, "it 's Ody Rafferty himself. To your sowls! Now you 've a great good chance, ma'am, to be gettin' it back. He 's the boy 'ill leg it over all before him" — for in those days Ody was lithe and limber — "and it 's hard-set the thievin' Turk 'ill be to get the better of him at a racin' match — Hi — Och." She had begun to hail him with a call eager and shrill, which broke off in a strangled croak, like a young cock's unsuccessful effort. "Och, murdher, murdher, murdher," she said to the bystanders, in a disgusted undertone. "Ill give you me misfort'nit word thim other two is the pólis."

Now it might seem on the face of things that the arrival of those two active and stalwart civil servants would have been welcomed as happening just in the nick of time; yet it argues an alien ignorance to suppose such a view of the matter by any means possible. The men in invisible green tunics belonged completely to the category of pitaty-blights, rint-warnin's, fevers, and the like devastators of life, that dog a man more or less all through it, but close in on him, in pitiful quarry, when the bad seasons come and the childher and the old crathurs are starvin' wid the hunger, and his own heart is broke; therefore, to accept assistance from them in their official capacity would have been a proceeding most reprehensibly unnatural. To put a private quarrel or injury into the hands of the peelers were a disloyal making of terms with the public foe; a condoning of great permanent

Digitized by Google

wrongs for the sake of a trivial temporary convenience. Lisconnel has never been skilled in the profitable and ignoble art of utilizing its enemies. Not that anybody was more than vaguely conscious of these sentiments, much less attempted to express them in set terms. When a policeman appeared there in an inquiring mood, what people said among themselves was, "Musha cock him up. I hope he'll get his health till I would be tellin' him," or words to that effect; while in reply to his questions, they made statements superficially so clear and simple, and essentially so bewilderingly involved, that the longest experience could do little more for a constable than teach him the futility of wasting his time in attempts to disentangle them.

Thus it was that when Mrs. Kilfoyle saw who Ody's companions were, she bade a regretful adieu to her hopes of recovering her stolen property. For how could she set him on the Tinker's felonious track without apprising them likewise? You might as well try to huroosh one chicken off a rafter and not scare the couple that were huddled beside it. The impossibility became more obvious presently as the constables, striding quickly down to where the group of women stood in the rain and wind with fluttering shawls and flapping cap-borders, said briskly, "Good-day to you all. Did any of yous happen to see e'er a one of them tinkerin' people goin' by here this mornin'?"

It was a moment of strong temptation to everybody, but especially to Mrs. Kilfoyle, who had in her mind that vivid picture of her precious cloak receding from her along the wet road, recklessly wisped up in the grasp of as thankless a thievin' black-hearted slieveen as ever stepped, and not yet, perhaps, utterly out of reach, though every fleeting instant carried it nearer to that hopeless point. However, she and her neighbors stood the test unshaken. Mrs. Ryan rolled her eyes deliberatively, and said to Mrs. M'Gurk, "The saints bless us, was it yisterday or the day before, me dear, you said you seen a couple of them below, near ould O'Beirne's?"

And Mrs. M'Gurk replied, "Ah, sure not at all, ma'am, glory be to goodness. I couldn't ha' tould you such a thing, for I was n't next or nigh the place. Would it ha' been Ody Rafferty's aunt? She was below there fetchin' up a bag of male, and bedad she came home that dhreeped, the crathur, you might ha' thought she'd been after fishin' it up out of the botthom of one of thim bog-houles."

And Mrs. Kilfoyle heroically hustled her Thady into the

Digitized by Google

house, as she saw him on the brink of beginning loudly to relate his encounter with a strange man, and desired him to whisht and stay where he was in a manner so sternly repressive that he actually remained there as if he had been a pebble dropped into a pool, and not, as usual, a cork to bob up again immediately.

Then Mrs. M'Gurk made a bold stroke, designed to shake off the hampering presence of the professionals, and enable Ody's amateur services to be utilized while there was yet time.

"I declare," she said, "now that I think of it, I seen a feller crossin' the ridge along there a while ago, like as if he was comin' from Sallinbeg ways; and according to the apparence of him, I wouldn't won'er if he *was* a one of thim tinker crathures — a carryin' a big clump of cans he was, at any rate — I noticed the shine of thim. And he couldn't ha' got any great way yet to spake of, supposin' there was anybody lookin' to folly after him."

But Constable Black crushed her hopes as he replied, "Ah, it's nobody comin' *from* Sallinbeg that we 've anything to say to. There 's after bein' a robbery last night, down below at Jerry Dunne's — a shawl as good as new took, that his wife 's ragin' over frantic, along wid a sight of fowl and other things. And the Tinkers that was settled this long while in the boreen at the back of his haggard is quit out of it afore daylight this mornin', every rogue of them. So we 'd have more than a notion where the property 's went to if we could tell the road they 've took. We thought like enough some of them might ha' come this way."

Now, Mr. Jerry Dunne was not a popular person in Lisconnel, where he has even become, as we have seen, proverbial for what we call "ould naygurliness." So there was a general tendency to say, "The divil's cure to him," and listen complacently to any details their visitors could impart. For in his private capacity a policeman, provided that he be otherwise "a dacint lad," which to do him justice is commonly the case, may join, with a few unobtrusive restrictions, in our neighborly gossips; the rule in fact being — Free admission except on business.

Only Mrs. Kilfoyle was so much cast down by her misfortune that she could not raise herself to the level of an interest in the affairs of her thrifty suitor, and the babble of voices relating and commenting sounded as meaningless as the patter of the drops which jumped like little fishes in the large puddle at their feet. It had spread considerably before Constable Black said to his comrade: —

Digitized by Google

"Well, Daly, we'd better be steppin' home wid ourselves as wise as we come, as the man said when he'd axed his road of the ould black horse in the dark lane. There's no good goin' further, for the whole gang of them's scattered over the counthry agin now like a seedin' thistle in a high win'."

"Aye, bedad," said Constable Daly, "and be the same token, this win' ud skin a tanned elephant. It's on'y bogged and drenched we'd git. Look at what's coming up over there. That rain's snow on the hills, every could drop of it; I seen Ben Bawn this mornin' as white as the top of a musharoon, and it's thickenin' wid sleet here this minute, and so it is."

The landscape did, indeed, frown upon further explorations. In quarters where the rain had abated it seemed as if the mists had curdled on the breath of the bitter air, and they lay floating in long white bars and reefs low on the track of their own shadow, which threw down upon the sombre bogland deeper stains of gloom. Here and there one caught on the crest of some gray-bowldered knoll, and was teazed into fleecy threads that trailed melting instead of tangling. But toward the north the horizon was all blank, with one vast, smooth slant of slate-color, like a pent-house roof, which had a sliding motion onwards.

Ody Rafferty pointed to it and said, "Troth, it 's teemin' powerful this instiant up there in the mountains. 'T will be much if you land home afore it 's atop of you; for 't would be the most I could do myself."

And as the constables departed hastily, most people forgot the stolen cloak for a while to wonder whether their friends would escape being entirely drowned on the way back from the fair.

Mrs. Kilfoyle, however, still stood in deep dejection at her door, and said, "Och, but she was the great fool to go let the likes of him set fut widin her house."

To console her Mrs. O'Driscoll said, "Ah, sure, sorra a fool were you, woman dear; how would you know the villiny of him? And if you 'd turned the man away widout givin' him e'er a bit, it 's bad you 'd be thinkin' of it all the day after."

And to improve the occasion for her juniors, old Mrs. Keogh added, "Aye, and morebetoken you 'd ha' been committin' a sin."

But Mrs. Kilfoyle replied with much candor, "'Deed, then, I 'd a dale liefer be after committing a sin, or a dozen sins, than to have me poor mother's good cloak thieved away on me, and walkin' wild about the world."

Digitized by Google

As it happened, the fate of Mrs. Kilfoyle's cloak was very different from her forecast. But I do not think that a knowledge of it would have been consolatory to her by any means. If she had heard of it, she would probably have said, "The cross of Christ upon us. God be good to the misfort'nit crathur." For she was not at all of an implacable temper, and would, under the circumstances, have condoned even the injury that obliged her to appear at Mass with a flannel petticoat over her head until the end of her days. Yet she did hold the Tinkers in a perhaps somewhat too unqualified reprobation. For there are tinkers and tinkers. Some of them, indeed, are stout and sturdy thieves, — veritable birds of prey, — whose rapacity is continually questing for plunder. But some of them have merely the magpies' and jackdaws' thievish propensity for picking up what lies temptingly in their way. And some few are so honest that they pass by as harmlessly as a wedge of high-flying wild duck. And I have heard it said that to places like Lisconnel their pickings and stealings have at worst never been so serious a matter as those of another flock, finer of feather, but not less predacious in their habits, who roosted, for the most part, a long way off, and made their collections by deputy.

Peg's Education.

(From "Irish Idyls.")

In all these aims and devices, Larry enjoyed the encouragement and comfort of one sympathizing coadjutrix — his sister Peg. A close friendship had existed between them from her earliest days, when Larry used to carry her about to a surprising extent, considering that he was the elder by only three years. And as she grew older without ever learning to walk rightly, it was Larry who did most to make her amends for this privation. He spent hours in amusing her; and at one time even wished to teach her to read, that she might be able to entertain herself with his priceless library. But Peg, who was practical-minded, showed no enthusiasm for literature. In fact, when he tried to begin her second lesson, she immediately kicked him, saying with a howl, "Git along wid your ugly ould *Ah, Bay, Say*," and tore one of his precious pages in half, thereby abruptly finishing her education.

Digitized by Google

JOEL BARLOW.

BARLOW, JOEL, an American diplomatist and poet, one of the "Hartford Wits," born at Reading, Conn., in 1754; died at Zarnowitch, near Cracow, in Poland, December 24, 1812. He was educated at Dartmouth and Yale colleges, and began the study of law, but upon the breaking out of the war of the Revolution he received a license to preach, and became a chaplain in the army. After the close of the war he resumed the study of law for a short time. In 1788 he went to France as agent for a land company, and became intimate with the leaders of the Girondists. In 1795 he was made United States Consul at Algiers. Returning to Paris, he engaged in some business operations, by which he acquired a considerable fortune. He came back to America in 1805, and took up his residence at Washington. In 1811 he was sent as Minister to the Government of France. In the following autumn he was invited by Napoleon to a conference to be held at Wilna, in Poland, but died upon the journey, from a sudden attack of inflammation of the lungs. He busied himself in literary efforts of various kinds. His most pretentious work is the epic poem called the "Columbiad," which was first published entire in 1808, although a portion of it, "The Vision of Columbus," was published as early as 1787. He also wrote "The Conspiracy of Kings" (London 1792), and the celebrated poem, "Hasty Pudding."

THEME OF THE COLUMBIAD.

I SING the Mariner who first unfurl'd
An eastern banner o'er the western world,
And taught mankind where future empires lay
In those fair confines of descending day;
Who sway'd a moment, with vicarious power,
Iberia's sceptre on the new found shore;
Then saw the paths his virtuous steps had trod
Pursued by avarice and defiled by blood;
The tribes he foster'd with paternal toil
Snatched from his hand, and slaughtered for their spoil.

Digitized by Google

Slaves, kings, adventurers, envious of his name,
Enjoy'd his labors and purloined his fame,
And gave the Viceroy, from his high seat hurl'd,
Chains for a crown, a prison for a world.
Long overwhelm'd with woes and sickening there,
He met the slow, still march of black despair,
Sought the last refuge from his hopeless doom,
And wished from thankless men a peaceful tomb:
Till visioned ages, opening on his eyes,
Cheer'd his sad soul, and bade new nations rise.
He saw the Atlantic heaven with light o'ercast,
And Freedom crown his glorious work at last.

Conclusion of the Columbiad.

Far as the centred eye can range around,
Or the deep trumpet's solemn voice resound,
Long rows of reverend sires sublime extend
And cares of worlds on every brow suspend.
High in the front, for soundest wisdom known,
A sire elect, in peerless grandeur shone;
He opened calm the universal cause,
To give each realm its limits and its laws,
Bid the last breath of tired contention cease,
And bind all regions in the leagues of peace;
Till one confederate, condependent sway
Spread with the sun and bound the walks of day,
One centered system, one all-ruling soul
Live through the parts, and regulate the whole.
Here then, said Hesper, with a blissful smile,
Behold the fruits of the long years of toil.
To yon bright borders of Atlantic day
Thy swelling pinions led the trackless way,
And taught mankind such useful deeds to dare,
To trace new seas and happy nations rear;
Till by fraternal hands their sails unfurl'd
Have waved at last in union o'er the world.
Then let thy steadfast soul no more complain
Of dangers braved and griefs endured in vain,
Of courts insidious, envy's poisoned stings,
The loss of empire and the frown of kings;
While these broad views thy better thoughts compose
To spurn the malice of insulting foes;
And all the joys descending ages gain,
Repay thy labors and remove thy pain.

Digitized by Google

The Praise of Hasty Pudding.

CANTO I.

Ye Alps audacious, through the heavens that rise,
To cramp the day and hide me from the skies,
Ye Gallic flags, that o'er their heights unfurl'd,
Bear death to kings and freedom to the world,
I sing not you. A softer theme I choose,
A virgin theme, unconscious of the muse;
But fruitful, rich, well suited to inspire
The purest frenzy of poetic fire. —
Despise it not, ye bards to terror steel'd,
Who hurl your thunders round the epic field;
Nor ye who strain your midnight throats to sing
Joys that the vineyard and the still-house bring;
Or on some distant fair your notes employ,
And speak of raptures that you ne'er enjoy.
I sing the sweets I know, the charms I feel,
My morning incense and my evening meal:
The sweets of "Hasty Pudding." Come, dear bowl,
Glide o'er my palate and inspire my soul.
The milk beside thee, smoking from the kine,
Its substance mingled, married in with thine,
Shall cool and temper thy superior heat,
And save the pains of blowing while I eat.
Oh! could the smooth, the emblematic song,
Flow like thy genial juices o'er my tongue,
Could those mild morsels in my numbers chime,
And as they roll in substance, roll in rhyme,
No more thy awkward, unpoetic name
Should shun the muse, or prejudice thy fame;
But, rising to the unaccustomed ear,
All bards should catch it, and all realms revere!

How to eat Hasty Pudding.

CANTO III.

A wholesome dish, and well deserving praise;
A great resource in those bleak wintry days,
When the chill'd earth lies buried deep in snow,
And raging Boreas dries the shivering cow.
Bless'd cow! thy praise shall still my notes employ.
Great source of health, the only source of joy;

Digitized by Google

Mother of Egypt's god — but sure, for me,
Were I to leave my God, I 'd worship thee. . . .
Milk, then, with pudding I would always choose;
To this in future I confine my muse,
Till she in haste some further hints unfold,
Well for the young, nor useless to the old.
First in your bowl the milk abundant take,
Then drop with care along the silver lake
Your flakes of pudding; these at first will hide
Their little bulk beneath the swelling tide;
But when their growing mass no more can sink,
When the soft island looms above the brink,
Then check your hand, you've got the portion due.
So taught our sires — and what they taught is true. —
There is a choice in spoons. Though small appear
The nice distinction, yet to me 't is clear,
The deep-bowl'd Gallic spoon, contrived to scoop
In ample draughts the thin diluted soup,
Performs not well in these substantial things,
Whose mass adhesive to the metal clings;
Where the strong labial muscles must embrace
The gentle curve, and sweep the hollow space,
With ease to enter and discharge the freight,
A bowl less concave, but still more dilate
Becomes the pudding best. The shape, the size,
A secret rests, unknown to vulgar eyes;
Experienced feeders can alone impart
A rule so much above the lore of Art.
These tuneful lips, that thousand spoons have tried,
With just precision could the point decide,
But not in song; the muse but poorly shines
In cones, and cubes, and geometric lines;
Yet the true form, as near as she can tell,
Is that small section of a goose-egg shell,
Which in two equal portions shall divide
The distance from the centre to the side. —
Fear not to slaver — 't is no deadly sin;
Like the free Frenchman, from your joyous chin
Suspend your ready napkin; or, like me,
Poise with one hand your bowl upon your knee;
Just in the zenith your wise head project;
Your full spoon, rising in a line direct,
Bold as a bucket, heed no drops that fall —
The wide-mouth'd bowl will surely catch them all.

Digitized by Google

WILLIAM BARNES.

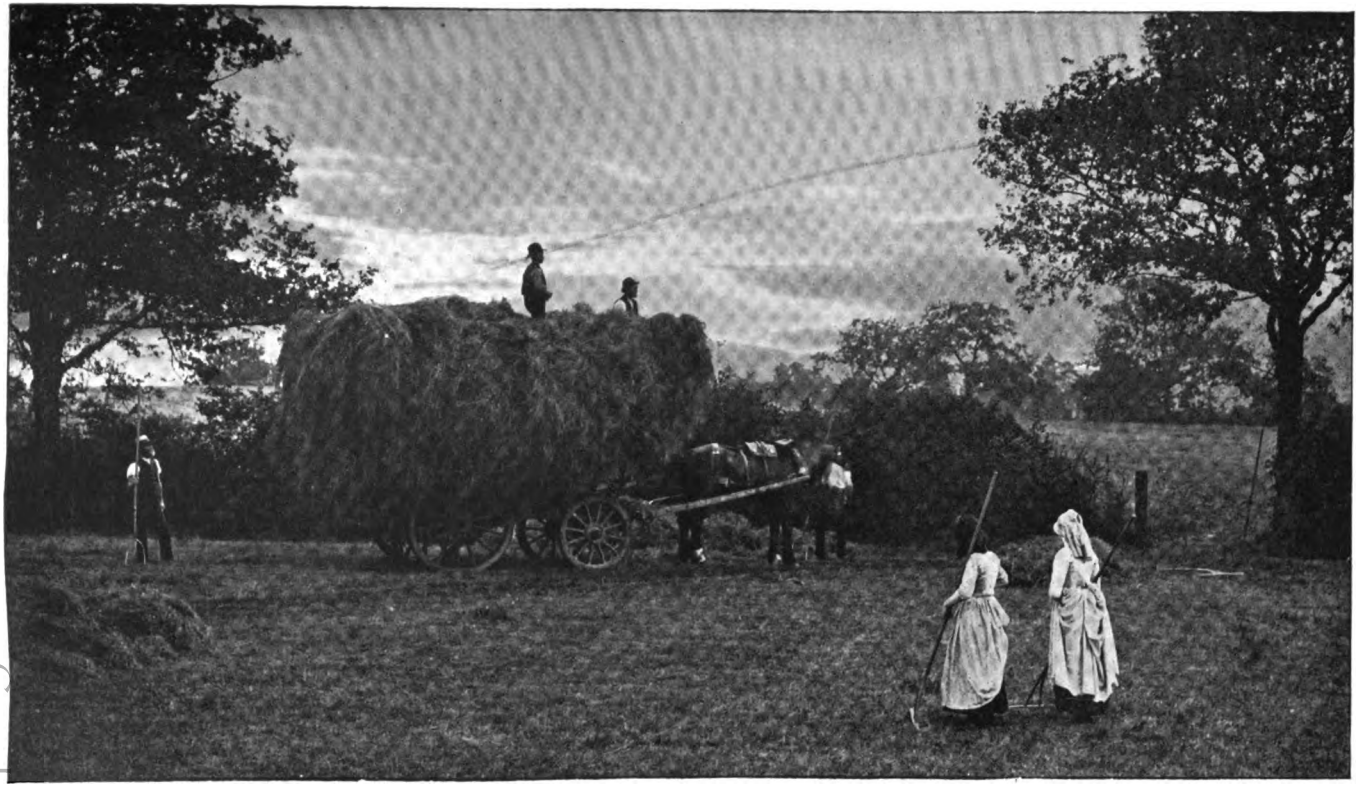
BARNES, WILLIAM, an English clergyman, poet, and philologist, was born in Sturminster, in the vale of Blackmore, Dorsetshire, February 22, 1800; died at the Rectory of Came, Dorchester, October 11, 1886. His early advantages were very limited, but he succeeded in obtaining a university degree, and became one of the most scholarly men of his time. He spent several years in solicitors' offices in his native town and in Dorchester, and from 1823 to 1835 he taught school at Mere, Wiltshire, and from 1835 until 1862 at Dorchester. He received ordination from the Bishop of Salisbury, in 1847, and was given the curacy of Whitcombe, which he resigned in 1852. In 1862 he was made rector of Winterbourne Came. He then gave up his school, and for the rest of his life devoted himself to this parish. He published his first volume of poems in the Dorset dialect in 1844, and in 1846 "Poems of Rural Life" in national English. "Hwomely Rhymes," a second collection of Dorset dialect poems, was published in 1850, and in 1863 a third volume appeared. In 1879 these three volumes were published in a collected form as "Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect." He also published a number on philological subjects, among them, "A Philological Grammar;" "Tiw, or a View of the Roots and Stems of English;" "Outline of English Speech-craft;" and a "Glossary of Dorset Speech." He contributed many papers on various subjects to "Macmillan's," "Fraser's," "The Gentleman's Magazine," and other leading periodicals.

THE GEÄTE A-VALLÈN TO.

(From "Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect.")

IN the zunsheen of our summers
  Wi' the hay time now a-come,
How busy wer' we out a-vield
  Wi' vew a-left at hwome,
When wagons rumbled out ov yard
  Red wheeled, wi' body blue,
And back behind 'em loudly slamm'd
  The geäte a-vallèn to.

Digitized by Google



"In the zunsheen of our summers
Wi' the hay time now a-come"

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

Drough day sheen for how many years
The geäte ha' now a-swung,
Behind the veet o' vull-grown men
And vootsteps of the young,
Drough years o' days it swung to us
Behind each little shoe,
As we tripped lightly on avore
The geäte a-vallèn to.

In evenen time o' starry night
How mother zot at hwome,
And kept her blazing vire bright
Till father should ha' come,
And how she quickened up and smiled,
And stirred her vire anew,
To hear the trampèn hosses' steps
And geäte a-vallèn to.

There 's moonsheen now in nights o' Fall
When leaves be brown vrom green,
When to the slammèn of the geäte
Our Jenny's ears be keen,
When the wold dog do wag his tail,
And Jeän could tell to who,
As he do come in drough the geäte,
The geäte a-vallèn to.

The Woodland Home.

(From "Poems of Rural Life in Common English.")

My woodland home, where hillocks swell
With flow'ry sides, above the dell,
And sedge's hanging ribbons gleam
By meadow withies in the stream,
And elms with ground-beglooming shades
Stand high upon the sloping glades,
When toilsome day at evening fades,
And trials agitate my breast,
By fancy brought
I come in thought
To thee, my home, my spirit's rest.

I left thy woody fields that lay
So fair below my boyhood's play,
To toil in busy life that fills
The world with strife of wayward wills;

Digitized by Google

Where mortals in their little day
Of pride, disown their brother clay.
But when my soul can steal away
From such turmoil, with greater zest,
By fancy brought
I come in thought
To thee, my home, my spirit's rest.

For I behold thee fresh and fair
In summer light and summer air,
As when I rambled, pulling low
The hazel bough, that when let go
Flew back, with high-toss'd head upright,
To rock again in airy light;
Where brown-stem'd elms and ashes white
Rose tall upon the flow'ry breast
Of some green mound
With timber crown'd,
My woodland home, my spirit's rest.

And there my fancy will not find
The loveless heart or selfish mind,
Nor scowling hatred, mutt'ring aught
To break my heart-entrancing thought;
But manly souls above deceit,
The bright'ning eyes they love to meet,
The fairest in their looks, and best
In heart I found
On thy lov'd ground,
My woodland home, my spirit's rest.

The Mother's Dream.

(From "Poems of Rural Life in Common English.")

I 'd a dream to-night
As I fell asleep,
Oh! the touching sight
Makes me still to weep:
Of my little lad,
Gone to leave me sad,
Aye, the child I had,
But was not to keep.

As in heaven high,
I my child did seek,
There, in train, came by
Children fair and meek,

Digitized by Google

Each in lily white,
With a lamp alight;
Each was clear to sight,
But they did not speak.

Then, a little sad,
Came my child in turn,
But the lamp he had,
Oh! it did not burn;
He, to clear my doubt,
Said, half turned about,
"Your tears put it out;
Mother, never mourn."

The Ruose that Decked her Breast.

(*Dorsetshire Dialect.*)

Poor Jenny wer her Roberd's bride
Two happy years, an' then 'e died;
An' zoo the wold voke made her come,
Varsiaken, to her mâiden huome.
But Jenny's merry tongue wer dum;
An' roun' her comely neck she wore
A moorneen kerchif, wher avore
The ruose did deck her breast.

She waked aluone wi' eyeballs wet,
To zee the flow'rs that she 'd a-zet;
The lilies, white 's her mâiden frocks,
The spik, to put 'ithin her box,
Wi' columbines an' hollyhocks;
The jilliflower an' noddin' pink,
An' ruose that touched her soul to think
O' thik that decked her breast.

Var at her weddin' jist avore
Her mâiden han' had yeet a-wore
A wife's goold ring, wi' hangin' head
She waked along thik flower bed,
Wher bloodywâ'iors, stained wi' red,
And miarygoolds did skirt the wa'k,
And gathered vrom the ruose's sta'k
A bud to deck her breast.

Digitized by Google

An' then her cheak wi' youthvul blood
Wer bloomen as the ruose's bud;
But now, as she wi' grief da pine,
'T is piale 's the milk-white jessamine.
But Roberd 'ave a-left behine
A little biaby wi' his fiace,
To smile an' nessle in the pliace
Wher the ruose did deck her breast.

To the Water-Crowfoot.

O small-feäc'd flow'r that now dost bloom,
To stud wi' white the shallow Frome,
An' leäve the clote[1] to spread his flow'r
On darksome pools o' stwoneless Stour,
When sof'ly-rizèn airs do cool
The water in the sheenèn pool,
Thy beds o' snow-white buds do gleam
So feäir upon the sky-blue stream,
As whitest clouds, a-hangèn high
Avore the blueness of the sky.

Zummer an' Winter.

When I led by zummer streams
The pride o' Lea, as naïghbors thought her,
While the zun, wi' evenèn beams,
Did cast our sheädes athirt the water:
Winds a-blowèn,
Streams a-flowèn,
Skies a-glowèn,
Tokens ov my jay zoo fleetèn,
Heightened it, that happy meetèn.

Then, when maïd and man took pleäces,
Gay in winter's Chris'mas dances,
Showèn in their merry feäces
Kindly smiles an' glisnèn glances:
Stars a-winkèn,
Days a-shrinkèn,
Sheädes a-zinkèn,
Brought anew the happy meetèn,
That did meäke the night too fleetèn.

[1] The yellow water-lily.

Digitized by Google

FRANCES COURTENAY BARNUM.

BARNUM, MRS. FRANCES COURTENAY (BAYLOR), an American novelist; born in Arkansas, 1848. Her home is in Savannah. She has written: "On Both Sides," an international novel; "Behind the Blue Ridge;" "Juan and Juanita," a story for boys and girls; "Claudia Hyde." She has also been a frequent contributor to magazines, and a writer of short stories.

AN AMERICAN COUSIN.[1]

(From "On Both Sides.")

COUSIN JOB was as good as his word. Before the girls were down next morning he went out for a walk on the Promenade, and came home to find his aunt enjoying the fashionable intelligence in the "Looker-On," in which, among the arrivals, figured the name of "Mr. *Joseph* Ketchum, United States." "Call that a newspaper!" said he indignantly when his attention was called to the interesting fact. He took it in his hand, flipped it scornfully with his thumb and middle finger, and, after careful examination, protested that it was not to be compared for one moment to the "Tecumseh Clarion." He was still talking about it when Kate came in and changed the current of his thoughts. "Well, you are all a lazy set here!" said he in greeting. "I have been up for two hours, and been pretty much all over the place, and I stopped at that store you told me about, and told the man to make me the finest suit he knew how to turn out, and to be quick about it. There was a chap there that smiled me in and smiled me out, and wanted me to buy everything on the shelves *bad*. He soft-sawdered me for half an hour, and offered to make me an overcoat like the one they had just sent the Prince of Wales, at 'living rates.' But I laid my fingers on my nose and told them I sabed all that, and that if he thought we weren't up to snuff in America he was mistaken, only it was General Grant's coat over there, and

[1] By permission of J. B. Lippincott Co.

Digitized by Google

that I was used to making up my own mind; if I wanted anything I would get it, and if I didn't he would have to get up very early in the morning to sell it to me. And he begged my pardon when he saw he had waked up the wrong passenger, and said that he had n't meant to try any tricks of trade; theirs was a most respectable house; only if I had any 'horders' they would be glad to execute them."

"What did you say to that, Job?" asked Kate.

"I told him if he would stick to that programme he might make something out of me yet; but that as the prince and I were n't running in the same fire-brigade, it did n't matter about our being dressed *exactly* alike."

Great was the amusement of the ladies as they thought of the interview, and they exchanged eloquent glances across the table, while Mr. Ketchum devoted himself alternately to his breakfast and a map of the town which was spread out beside him.

"Cards to the Benedicts' ball on the 21st, girls, and a very kind note from Sir Robert, to say that he means to get a ticket for Cousin Job," said Kate. "Is n't it nice of him? It is *the* ball of the season, you know, and if there were pasteboard admittance to heaven it could hardly be more coveted than cards to the Benedicts'."

"I am delighted!" cried Jenny and Lucy in a breath, both girls having known for some time of the coming event, and having dresses from Paris ordered for the occasion and worthy of it.

"But, Kate, I do so wish we could get a ticket for Mabel Vane and take her with us. Only think of it! she is eighteen, and as pretty as a pink, and has never been to a ball in her life! Such a frightful case of destitution in the upper classes has never come under my notice," said Jenny. "This is the way I came to know it. She was here yesterday, and was saying that she supposed we were very gay, and I asked if she was going to this ball, and she said, 'Oh, no! I can't afford it, even if there was a chance of my getting a ticket, which there is n't. Papa, you know, was a poor clergyman, and since his death mamma and I have always lived in lodgings, and we have no great friends, and can't entertain, and so we are quite out of the current. I often wonder how it would seem to be like other girls. Mamma says that there are five hundred girls here, and only one hundred men, and that if I could go out it would n't be

Digitized by Google

the least use, — that it would only be a great expense for nothing, I should never get an offer, and I am better as I am. But I don't care for that, and I do so long to go to *one* dance, even if I had to sit against the wall all the evening.' Poor child! her eyes were full of tears, and I felt so sorry for her, and yet her English way of putting it was so comical that I could hardly keep my countenance."

"It is a shame! It's perfectly abominable!" put in Lucy. "Why, if I have been to one party I've been to five hundred of various kinds; and Mabel says that she thinks herself awfully lucky to be asked in after dinner at a few houses, or occasionally to luncheon. And she is such a sweet little thing, and such a thorough lady."

"I wonder at it," said Mrs. Fletcher, senior, pensively. "I have heard that her father was a third-cousin of the Earl of Carsford, — or is it the Marquis of Wolhampton?"

But this nice genealogical point was never settled; for Cousin Job, who had been breaking three eggs into a tumbler and stirring them with the most unnecessary display of energy, while Walton, unable to bear the sight, had retired precipitately to the butler's pantry to avoid losing any portion of his specific gravity, now looked up and said, "I can't understand how girls can get so far below par in England. Buyers seem to be backward in bidding, and holders anxious to realize. The old lady in Threadneedle Street is carrying more petticoats than her trade will warrant. Now, about that young friend of yours, Kate. If money will do it, just get her a ticket, and we will take her along with us and see that she has a splendid time! Why, out West she 'd have eight or ten fellows haunting the house every night, and sending her bouquets, and serenading her, and ready to jump over the moon to please her."

"Money can't do it, but influence can, Cousin Job, and we will see what can be done," replied Kate. "She shall go if we can possibly manage it."

By what arts and machinations it was managed will never be known, but although a member of the Benedicts' Club had offered twenty pounds for a ticket that very morning, and failed to get it, Jenny, on the next afternoon, received from her friend the barrister, with Mr. Lindsay's compliments, a large square envelope containing an enclosure requesting the pleasure of Miss Vane's company on Wednesday the 21st at the Assembly Rooms. Putting on her bonnet, she rushed round to 38 Portarlington

Digitized by Google

Gardens and demanded Miss Vane so imperiously that the small "slavey" who opened the door asked "what ever was hup," lingering on the landing after ushering Jenny upstairs to catch if possible some hint of the news she scented. The whole house was "hup" when her errand became known. Mabel could hardly believe her senses, and was radiant with delight, Mrs. Vane equally fluttered and profuse in thanks. The question of raiment for this lily of the field coming up, Mrs. Botts, the landlady, who had once been maid to a countess, was called in, and gave her opinion at great length: the dress must be white tarlatan, she should say, over a silk slip, with a "top" cut low in the neck, a white satin sash and slippers to match, which was what her ladyship had worn on an even greater occasion, and it would set off Miss Mabel "wonderful."

Miss Marsh, an old lady on the second floor, who walked nine times round the square every day at the same hour, starting out for this cheerful tramp, was attracted by the sound of voices and looked in, heard what was going on, and, trotting back to her room, brought down a box of Roman pearls, which she said had belonged to a dead sister, and would Mabel do her the favor to wear them? Mabel would not, but thanked her as prettily as possible, and, it being generally agreed that the "stuff for the gown" must be bought at once, the two girls started off in high glee, and shopped so briskly and sensibly that in half an hour the foundation-stone of Mabel's palace of delights was safely laid: the dress, the gloves, the slippers, the satin, were being borne home in parcels that bulged delightfully and foretold to one pair of blue eyes at least a world of bliss!

The day of the ball arrived. Mr. Ketchum, when the arrangements for the evening were being discussed, insisted on getting a carriage and taking Mabel to the ball, and Kate had great difficulty in making him understand that it would positively shake Cheltenham to its centre and be flying in the face of all English conventionalities, that Mabel would n't go, and that it was not to be thought of. She had settled all that. Walton, who was perfectly trustworthy, should go for her in Mrs. Fletcher's carriage and bring her down to them; and, once under the wing of a chaperon, she would, with the other girls, be taken "properly" to the Assembly Rooms.

"And do you mean to tell me, Kate Fletcher, that they trust a girl over here with a footman sooner than with a gentleman?" he demanded hotly.

Digitized by Google

"Yes, I do. I can't help it, and I am sorry you are vexed, Job, but indeed it would n't do," said she, which set him off in one of his eager, emphatic orations, calling upon heaven and earth to witness the absurdity of such a social regulation, and winding up with, —

"Well, I shall send her a bouquet, anyway. I suppose that is n't a scandalous proceeding?"

"Oh, no! quite proper. It is n't often done, unless people are engaged; but still —"

"Oh, go along, Kate! You must have lost your senses!" he interrupted, and, clapping on his hat, left the house.

He had been gone some hours. The girls were in the drawing-room, entertaining the Heathcotes and Venables; and Kate, a little apart from the others in the bow-window, which commanded a view of the street and front steps, heard a ring. She bent forward to see who it was, and caught a glimpse of a man in a towering white beaver hat, and, even at that distance, with something queer about him. Another look, — a stranger *in full evening dress, at one o'clock in the day!* Another, — the stranger turns, and, — oh, horror! oh, "agony, rage, and despair!" — it is Cousin Job!

It may be an ignominious pang that rends her bosom, but Kate is a woman of the world; she feels it to be quite equal for the moment to battle, murder, or sudden death. In five minutes he will be in that room, and there is that odious young snob of a Heathcote, who is always sneering covertly at Cousin Job as it is, and does n't understand him at all, sitting opposite, immaculately arrayed, his hat held in his hand at an eminently correct angle, his offensive eye-glass screwed firmly in his eye! It is a perfectly unbearable situation, she thinks. There is nothing that can be done, and, with a crimson face, she sits still, waiting to hear the fatal step on the stair. It does n't come, and she glides out of the room and down as far as the first landing, where, looking down, she sees Walton and Cousin Job parleying near the front door.

"Who is upstairs?" asks Mr. Ketchum.

"The Miss Frynnes, sir, I believe; but cook answered the door."

Walton knows that Mr. Ketchum detests these estimable women for some reason, and takes his chance. Fixing his shrewd, gray eyes on him, he adds, after a pause, "The tailor sent home some things for you, sir, and would be greatly obliged

Digitized by Google

by your trying them on at once. His man will be back in 'arf an 'our to know if they suit."

Mr. Ketchum still hesitated, holding his hat in his hand and rubbing the nap energetically with his silk handkerchief. "Tell him to come back to-morrow," said he, and moved toward the stair.

"Oh! And, if you please, sir, I took a note up to your room, brought a moment since, which the maid from Portarlington Gardens said was to be give you as soon as you came in."

Mr. Ketchum stopped: for the life of him he could n't help blushing, and, to hide it, he turned brusquely away and walked off to his room.

Walton had gained the day, and, unconscious that he was being observed, leaned against the wall, and, throwing back his head, laughed the laugh of the successful diplomat, whose skilful evasion of some obstacle has enabled him to carry his point.

It was the first time Kate had ever seen the real Walton, and it gave her rather a startled and unpleasant sensation, — a feeling that he was too clever by half, thankful as she was to have the social calamity averted that she had so much dreaded. But the sensation was only momentary. "He is doubtless attached to the family, and knew we should be mortified. It was very nice of him. Really, Walton is a nonpareil among servants," she thought.

As she was making her way back, the drawing-room door opened; farewells were being exchanged, and in a few moments the guests were safely out of the house, and she was relating the agonizing experience of the last half-hour to the girls.

Jenny laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks: "Oh! to think of his putting it on at the shop and wearing it home! And with a white hat!" she cried.

"And that awful green cravat! My dear, it is my belief that he means to be *buried* in that cravat," said Kate. "It was a fearfully narrow escape!"

"Why did n't you let him come up? It would have been such a crucial test of the breeding of those people. Sir Robert and the Venables would have been a shade nicer than ever; but can't you fancy the galvanic shock it would have been to young Heathcote? But no, Kate. Seriously speaking, I would n't for the world have had Mr. Ketchum put in such a disagreeable position before that horrid man. He is a kind, generous, splen-

Digitized by Google

did fellow, and worth a dozen of such people; but all the same he would have looked exquisitely ludicrous, and we should have been obliged to go about *à l'Anglaise* and tell people that he was a little mad, and we hoped they did n't mind. It is the drollest thing I ever heard of. You are such a worldling, Kate, that I wonder there is a particle of coloring-matter left in a single tube of your hairs."

"I shall tell him that he may break all the Commandments, and blow up the House of Parliament, and set fire to Windsor Castle, and trample on the union jack, and throw vitriol in the face of the Princess of Wales, if he likes, but that he is *never*, NEVER to put on a dress-suit before nightfall in England, on pain of *death*," said Kate. "I know he has grown up out of the world, on the frontier; but, still, how could he do such a thing?"

No spectator was present at the interview that ensued, of which Kate only reported that she said very little, and that Cousin Job took it in good part.

When nine o'clock came, Mabel appeared, looking too quaint and pretty for anything. Her dress was cut in the fashion of a very remote period, with what was known then as a "baby-waist," and queer half-long sleeves. She was sitting bolt upright on the edge of the sofa when Kate came down, evidently afraid of crushing her dress and soiling her gloves. Her eyes shone with pleasure, and a more charming picture of youth and innocence it would be impossible to find. She was as fair and simple as an English daisy, Kate thought, as she came forward with an air of modest self-possession and her usual charming little blush: "Do you like me? Mamma says that I do very well, but that no one will notice me among so many splendid people in Worth gowns and all that, and that I had better give over thinking of myself at all and make up my mind to enjoy looking on."

Kate noticed that she had on a white carnelian necklace, shamed into looking almost blue by the white, lovely neck, and said, "Come here, dear, and let me see," gave a disapproving frown to the English overskirt, which she found fearfully and wonderfully looped, sent for some pins, and rearranged it tastefully in a twinkling, pinned a charming bunch of natural flowers in her dress, insisted on giving her a little silver châtelaine, turned her about, giving any number of those mysterious touches which produce such an effect when given by a woman with a genius for dress, and at last pronounced her "an ideal *ingénue*,"

Digitized by Google

and assured her that if she lacked anything it was rouge, pinching the girl's rosy cheek. She then went off to tie Mr. Ketchum's cravat, and that gentleman presently returned with her, looking extremely well, and protesting that she had tried to get him to wax his moustache and part his hair in the middle, but that this was against the constitution and by-laws of the State of Michigan, and that he was "quite enough of a Tussaud wax figger" as it was.

Jenny and Lucy, coming in resplendent in Paris dresses, walked up and down to give the family a private view of these artistic constructions; much osculation followed between the girls, everybody suddenly discovered that it was very late, and, after much muffling and shawling, they all rolled away at last to the ball.

The ball had the three great requisites for such an entertainment, — good music, a capital floor, and a supper calculated to compensate all the heavy dowagers and sleepy papas for their sufferings as chaperons. The spacious rooms were beautifully decorated, the orchestra from London was fiddling away in the gallery, the dancers were spinning and whirling at a tremendous rate in the circles chalked off on the floor, the master of ceremonies, who was nearly as imposing as Walton (and no earthly dignitary could be more so), stood near the door. Our party advanced. Sir Robert stepped out from a mob of gentlemen and offered his arm to Mrs. Fletcher, senior, and Jenny had already taken that of a certain young barrister (in preference to Mr. Heathcote, who consoled himself with Lucy), and a stout clergyman, who had just finished waltzing what he called the "*troy temps*," offered to escort Kate. Mabel slipped a timid hand under Mr. Ketchum's awkwardly-proffered elbow, and they all made for the benches on the upper side of the room, where they cast anchor. Jenny looked about her, and felt as an actress does when she gets a whiff from the footlights; Mabel was terrified by the glare and the crush and the crowd, and felt herself morally a grain of mustard-seed and the least of all these birds of Paradise; Kate began to scan the toilets; Mrs. Fletcher to look up the great ones of the company; Mr. Ketchum remarked that it was the biggest fandango he had seen, and that the Assembly Rooms compared favorably with any hall that he knew "on the other side of the pond." Kate offered to introduce him to some of the girls, but he declined for the present, and stood behind Mabel, looking down admiringly upon the fair

Digitized by Google

head bent every now and then over his huge bouquet, which had already created a sensation at Portarlington Gardens.

Jenny, as a belle and beauty of recognized position, was soon surrounded by men, and, generously intent upon "Mabel's having a good time," brought them all up and presented them in turn, having previously interested them in her *protégée*. The consequence was that Mabel's programme was soon half filled up. Out of the twenty-three dances she was engaged for twelve, and Mr. Ketchum, who was already down for four of them, was begging for a fifth, when her first partner arrived, and she tripped off joyously with him and joined the dancers. Job saw her making vain efforts to catch his step (with small success), her pretty face wearing its most anxious expression. He seemed to combine in his own person the worst traits of all three classes of bad dancers, — the teetotums, the wobblers, and the go-aheads. When he ought to have gone ahead, he spun around for five minutes, as if his operations were confined to a hearth-rug; when he ought to have temporized for lack of space, he dashed madly ahead; and whenever called upon to guide his partner decisively in any direction, he wobbled infuriatingly first to the right and then to the left in an embarrassing series of false starts, very trying to a novice. Job was secretly delighted. Like most Americans, he could use his feet with the same dexterity as a French actress does her hands, and he waited impatiently for his turn to come, which it did very soon.

Mabel came back to her chaperon looking flushed and harassed, made a meek little speech expressive of her regret at not being able "to quite catch his step" (skips would have been nearer the mark for a performance which was a mixture of waltz, polka, mazourka, Highland fling, and Irish jig), and, with a "Now-then!" expression of triumphant satisfaction, Mr. Ketchum had taken his place. At what "fandangos" he had graduated in the graceful art is not known, but he danced beautifully, and Mabel, who had taken lessons and had moreover been practising the "American reverse" for a week before a dingy old pier-glass at her lodgings, felt herself borne along in an inspired whirl, forgot that she was dancing at all, in the technical sense, and did not stop until the last strains of the "Morgenblätter" had died away. In all her experience, confined hitherto to a lonely Welsh curacy and Portarlington Gardens, there had been nothing like it, and she was radiant.

Meanwhile Jenny had taken several turns, and was restir

Digitized by Google

for a while in a little bower of ferns and foliage-plants that opened into the ball-room. She was with her friend the barrister, who was commenting upon the scene before him. "Who is that girl there in yellow?" he asked.

"Where? Oh, in the corner. Smythe is her name, I believe. Pretty, is n't she?"

"No. Not according to my ideas. She looks as though she did n't tub. Dash of the tar-brush there, I should say."

"Oh, no! Impossible! You should not say such things, really. Besides, she is n't so dark at all."

"It is n't her skin only: her hair has got that awful kink. I hate it. One of my aunts went out to New Zealand in the early days and got carried off by a Maori chief; and I often wonder what I should do if a lot of blackamoor cousins turned up in the Park on some sunny day in the height of the season and laid claim to me. Awful lark it would be, would n't it?"

Jenny burst out laughing, and agreed that it would certainly not be pleasant: "I have never heard you mention any of your relatives before. Have you a mother and sisters?"

"I 've got the usual supply of mother, and shoals of sisters. My mother came down from town to-day with one of them,— Edith, the eldest."

"Did she?" replied Jenny, with animation. "Why did n't you bring her with you to-night? But I suppose it was too late to get a card."

"Oh, she never goes to balls. She is on the shady side of forty, and never goes in for anything in the shape of amusement, except penny readings for the deserving poor and those awful parish tea and harvest-home things. She got me to one of them *once*, but I don't think she will ever do it a second time. She is a district visitor, and has a soup-kitchen and all that: she really is an excellent creature, but she 'll never get a husband in the world."

"What are the others like?" asked Jenny, delighted with this brief biographical sketch.

"The next one is named Gertrude, and she is quite *passée*, too, and rather like Edith: curates, and croquet, and that kind of thing, you know. She is awfully plain, poor thing! and makes herself no end of a frump by the way she dresses. The third one is very pretty, and is married to a fellow in the Carbineers; and the fourth was thought the best-looking girl that was presented the season she came out. She is down in

Digitized by Google

the country now, though she hates it most awfully. It is a confounded shame to keep her there; but the governor says she has had two seasons, and played her cards very badly, — going and getting engaged to a missionary, — and can't have any more. I dare say he will take her up, though, when he comes round. I wrote her to-day to give the old chap his head and not oppose him, and it would all come right."

"And is that all?" asked Jenny, hoping that it was a large family. "How very sad for your sister! People can't always control such things, and I suppose she had forgotten that Cupid has sovereigns for wings nowadays and always perches near the Bank of England."

"I am sorry for her, too. She is my favorite sister, and she was awfully cut up about it. But what was the use? There is another, Caroline, just out of the school-room, and disgustingly slangy and horsey and doggy. I'd like to shake it all out of her, but she is the governor's favorite, and does exactly as she pleases. The three others are still in the nursery, thank heaven!"

"What a lot of you!" exclaimed Jenny.

"Do you think so? We don't consider ourselves a large family at all. The mater was one of sixteen."

A pause followed this statement, and then Jenny began again.

"Is yours a pretty part of England? Not that I need ask, for it is all lovely, so far as I can see."

"Pretty well. Good hunting country, but rather flat. I don't like it. I prefer London fifteen months out of the year. I have just got myself a tiny little bandbox of a house in May Fair, and shall get myself a cat or a dog and settle down as a selfish old bachelor. I can't marry: I've nothing but a beggarly allowance and a confiding tailor while the governor lives, which will be forever. I went to see his medical man not long ago, and he told me he was good for fifty years yet. I went off then and signed the lease for my house. There will be a capital town-house, and all that, when I come into the property; but I am tired of the life I have been leading, and want a den of my own, where I can be as much of a bear as I choose."

"How long is your lease?"

"Seventy years."

"Why, what possessed you to lease a house for seventy years?" asked Jenny, in utter surprise.

Digitized by Google

"Oh, I thought I might get used to it and want to stay; and I was n't going to be bundled into the streets any day."

Jenny could not conceal the amusement afforded her by this idea: "An American would as soon think of flying. I never heard anything so absurd. Why, you are thirty years old now! May I ask if you expect to live to be a hundred?"

"I don't know. One of my great-aunts got to ninety-nine, and her physician said he could have made it an even century if she had n't eaten a Welsh-rarebit for supper one night. He was awfully savage about it. You see, she lived at Bath, and it would have given him a tremendous boost with all the other old women there, if he could have managed it."

Just then a couple whisked past the door, and Jenny remarked, —

"That Miss Porter is lovely, and dances better than any girl here, I think."

"If I tell you something, will you be vexed?"

"No; certainly not."

"I am afraid you will."

"Not unless you are very rude; and I am sure you won't be that."

"Are you sure you won't mind a bit of criticism?"

"Of course not," she replied much puzzled.

"Well, then, you dance beautifully, but you don't kick out your legs enough at the back."

At this perfectly unlooked-for and astounding remark Jenny turned into a peony. Quite misunderstanding her furious blush, he said, —

"There now! You are angry! I said you would be vexed! I 'm always putting my foot into it. What I meant was that I admired Lady Florence Foster's way of dancing. Look at her. Here she comes, now."

Jenny looked, and saw a huge blonde girl with a pronounced attack of "Grecian bend" (which was *à la mode* then), who certainly was making lively play with her heels, her body bent forward at a most extraordinary angle. When she could utter anything in answer to his penitent apologies for having "vexed" her, she said that she was "not angry, exactly, but —"

"What! You don't like her dancing?" he asked.

"No; I think it frightful!" she declared, and was spared further argument, for at that moment a tall, fair, languid man, who had been introduced that evening, approached her. When

Digitized by Google

immediately in front of her, he stopped, glanced at his programme and then at her, and said pensively, —

"I think I'll give you No. 10."

"I beg your pardon, but I don't think you will," she replied, angry indeed now. (Jenny, who had had an embarrassment of riches in the matter of partners ever since she went to dancing-school, a belle in white frocks and a blue sash! — Jenny, who had been in the habit at home of dividing her dances between two or three eager aspirants, and had always been made to feel that she conferred an honor on the object of even this temporary preference!) Outwardly civil, there was something in the ring of her voice that made him glance with interest at the fierce little thing looking up at him with such a flash of scorn in her brilliant eyes.

"No. 11, then?" he said.

"I am engaged," she replied curtly, without referring to her programme.

"No. 12, say, or 13, then," he perseveringly suggested.

"My card is quite full," she answered, with no conventional regrets.

"A supper-dance, then," he stupidly insisted.

"I must definitely decline the honor." And, rising, she bestowed upon him the faintest inclination that ever did duty for a bow, and, taking Mr. Lindsay's arm, moved away. "It takes my breath away, quite," she said to him. "Did you ever hear of such a piece of impertinence? I rage when I think of it! He'll give me No. 10, forsooth! Good heavens! Do you mean to say that English girls put up with that sort of thing?"

"No; of course not. At least, nice girls don't. Some girls might. It is they who make themselves cheap, and they ought not to complain. But the fellow's a cad; anybody can see that. Don't mind him. He is an awful ass."

He seemed much annoyed by the episode, and, seeing this, she dropped the subject. Some time afterward she heard that the mirror of chivalry, whom she had so roundly snubbed, felt very sore on the subject, and had spoken of her to the Venables as "a spiteful little Yankee."

That night was a memorable one for Jenny in many ways. For one thing, Mr. Heathcote, who, as an eligible *parti*, had undergone agonies of mind first, misled by her gay and gracious manner, lest she should marry him, and next, when he better understood her, lest she should not, having come to the con-

Digitized by Google

clusion that she was essential to his happiness, plucked up his courage, proposed, and was "definitely" refused as a partner for life.

Meanwhile, Mr. Ketchum had been making a brilliant record for himself. The good-natured fellow took out at least a dozen of the young ladies who sat round the room in long and melancholy rows, fair, fresh, stout-looking girls most of them, in pink and blue and green and white, — a partnerless generation, rather heavy all round, it must be confessed, with, in consequence, only a few names here and there on their programme, and awful gaps (and gapes, indeed) between. It was a dismal business for many of them; and why they went at all to such a harrowing form of entertainment was a mystery to our Americans. They were quite grateful for Mr. Ketchum's politeness, and it may be safely averred that he lost nothing by it with the mammas, to whom he was likewise most attentive, taking relays of them up to supper, and rendering them a thousand good offices, with his usual amiability and unselfishness. He even forgot his dislike to Miss Frynne when he saw her sitting neglected and forlorn in a corner, carried her off to the supper-room, got her a liberal supply of oysters and *pâté de foie gras*, ordered a bottle of champagne, — to which she did full justice, he thought, accustomed as he was to the abstemiousness of his countrywomen, — and, on her stating that she wished to go home, took her to the cloak-room and put her into her modest cab.

When Mrs. Fletcher, senior, was quite worn out, and the feat of collecting the girls for the third time had been accomplished, after Lucy had begged for the inevitable "one more," which Mr. Ketchum had taken for granted, and was spinning out with Mabel, the party followed Miss Frynne's example.

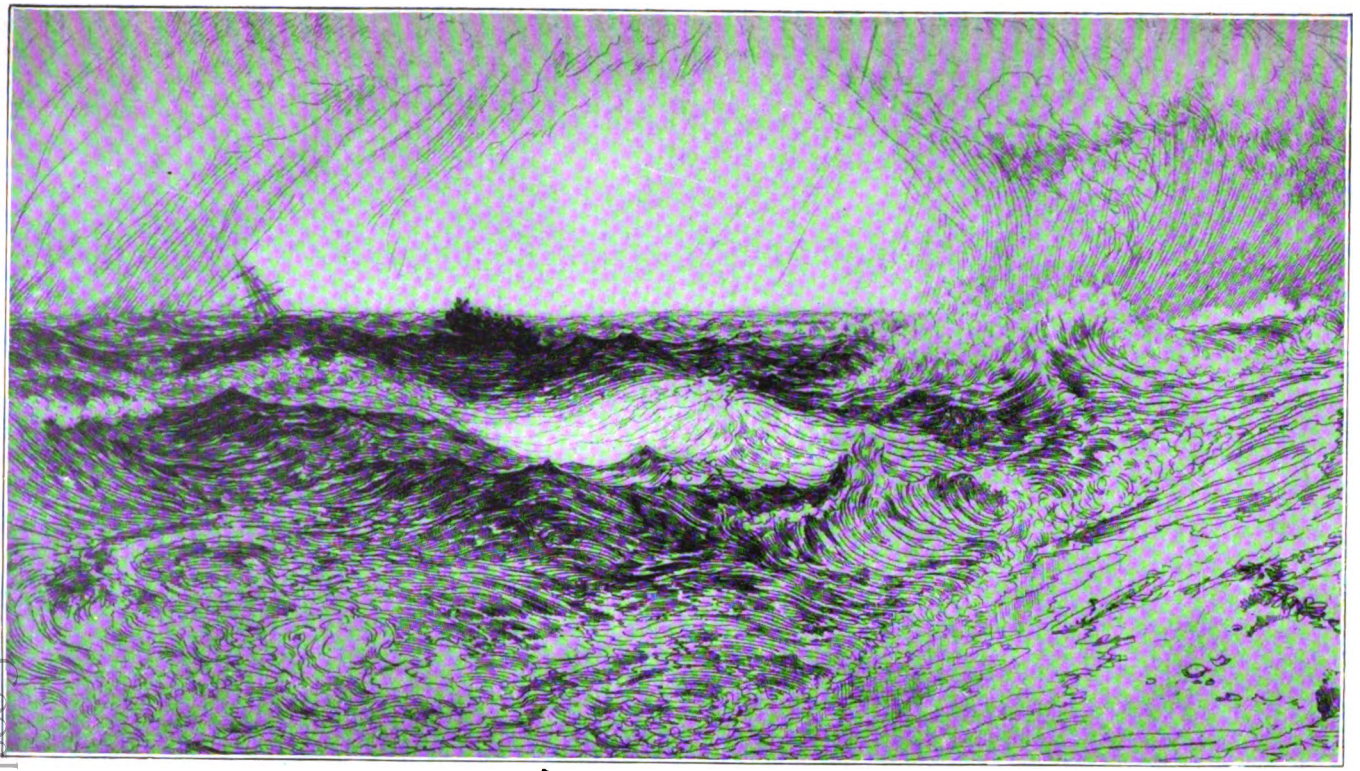
While waiting for their carriage in the passage, Mabel met an old lady whom she knew. "Has n't it been a delicious ball?" she cried. "Only to think of it! I have danced every dance. I have n't sat out one. Mamma will never believe it."

"Yes, yes, my dear. I saw you. It was all very fine. I only hope it will last," said the matron, severely, shaking her head dubiously by way of farewell.

When they got home, Walton had a blazing fire for them and a nice little supper, over which they lingered for some time, Mabel having been dropped at Portarlington Gardens *en route*.

"Six dances with Mabel, Mr. Ketchum! Take care, or you

Digitized by Google



WRECK OF THE SOLON

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

will have to put on your explanation-coat. The affections of the British virgin are not to be trifled with in this reckless way. You are not in America now, where men devote themselves to every pretty face they fancy and girls pride themselves on being engaged six deep," said Kate, as she rose from the table and shook a finger warningly at her husband's cousin.

Love will Find out the Way.

Over the mountains
And over the waves;
Under the fountains
And under the graves;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are steepest, —
Love will find out the way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might;
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight:
But if she whom love doth honor
Be concealed from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him
By having him confined;
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind:
But if e'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that you may,
Blind love, if so ye call him,
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist;
Or you may inveigle
The phœnix of the East;
The lioness ye may move her
To give o'er her prey:
But you 'll ne'er stop a lover, —
He will find out his way.

Anonymous.

Digitized by Google

AMELIA EDITH BARR.

BARR, AMELIA EDITH (HUDDLESTON), an English novelist, daughter of the Rev. William Huddleston, was born in Ulverston, Lancashire, March 29, 1831. She was educated at the Glasgow High School, and in 1850 married Robert Barr, a Scotch minister's son. In 1854 they came to the United States and settled in Texas, residing in Austin and in or near Galveston, where, in 1867, her husband and three sons died with yellow fever. In 1869 she removed to New York City and began teaching, and soon after writing for the periodicals. Her first story was published in "The Christian Union" in 1871. Her best known works are: "Jan Vedder's Wife," "A Daughter of Fife," "A Bow of Orange Ribbon," "Master of His Fate," "Remember the Alamo," and "Feet of Clay." Among her latest books are: "Friend Olivia," "A Sister to Esau," "The Beads of Tasmer," "She Loved a Sailor," "The Preacher's Daughter," "Love for an Hour is Love Forever," "The Mate of the 'Easter Bell,'" "Between Two Loves," "Border Shepherdess," "Christopher and Other Stories," "Cluny MacPherson," "Hallam Succession," "Household of McNeil," "Last of the Macallisters," "Lost Silver of Briffault," "Lone House," "Paul and Christina," "Singer from the Sea," "Squire of Sandal-Side," "Michael and Theodora," and "Rose of a Hundred Leaves." Since 1869 Mrs. Barr has resided in New York City or at Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

LANCELOT'S DEPARTURE.

(From "Love for an Hour is Love Forever.")

IN the meantime Lancelot was nearing Liverpool. The bark he was to sail in was nearly ready for sea; he had only to make a few purchases and write farewell to Francesca. He delayed this letter until the last hour. He had granted himself this privilege — not to give her up while he remained in England. As he went to the ship, he posted the letter. A middle-aged woman noticed the handsome youth drop it into the irrevocable box, and she pitied the look of misery with which he walked

Digitized by Google

away. She comprehended his despair, and said a soft "God help the lad!" as he passed out of her sight. Lancelot would have been comforted by her prayer and pity, had he known it; but it is one of the misfortunes of existence that society compels us to restrain sympathy unless we have a bond and right to offer it. Every one is thus poorer by many a kindly wish and many an honest prayer.

Driven like a blind man before his sorrowful destiny, Lancelot reached the ship and crossed the narrow plank, and felt himself already adrift from every hope and joy that had made his youth so blessed; and he could not avoid a passion of regret for those past years. Amid falling shades and a wind like the Banshee they were driven down the Mersey. The thick-coated murmur of the river blending with the great complaining of the distant sea came through the darkness, and the hoarse, melancholy voices of the sailors went with it. He was utterly wretched, bruised in heart and brain, but an act so vulgar and cowardly as suicide never occurred to him. The vestal fires of conscience, of pure love, of honor and integrity, still burned within him.

Sitting alone on the edge of his rough berth he told himself that, even if his life should be a tragedy of never-fulfilled desires, he could at least make it a noble tragedy. So, though he knew it not, he was receiving the grandest education of which humanity is capable — the education that comes by reverence and by sorrow; for these are the teachers greater than Gamaliel, and blessed are they who can sit at their feet.

SHIPWRECK.[1]

(From "Jan Vedder's Wife.")

No man set more nakedly side by side the clay and spirit of his double nature than Jan Vedder. No man wished so much and willed so little. Long before he returned from his first voyage, he became sorry for the deception he had practised upon his wife, and determined to acknowledge to her his fault, as far as he saw it to be a fault. He was so little fond of money, that it was impossible for him to understand the full extent of Margaret's distress; but he knew, at least, that she would be deeply grieved, and he was quite willing to promise her, that as soon as "The Solan" was clear of debt, he would begin to repay her the money she prized so much.

[1] Republished, by permission, from "Jan Vedder's Wife," by Amelia E. Barr. Copyright, 1885, by Dodd, Mead & Co.

Digitized by Google

Her first voyage was highly successful, and he was, as usual, sanguine beyond all reasonable probabilities; quite sure, indeed, that Tulloch and Margaret could both be easily paid off in two years. Surely two years was a very short time for a wife to trust her husband with £600. Arguing, then, from his own good intentions, and his own hopes and calculations, he had persuaded himself before he reached Lerwick again that the forced loan was really nothing to make any fuss about, that it would doubtless be a very excellent thing, and that Margaret would be sure to see it as he did.

"The Solan" touched Lerwick in the afternoon. Jan sent a message to Tulloch, and hastened to his home. Even at a distance the lonely air of the place struck him unpleasantly. There was no smoke from the chimneys, the windows were all closed. At first he thought, "Margaret is gone for a day's visit somewhere—it is unlucky then." But as he reached the closed gate other changes made themselves apparent. His Newfoundland dog, that had always known his step afar off, and came bounding to meet him, did not answer his whistle. Though he called Brenda, his pet seal, repeatedly, she came not; she, that had always met him with an almost human affection. He perceived before his feet touched the threshold how it was: Margaret had gone to her father's, or the animals and poultry would have been in the yard.

His first impulse was to follow her there and bring her home, and he felt in his pocket for the golden chain and locket he had brought her as a peace-offering. Then he reflected that by the time he could reach Peter's house it would be the tea-hour, and he did not intend to discuss the differences between Margaret and himself in Peter's presence. Thora's good influence he could count upon; but he knew it would be useless either to reason with or propitiate Peter. For fully five minutes he stood at his bolted door wondering what to do. He felt his position a cruel one; just home from a prosperous voyage, and no one to say a kind word. Yes, he could go to Torr's; he would find a welcome there. But the idea of the noisy room and inquisitive men was disagreeable to him. Snorro he could not see for some hours. He determined at last that the quiet of his own lonely home was the best place in which to consider this new phase of affairs between him and his wife, and while doing so he could make a cup of tea, and wash and refresh himself before the interview.

He unfastened the kitchen shutter and leaped in. Then the

Digitized by Google

sense of his utter desolation smote him. Mechanically he walked through the despoiled, dusty, melancholy rooms. Not a stool left on which he could sit down. He laughed aloud — that wretched laugh of reckless sorrow, that is far more pitiful than weeping. Then he went to Torr's. People had seen him on the way to his home, and no one had been kind enough to prevent his taking the useless, wretched journey. He felt deeply wounded and indignant. There were not half a dozen men or women in Lerwick whose position in regard to Jan would have excused their interference, but of that he did not think. Every man and woman knew his shame and wrong. Some one might have warned him. Torr shook his head sympathetically at Jan's complaints, and gave him plenty of liquor, and in an hour he had forgotten his grief in a drunken stupor.

The next morning he went to Peter's house to see his wife. Peter knew of his arrival, and he had informed himself of all that had happened in Torr's room. Jan had, of course, spoken hastily and passionately, and had drunk deeply, and none of his faults had been kept from Margaret. She had expected him to come at once for her, to be in a passion probably, and to say some hard things, but she also had certainly thought he would say them to her, and not to strangers. Hour after hour she watched, sick with longing and fear and anger, hour after hour, until Peter came in, stern and dour, and said: —

"Get thee to thy bed, Margaret. Jan Vedder has said words of thee this night that are not to be forgiven, and he is now fathoms deep in Torr's liquor. See thou speak not with him — good nor bad," and Peter struck the table so angrily, that both women were frightened into a silence, which he took for consent.

So when Jan asked to see his wife, Thora stood in the door, and in her sad, still way told him that Peter had left strict orders against his entering the house.

"But thou, mother, wilt ask Margaret to come out here and speak to me? Yes, thou wilt do that," and he eagerly pressed in Thora's hand the little present he had brought. "Give her this, and tell her I wait here for her."

After ten minutes' delay, Thora returned and gave him the trinket back. Margaret wanted her £600 and not a gold locket, and Jan had not even sent her a message about it. His return had brought back the memory of her loss in all its first vividness. She had had a dim hope that Jan would bring her money with him, that he had only taken it to frighten her; to lose this

Digitized by Google

hope was to live over again her first keen sorrow. In this mood it was easy for her to say that she would not see him, or speak to him, or accept his gift; let him give her back her £600, that was the whole burden of her answer.

Jan put the unfortunate peace-offering in his pocket, and walked away without a word. "He will trouble thee no more, Margaret," said Thora, quietly. Margaret fancied there was a tone of reproach or regret in the voice. It angered her anew, and she answered, "It is well; it were better if he had never come at all." But in her heart she expected Jan to come, and come again, until she pardoned him. She had no intention of finally casting him off. She meant that he should suffer sufficiently to insure his future good behavior. She had to suffer with him, and she regarded this as the hardest and most unjust part of the discipline. She, who had always done her duty in all things.

It is true she had permitted her father to dismantle their home, but she had had a distinct reason for that, and one which she intended to have told Jan had he come back under circumstances to warrant the confidence. In fact she had begun to dislike the house very much. It was too small, too far away from her mother, and from the town; besides which, Peter had the very house she longed for vacant, and she hoped so to manage her father, as to make the exchange she wished. Perhaps, too, she was a little bit superstitious. No one had ever been lucky in the house in which she and Jan had lived. She sometimes felt angry at her father for thrusting it upon them. Even Elga Skade's love affairs had all gone wrong there, and the girl was sure some malicious sprite had power within its walls to meddle and make trouble. Elga had left her, influenced entirely by this superstition, and Margaret had brooded upon it, until it had obtained some influence over her; otherwise, she would not have permitted her father to dismantle the unhappy home without a protest.

As it was, with all its faults she was beginning to miss the independence it gave her. No married woman ever goes back to the best of homes, and takes the place of her maidenhood. Her new servant, Trolla Bork, had warned her often of this. "When Bork was drowned," she said, "I went back to my parents, but I did not go back to my home. No, indeed! There is a difference, even where there is no unkindness. Thy own home is a full cup. Weep, if thou must weep, at thy own fireside."

After Margaret's refusal to see Jan, he went back to his

Digitized by Google

boat, and employed himself all day about her cargo, and in settling accounts with Tulloch. It was very late when he went to see Snorro. But Snorro was waiting for him. Now that things had come to a crisis he was ready to hear all Jan's complaints; he believed him in all things to have done right.

"Thou has asked her once, Jan," he said; "that was well and right. Thou shalt not go again. No, indeed! Let her come and tell thee she is sorry. Then thou can show her a man's heart, and forgive her freely, without yea or nay in the matter. What right had she to pull thy house to pieces without thy knowledge? Come, now, and I will show thee the place I have made for thee when thou art in Lerwick."

There was a big loft over Peter's store, with a narrow ladder-like stair to it. It was full of the lumber of thirty years and tenanted by a colony of Norway rats, who were on the most familiar terms with Snorro. Many of them answered to their names, none were afraid to eat from his hand; one old shrewd fellow, gray with age, often crept into Snorro's bosom, and in the warmth, lay hour after hour, watching with wise, weird eyes the quiet face it trusted as it bent over a book.

There was a corner in this garret with a window looking seaward, and here Snorro had cleared a small space, and boarded it up like a room. A bed of down and feathers, with a cover of sealskins, occupied one side; two rude seats, a big goods-box turned up for a table, and some shelves full of the books Jan had brought him, completed its furniture.

"See here, Jan, I have been fifteen years with Peter Fae, and no feet but mine have ever entered this loft. Here thou canst be at peace. My dear Jan, lie thee down, and sleep now."

Jan was glad to do it. He put the gold locket on Snorro's table, and said, "Thou keep it. I bought it for her, and she sent it back to me."

"Some day she will be glad of it. Be thou sure of that."

During the summer Jan made short and quick voyages, and so he spent many an hour in this little retreat talking with Snorro, for he had much to annoy and trouble him. We do not get over living sorrows as easily as dead ones. Margaret in her grave would have lost the power to wound him, and he would gradually have ceased to lament her. But Margaret weeping in her father's house; Margaret praying in the kirk for strength to bear his neglect and injustice; Margaret throwing open the Bluebeard chamber of their home, and discussing its tragedy

Digitized by Google

with his enemies; this was a sorrow there was no forgetting. On his return from every voyage he sent her the money he had made, and some little token of his love with it. She always sent both back without a word. She understood from them that Jan would come no more in person, and that she would have to make the next advance, either by voice or letter. Many times she had declared she would never do this, and the declaration even in her tenderest hours, bound her to her self-inflicted loneliness and grief. So on Snorro's rude table the pretty womanly trinkets accumulated, and Snorro looked at them with constantly gathering anger.

One morning in October he heard a thing that made his heart leap. The physician of the town hurried into the store, and cried, "Peter Fae, here hath come a little man to thy house. A handsome lad he is, indeed. Now then, go and see him."

"What of my daughter, doctor?"

"She will do well enough."

Snorro lifted never an eyelash, but his face glowed like fire. Jan, then, had a son! Jan's son! Already he loved the child. Surely he would be the peacemaker. Now the mother and father must meet. He had almost forgiven Margaret. How he longed for Jan to come back. Alas! when he did, Margaret was said to be dying; Peter had not been at his store for three days.

The double news met Jan as soon as he put his foot on the quay. "Thou hast a son, Jan." "Thy wife is dying." Jan was nearly distraught. With all a man's strength of feeling, he had emotions as fervent and vivid as a woman: he forgot in a moment every angry feeling, and hastened to his wife. Peter opened the door; when he saw Jan, he could have struck him. He did what was more cruel, he shut the door in his face, and drew the bolt passionately across it.

Jan, however, would not leave the vicinity. He stopped the doctor, and every one that came and went. In a few hours this became intolerable to Peter. He ordered him to go away, but Jan sat on a large stone by the gate, with his head in his hands, and answered him never a word. Then he sent Thora to him. In vain Jan tried to soften her heart. "Margaret is unconscious, yet she mourns constantly for thee. Thou art my child's murderer," she said sternly. "Go thy ways before I curse thee."

He turned away then and went down to the seaside, and threw himself, in an agony of despair, upon the sand and the

Digitized by Google

yellow tangle. Hour after hour passed; physical exhaustion and mental grief produced at length a kind of lethargy, that oblivion, rather than sleep, which comes to souls which have felt till they can feel no longer.

Just at dark some one touched him, and asked sternly, "Art thou drunk, Jan Vedder, to-day? to-day, when thy wife is dying?"

"It is with sorrow I am drunk." Then he opened his eyes and saw the minister standing over him. Slowly he rose to his feet, and stood stunned and trembling before him.

"Jan! Go to thy wife. She is very ill. At the last she may want thee and only thee."

"They will not let me see her. Do thou speak to Peter Fae for me."

"Hast thou not seen her — or thy son?"

"I have not been within the door. Oh, do thou speak for me!"

"Come with me."

Together they went back to Peter's house. The door was locked, and the minister knocked.

"Who is there?"

"It is I, and Jan Vedder. Peter, unbolt the door."

"Thou art God's minister and ever welcome; but I will not let Jan Vedder across my doorstone."

"Thou wilt let us both in. Indeed thou wilt. I am amazed at thee, Peter. What God has joined together, let no man put asunder. Art thou going to strive against God? I say to thee, unbolt the door, unbolt it quick, lest thou be too late. If thou suffer not mercy to pass through it, I tell thee there are those who will pass through it, the door being shut."

Then Peter drew the bolt and set the door wide, but his face was hard as iron, and black as midnight.

"Jan," said the minister, "thy wife and child are in the next room. Go and see them, it will be good for thee. Peter, well may the Lord Christ say, 'I come as a thief in the night;' and be sure of this, he will break down the bars and burst open the doors of those who rise not willingly to let him in."

In Shetland at that day, and indeed at the present day, the minister has almost a papal authority. Peter took the reproof in silence. Doctor Balloch was, however, a man who in any circumstances would have had influence and authority among those brought in contact with him, for though he spared not the rod in the way of his ministry, he was in all minor matters

Digitized by Google

full of gentleness and human kindness. Old and young had long ago made their hearts over to him. Besides, his great learning and his acquaintance with the tongues of antiquity were regarded as a great credit to the town.

While Jan was in his wife's presence, Doctor Balloch stood silent, looking into the fire. Peter gazed out of the window. Neither spoke until Jan returned. Then the minister turned and looked at the young man. It was plain that he was on the verge of insensibility again. He took his arm and led him to a couch. "Lie down, Jan;" then turning to Peter he said, "Thy son has had no food to-day. He is faint and suffering. Let thy women make him some tea, and bring him some bread and meat."

"I have said that he shall not eat bread in my house."

"Then thou hast said an evil and uncharitable thing. Unsay it, Peter. See, the lad is fainting!"

"I can not mend that. He shall not break bread in my house."

"Then I say this to thee. Thou shalt not break bread at thy Lord's supper in His house. No, thou shalt not, for thou would be doing it unworthily, and eating damnation to thyself. What saith thy Lord Christ? If thine enemy hunger, feed him. Now, then, order the bread and tea for Jan Vedder."

Peter called a woman servant and gave the order. Then, almost in a passion, he faced the minister, and said, "Oh, sir, if thou knew the evil this man hath done me and mine!"

"In such a case Christ's instructions are very plain — 'Overcome evil with good.' Now, thou knowest thy duty. If thou sin, I have warned thee — the sin is on thy own head."

Jan heard nothing of this conversation. The voices of the two men were only like spent waves breaking on the shores of his consciousness. But very soon a woman brought him a basin of hot tea, and he drank it and ate a few mouthfuls. It gave him a little strength, he gathered himself together, opened the door, and without speaking went out into the night. The minister followed, watching him carefully, until he saw Michael Snorro take him in his big arms, and carry him to a pile of sealskins. Then he knew that he was in good hands.

Poor Jan! He was utterly spent and miserable. The few minutes he had passed at Margaret's side, had brought him no comfort. He heard her constantly muttering his name, but it was in the awful, far-distant voice of a soul speaking through a

Digitized by Google

dream. She was unconscious of his presence; he trembled in hers. Just for a moment Thora had allowed him to lift his son, and to press the tiny face against his own. Then all was darkness, and a numb, aching sorrow, until he found himself in Snorro's arms.

Many days Margaret Vedder lay between life and death, but at length there was hope, and Jan sailed again. He went away very miserable, though he had fully determined it should be his last voyage if Margaret wished it so. He would see her on his return, he would tell her how sorry he was, he would sell "The Solan" and give back the £600; he would even humble himself to Peter, and go back to the store, if there were no other way to make peace with Margaret. He felt that no personal sacrifice would be too great, if by it he could win back his home, and wife, and son. The babe had softened his heart. He told himself — oh, so often — "Thou art a father;" and no man could have had a sweeter, stronger sense of the obligations the new relation imposed. He was so sure of himself that he could not help feeling equally sure of Margaret, and also of Peter. "For the child's sake, they will forgive me, Snorro, and I'll do well, yes, I will do well for the future."

Snorro had many fears, but he could not bear to throw cold water on Jan's hopes and plans for reformation. He did not believe that his unconditional surrender would be a good foundation for future happiness. He did not like Jan's taking the whole blame. He did not like his giving up "The Solan" at Margaret's word. Neither Peter Fae, nor his daughter, were likely to exalt any one who humbled himself.

"It is money in the hand that wins," said Snorro, gloomily, "and my counsel is, that thou bear thyself bravely, and show her how well 'The Solan' hath done already, and how likely she is to clear herself and pay back that weariful £600 before two years have gone away. If she will have it, let her have it. Jan, how could she give thee up for £600! Did she love thee?"

"I do believe she did — and does yet, Snorro."

"Only God, then, understands women. But while thou art away, think well of this and that, and of the things likely to follow, for still I see that forethought spares afterthought and after-sorrow."

With words like these ringing in his ears, Jan again sailed "The Solan" out of Lerwick. He intended to make a coasting

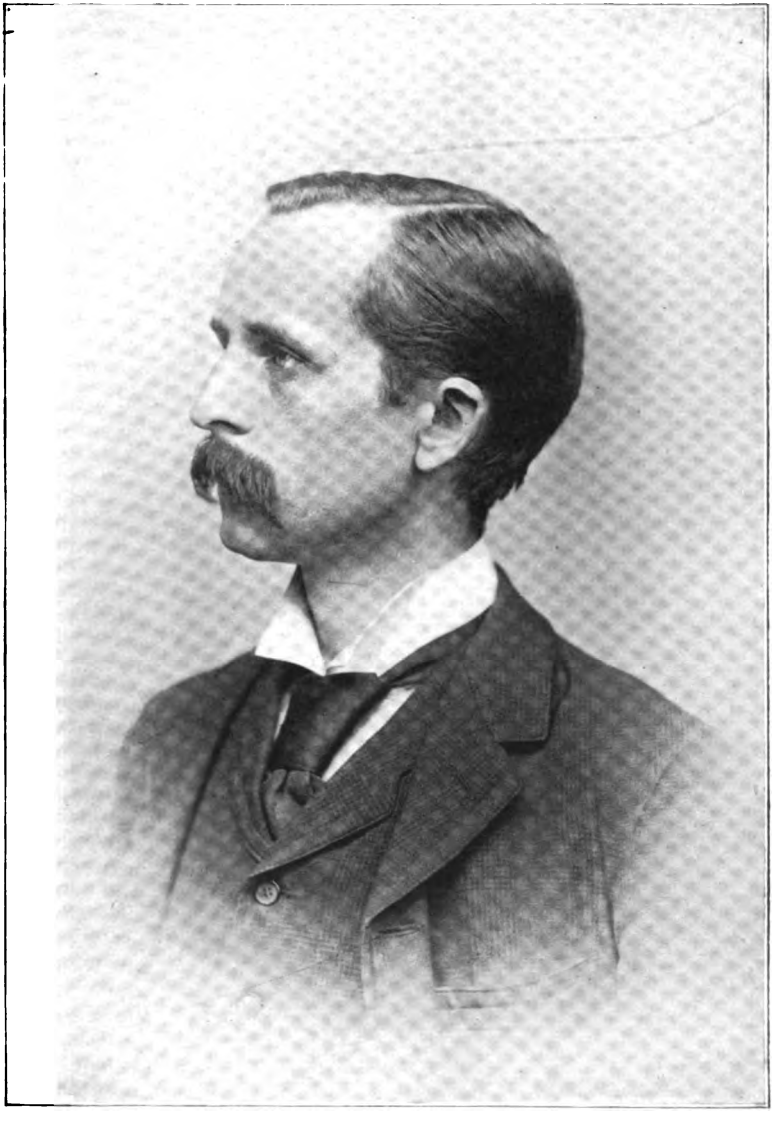
Digitized by Google

voyage only, but he expected delay, for with November had come storm and cold, fierce winds and roaring seas. Edging along from port to port, taking advantage of every tide and favorable breeze, and lying to, when sailing was impossible, six weeks were gone before he reached Kirkwall in the Orkneys. Here he intended to take in his last cargo before steering for home. A boat leaving Kirkwall as he entered, carried the news of "The Solan's" arrival to Lerwick, and then Snorro watched anxiously every tide for Jan's arrival.

But day after day passed and "The Solan" came not. No one but Snorro was uneasy. In the winter, in that tempestuous latitude, boats were often delayed for weeks. They ran from shelter to shelter in constant peril of shipwreck, and with a full cargo a good skipper was bound to be prudent. But Snorro had a presentiment of danger and trouble. He watched night after night for Jan, until even his strength gave way, and he fell into a deep sleep. He was awakened by Jan's voice. In a moment he opened the door and let him in.

Alas! Alas, poor Jan! It was sorrow upon sorrow for him. "The Solan" had been driven upon the Quarr rocks, and she was a total wreck. Nothing had been saved but Jan's life, even that barely. He had been so bruised and injured that he had been compelled to rest in the solitary hut of a coast-guardsman many days. He gave the facts to Snorro in an apathy. The man was shipwrecked as well as the boat. It was not only that he had lost everything, that he had not a penny left in the world, he had lost hope, lost all faith in himself, lost even the will to fight his ill fortune any longer.

Digitized by Google



JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

JAMES MATTHEW BARRIE.

BARRIE, JAMES MATTHEW, a Scottish author, born at Kirriemuir, Forfarshire, May 9, 1860. From the Dumfries Academy he entered the University of Edinburgh, graduated in 1883, and soon afterward engaged in editorial work on "The Nottingham Journal." While thus employed he contributed sketches and other articles to various London newspapers. In the spring of 1885 he went to London seeking a wider field, and in the autumn of that year published his first "Auld Licht Idyls," in "The St. James's Gazette." His first volume, "Better Dead," appeared in 1887. "When a Man's Single" and "Auld Licht Idyls" followed in 1888; "An Edinburgh Eleven" and "A Window in Thrums" in 1889; "My Lady Nicotine" and "A Holiday in Bed" in 1890; "The Little Minister" in 1891; "A Tillyloss Scandal" in 1892; and "An Auld Licht Manse" and "Two of Them" in 1893; "Sentimental Tommy" (1896); "Margaret Ogilvy" (1896), a biography of his mother. He has also written numerous short sketches and three comedies: "Walker, London" (1892); "Jane Annie" (1893); and "The Professor's Love Story." Thrums, the scene of many of his sketches, is Kirriemuir, painted with a loving hand. His peculiar talent for depicting Scottish village life and rustic characters with fidelity, pathos, humor, and poetic charm, has brought him fame.

THE AULD LICHTS.

COURTSHIPS.

WITH the severe Auld Lichts the Sabbath began at six o'clock on Saturday evening. By that time the gleaming shuttle was at rest, Davie Haggart had strolled into the village from his pile of stones on the Whunny road; Hendry Robb, the "dummy," had sold his last barrowful of "rozetty [resiny] roots" for firewood; and the people, having tranquilly supped and soused their faces in their water pails, slowly donned their Sunday clothes. This ceremony was common to all; but here divergence set in. The gray Auld Licht, to whom love was not even a name, sat in his high-backed arm-

Digitized by Google

chair by the hearth, Bible or "Pilgrim's Progress" in hand, occasionally lapsing into slumber. But — though, when they got the chance, they went willingly three times to the kirk — there were young men in the community so flighty that, instead of dozing at home on Saturday night, they dandered casually into the square, and, forming into knots at the corners, talked solemnly and mysteriously of women.

Not even on the night preceding his wedding was an Auld Licht ever known to stay out after ten o'clock. So weekly conclaves at street corners came to an end at a comparatively early hour, one Cœlebs after another shuffling silently from the square until it echoed, deserted, to the townhouse clock. The last of the gallants, gradually discovering that he was alone, would look around him musingly, and, taking in the situation, slowly wend his way home. On no other night of the week was frivolous talk about the softer sex indulged in, the Auld Lichts being creatures of habit who never thought of smiling on a Monday. Long before they reached their teens they were earning their keep as herds in the surrounding glens or filling "pirns" for their parents; but they were generally on the brink of twenty before they thought seriously of matrimony. Up to that time they only trifled with the other sex's affections at a distance — filling a maid's water pails, perhaps, when no one was looking, or carrying her wob; at the recollection of which they would slap their knees almost jovially on Saturday night. A wife was expected to assist at the loom as well as to be cunning in the making of marmalade and the firing of bannocks, and there was consequently some heart-burning among the lads for maids of skill and muscle. The Auld Licht, however, who meant marriage seldom loitered in the streets. By and by there came a time when the clock looked down through its cracked glass upon the hemmed-in square and saw him not. His companions, gazing at each other's boots, felt that something was going on, but made no remark.

A month ago, passing through the shabby familiar square, I brushed against a withered old man tottering down the street under a load of yarn. It was piled on a wheelbarrow which his feeble hands could not have raised but for the rope of yarn that supported it from his shoulders; and though Auld Licht was written on his patient eyes, I did not immediately recognize Jamie Whamond. Years ago Jamie was a sturdy weaver and fervent lover whom I had the right to call my friend.

Digitized by Google

Turn back the century a few decades, and we are together on a moonlight night, taking a short cut through the fields from the farm of Craigiebuckle. Buxom were Craigiebuckle's "dochters," and Jamie was Janet's accepted suitor. It was a muddy road through damp grass, and we picked our way silently over its ruts and pools. "I'm thinkin'," Jamie said at last, a little wistfully, "that I micht hae been as weel wi' Chirsty." Chirsty was Janet's sister, and Jamie had first thought of her. Craigiebuckle, however, strongly advised him to take Janet instead, and he consented. Alack! heavy wobs have taken all the grace from Janet's shoulders this many a year, though she and Jamie go bravely down the hill together. Unless they pass the alloted span of life, the "poors-house" will never know them. As for bonny Chirsty, she proved a flighty thing, and married a deacon in the Established Church. The Auld Lichts groaned over her fall, Craigiebuckle hung his head, and the minister told her sternly to go her way. But a few weeks afterwards Lang Tammas, the chief elder, was observed talking with her for an hour in Gowrie's close; and the very next Sabbath Chirsty pushed her husband in triumph into her father's pew. The minister, though completely taken by surprise, at once referred to the stranger, in a prayer of great length, as a brand that might yet be plucked from the burning. Changing his text, he preached at him; Lang Tammas, the precentor, and the whole congregation (Chirsty included), sang at him; and before he exactly realized his position he had become an Auld Licht for life. Chirsty's triumph was complete when, next week, in broad daylight, too, the minister's wife called, and (in the presence of Betsy Munn, who vouches for the truth of the story) graciously asked her to come up to the manse on Thursday, at 4 P.M., and drink a dish of tea. Chirsty, who knew her position, of course begged modestly to be excused; but a coolness arose over the invitation between her and Janet — who felt slighted — that was only made up at the laying-out of Chirsty's father-in-law, to which Janet was pleasantly invited.

When they had red up the house, the Auld Licht lassies sat in the gloaming at their doors on three-legged stools, patiently knitting stockings. To them came stiff-limbed youths who, with a "Blawy nicht, Jeanie" (to which the inevitable answer was, "It is so, Cha-rles"), rested their shoulders on the doorpost and silently followed with their eyes the flashing needles.

Digitized by Google

Thus the courtship began — often to ripen promptly into marriage, at other times to go no further. The smooth-haired maids, neat in their simple wrappers, knew they were on their trial and that it behooved them to be wary. They had not compassed twenty winters without knowing that Marget Todd lost Davie Haggart because she "fittit" a black stocking with brown worsted, and that Finny's grieve turned from Bell Whamond on account of the frivolous flowers in her bonnet: and yet Bell's prospects, as I happen to know, at one time looked bright and promising. Sitting over her father's peat fire one night gossiping with him about fishing flies and tackle, I noticed the grieve, who had dropped in by appointment with some ducks' eggs on which Bell's clockin hen was to sit, performing some sleight-of-hand trick with his coat sleeve. Craftily he jerked and twisted it, till his own photograph (a black smudge on white) gradually appeared to view. This he gravely slipped into the hands of the maid of his choice, and then took his departure, apparently much relieved. Had not Bell's light-headedness driven him away, the grieve would have soon followed up his gift with an offer of his hand. Some night Bell would have "seen him to the door," and they would have stared sheepishly at each other before saying good night. The parting salutation given, the grieve would still have stood his ground, and Bell would have waited with him. At last, "Will ye hae 's, Bell?" would have dropped from his half-reluctant lips; and Bell would have mumbled, "Ay," with her thumb in her mouth. "Guid nicht to ye, Bell," would be the next remark — "Guid nicht to ye, Jeames," the answer; the humble door would close softly, and Bell and her lad would have been engaged. But, as it was, their attachment never got beyond the silhouette stage, from which, in the ethics of the Auld Lichts, a man can draw back in certain circumstances without loss of honor. The only really tender thing I ever heard an Auld Lichts lover say to his sweetheart was when Gowrie's brother looked softly into Easie Tamson's eyes and whispered, "Do you swite [sweat]?" Even then the effect was produced more by the loving cast in Gowrie's eye than by the tenderness of the words themselves.

The courtships were sometimes of long duration, but as soon as the young man realized that he was courting he proposed. Cases were not wanting in which he realized this for himself, but as a rule he had to be told of it.

Digitized by Google

There were a few instances of weddings among the Auld Lichts that did not take place on Friday. Betsy Munn's brother thought to assert his two coal carts, about which he was sinfully puffed up, by getting married early in the week; but he was a pragmatical feckless body, Jamie. The foreigner from York that Finny's grieve after disappointing Jinny Whamond took, sought to sew the seeds of strife by urging that Friday was an unlucky day; and I remember how the minister, who was always great in a crisis, nipped the bickering in the bud by adducing the conclusive fact that he had been married on the sixth day of the week himself. It was a judicious policy on Mr. Dishart's part to take vigorous action at once and insist on the solemnization of the marriage on a Friday or not at all, for he best kept superstition out of the congregation by branding it as heresy. Perhaps the Auld Lichts were only ignorant of the grieve's lass' theory because they had not thought of it. Friday's claims, too, were incontrovertible; for the Saturday's being a slack day gave the couple an opportunity to put their but and ben in order, and on Sabbath they had a gay day of it, three times at the kirk. The honeymoon over, the racket of the loom began again on the Monday.

The natural politeness of the Allardice family gave me my invitation to Tibbie's wedding. I was taking tea and cheese early one wintry afternoon with the smith and his wife, when little Joey Todd in his Sabbath clothes peered in at the passage, and then knocked primly at the door. Andra forgot himself, and called out to him to come in by; but Jess frowned him into silence, and hastily donning her black mutch, received Willie on the threshold. Both halves of the door were open, and the visitor had looked us over carefully before knocking; but he had come with the compliments of Tibbie's mother, requesting the pleasure of Jess and her man that evening to the lassie's marriage with Sam'l Todd, and the knocking at the door was part of the ceremony. Five minutes afterwards Joey returned to beg a moment of me in the passage; when I, too, got my invitation. The lad had just received, with an expression of polite surprise, though he knew he could claim it as his right, a slice of crumbling shortbread, and taken his staid departure, when Jess cleared the tea things off the table, remarking simply that it was a mercy we had not got beyond the first cup. We then retired to dress.

About six o'clock, the time announced for the ceremony, I

Digitized by Google

elbowed my way through the expectant throng of men, women, and children that already besieged the smith's door. Shrill demands of "toss, toss!" rent the air every time Jess' head showed on the window blind, and Andra hoped, as I pushed open the door, "that I hadna forgotten my bawbees." Weddings were celebrated among the Auld Lichts by showers of ha'pence, and the guests on their way to the bride's house had to scatter to the hungry rabble like housewives feeding poultry. Willie Todd, the best man, who had never come out so strong in his life before, slipped through the back window, while the crowd, led on by Kitty McQueen, seethed in front, and making a bolt for it to the "Sosh," was back in a moment with a handful of small change. "Dinna toss ower lavishly at first," the smith whispered me nervously, as we followed Jess and Willie into the darkening wynd.

The guests were packed hot and solemn in Johnny Allardice's "room": the men anxious to surrender their seats to the ladies who happened to be standing, but too bashful to propose it; the ham and the fish frizzling noisily side by side but the house, and hissing out every now and then to let all whom it might concern know that Janet Craik was adding more water to the gravy. A better woman never lived; but oh, the hypocrisy of the face that beamed greeting to the guests as if it had nothing to do but politely show them in, and gasped next moment with upraised arms, over what was nearly a fall in crockery. When Janet sped to the door her "spleet new" merino dress fell, to the pulling of a string, over her home-made petticoat, like the drop scene in a theatre, and rose as promptly when she returned to slice the bacon. The murmur of admiration that filled the room when she entered with the minister was an involuntary tribute to the spotlessness of her wrapper, and a great triumph for Janet. If there is an impression that the dress of the Auld Lichts was on all occasions as sombre as their faces, let it be known that the bride was but one of several in "whites," and that Mag Munn had only at the last moment been dissuaded from wearing flowers. The minister, the Auld Lichts congratulated themselves, disapproved of all such decking of the person and bowing of the head to idols; but on such an occasion he was not expected to observe it. Bell Whamond, however, has reason for knowing that, marriages or no marriages, he drew the line at curls.

By and by Sam'l Todd, looking a little dazed, was pushed

Digitized by Google

into the middle of the room to Tibbie's side, and the minister raised his voice in prayer. All eyes closed reverently, except perhaps the bridegroom's, which seemed glazed and vacant. It was an open question in the community whether Mr. Dishart did not miss his chance at weddings, the men shaking their heads over the comparative brevity of the ceremony, the women worshipping him (though he never hesitated to rebuke them when they showed it too openly) for the urbanity of his manners. At that time, however, only a minister of such experience as Mr. Dishart's predecessor could lead up to a marriage in prayer without inadvertently joining the couple; and the catechizing was mercifully brief. Another prayer followed the union; the minister waived his right to kiss the bride; every one looked at every other one, as if he had for the moment forgotten what he was on the point of saying and found it very annoying; and Janet signed frantically to Willie Todd, who nodded intelligently in reply, but evidently had no idea what she meant. In time Johnny Allardice, our host, who became more and more doited as the night proceeded, remembered his instructions, and led the way to the kitchen, where the guests, having politely informed their hostess that they were not hungry, partook of a hearty tea. Mr. Dishart presided, with the bride and bridegroom near him; but though he tried to give an agreeable turn to the conversation by describing the extensions at the cemetery, his personality oppressed us, and we only breathed freely when he rose to go. Yet we marvelled at his versatility. In shaking hands with the newly married couple the minister reminded them that it was leap year, and wished them "three hundred and sixty-six happy and God-fearing days."

Sam'l's station being too high for it, Tibbie did not have a penny wedding, which her thrifty mother bewailed, penny weddings starting a couple in life. I can recall nothing more characteristic of the nation from which the Auld Lichts sprung than the penny wedding, where the only revellers that were not out of pocket by it were the couple who gave the entertainment. The more the guests ate and drank the better, pecuniarily, for their hosts. The charge for admission to the penny wedding (practically to the feast that followed it) varied in different districts, but with us it was generally a shilling. Perhaps the penny extra to the fiddler accounts for the name penny wedding The ceremony having been gone through in the bride's house, there was an

Digitized by Google

adjournment to a barn or other convenient place of meeting, where was held the nuptial feast. Long white boards from Rob Angus' sawmill, supported on trestles, stood in lieu of tables; and those of the company who could not find a seat waited patiently against the wall for a vacancy. The shilling gave every guest the free run of the groaning board; but though fowls were plentiful, and even white bread too, little had been spent on them. The farmers of the neighborhood, who looked forward to providing the young people with drills of potatoes for the coming winter, made a bid for their custom by sending them a fowl gratis for the marriage supper. It was popularly understood to be the oldest cock of the farmyard, but for all that it made a brave appearance in a shallow sea of soup. The fowls were always boiled, — without exception, so far as my memory carries me, — the guidwife never having the heart to roast them, and so lose the broth. One round of whiskey and water was all the drink to which his shilling entitled the guest. If he wanted more he had to pay for it. There was much revelry, with song and dance, that no stranger could have thought those stiff-limbed weavers capable of; and the more they shouted and whirled through the barn, the more their host smiled and rubbed his hands. He presided at the bar improvised for the occasion, and if the thing was conducted with spirit, his bride flung an apron over her gown and helped him. I remember one elderly bridegroom, who, having married a blind woman, had to do double work at his penny wedding. It was a sight to see him flitting about the torch-lit barn, with a kettle of hot water in one hand and a besom to sweep up crumbs in the other.

Though Sam'l had no penny wedding, however, we made a night of it at his marriage.

Wedding chariots were not in those days, though I know of Auld Lichts being conveyed to marriages nowadays by horses with white ears. The tea over, we formed in couples, and — the best man with the bride, the bridegroom with the best maid, leading the way — marched in slow procession in the moonlight night to Tibbie's new home, between lines of hoarse and eager onlookers. An attempt was made by an itinerant musician to head the company with his fiddle; but instrumental music, even in the streets, was abhorrent to sound Auld Lichts, and the minister had spoken privately to Willie Todd on the subject. As a consequence, Peter was driven from the

Digitized by Google

ranks. The last thing I saw that night, as we filed, bareheaded and solemn, into the newly married couple's house, was Kitty McQueen's vigorous arm, in a dishevelled sleeve, pounding a pair of urchins who had got between her and a muddy ha'penny.

That night there was revelry and boisterous mirth (or what the Auld Lichts took for such) in Tibbie's kitchen. At eleven o'clock Davit Lunan cracked a joke. Davie Haggart, in reply to Bell Dundas' request, gave a song of distinctly secular tendencies. The bride (who had carefully taken off her wedding gown on getting home and donned a wrapper) coquettishly let the bridegroom's father hold her hand. In Auld Licht circles, when one of the company was offered whiskey and refused it, the others, as if pained even at the offer, pushed it from them as a thing abhorred. But Davie Haggart set another example on this occasion, and no one had the courage to refuse to follow it. We sat late round the dying fire, and it was only Willie Todd's scandalous assertion (he was but a boy) about his being able to dance that induced us to think of moving. In the community, I understand, this marriage is still memorable as the occasion on which Bell Whamond laughed in the minister's face.

POLITICAL REMINISCENCES.

WHEN an election day comes round now, it takes me back to the time of 1832. I would be eight or ten year old at that time. James Strachan was at the door by five o'clock in the morning in his Sabbath clothes, by arrangement. We was to go up to the hill to see them building the bonfire. Moreover, there was word that Mr. Scrimgour was to be there tossing pennies, just like at a marriage. I was wakened before that by my mother at the pans and bowls. I have always associated elections since that time with jelly making; for just as my mother would fill the cups and tankers and bowls with jelly to save cans, she was emptying the pots and pans to make way for the ale and porter. James and me was to help to carry it home from the square — him in the pitcher and me in a flagon, because I was silly for my age and not strong in the arms.

It was a very blowy morning, though the rain kept off, and what part of the bonfire had been built already was found scattered to the winds. Before we rose a great mass of folk was

Digitized by Google

getting the barrels and things together again; but some of them was never recovered, and suspicion pointed to William Geddes, it being well known that William would not hesitate to carry off anything if unobserved. More by token Chirsty Lamby had seen him rolling home a barrowful of firewood early in the morning, her having risen to hold cold water in her mouth, being down with the toothache. When we got up to the hill everybody was making for the quarry, which being more sheltered was now thought to be a better place for the bonfire. The masons had struck work, it being a general holiday in the whole country side. There was a great commotion of people, all fine dressed and mostly with glengarry bonnets; and me and James was well acquaint with them, though mostly weavers and the like and not my father's equal. Mr. Scrimgour was not there himself; but there was a small active body in his room as tossed the money for him fair enough; though not so liberally as was expected, being mostly ha'pence where pennies was looked for. Such was not my father's opinion, and him and a few others only had a vote. He considered it was a waste of money giving to them that had no vote and so taking out of other folks' mouths, but the little man said it kept everybody in good humor and made Mr. Scrimgour popular. He was an extraordinary affable man and very spirity, running about to waste no time in walking, and gave me a shilling, saying to me to be a truthful boy and tell my father. He did not give James anything, him being an orphan, but clapped his head and said he was a fine boy.

The Captain was to vote for the Bill if he got in, the which he did. It was the Captain was to give the ale and porter in the square like a true gentleman. My father gave a kind of laugh when I let him see my shilling, and said he would keep care of it for me; and sorry I was I let him get it, me never seeing the face of it again to this day. Me and James was much annoyed with women, especially Kitty Davie, always pushing in when there was tossing, and tearing the very ha'pence out of our hands: us not caring so much about the money, but humiliated to see women mixing up in politics. By the time the topmost barrel was on the bonfire there was a great smell of whiskey in the quarry, it being a confined place. My father had been against the bonfire being in the quarry, arguing that the wind on the hill would have carried off the smell of the whiskey; but Peter Tosh said they did not want the smell car-

Digitized by Google

ried off,—it would be agreeable to the masons for weeks to come. Except among the women there was no fighting nor wrangling at the quarry but all in fine spirits.

I misremember now whether it was Mr. Scrimgour or the Captain that took the fancy to my father's pigs; but it was this day, at any rate, that the Captain sent him the gamecock. Whichever one it was that fancied the litter of pigs, nothing would content him but to buy them, which he did at thirty shillings each, being the best bargain ever my father made. Nevertheless I'm thinking he was windier of the cock. The Captain, who was a local man when not with his regiment, had the grandest collection of fighting cocks in the county, and sometimes came into the town to try them against the town cocks. I mind well the large wicker cage in which they were conveyed from place to place, and never without the Captain near at hand. My father had a cock that beat all the other town cocks at the cockfight at our school, which was superintended by the elder of the kirk to see fair play; but the which died of its wounds the next day but one. This was a great grief to my father, it having been challenged to fight the Captain's cock. Therefore it was very considerate of the Captain to make my father a present of his bird; father, in compliment to him, changing its name from the "Deil" to the "Captain."

During the forenoon, and I think until well on in the day, James and me was busy with the pitcher and the flagon. The proceedings in the square, however, was not so well conducted as in the quarry, many of the folk there assembled showing a mean and grasping spirit. The Captain had given orders that there was to be no stint of ale and porter, and neither there was; but much of it lost through hastiness. Great barrels was hurled into the middle of the square, where the country wives sat with their eggs and butter on market day, and was quickly stove in with an axe or paving stone or whatever came handy. Sometimes they would break into the barrel at different points; and then, when they tilted it up to get the ale out at one hole, it gushed out at the bottom till the square was flooded. My mother was fair disgusted when told by me and James of the waste of good liquor. It is gospel truth I speak when I say I mind well of seeing Singer Davie catching the porter in a pan as it ran down the sire, and, when the pan was full to overflowing, putting his mouth to the stream and drinking till he was as full as the pan. Most of the men, however, stuck to

Digitized by Google

the barrels, the drink running in the street being ale and porter mixed, and left it to the women and the young folk to do the carrying. Susy M'Queen brought as many pans as she could collect on a barrow, and was filling them all with porter, rejecting the ale; but indignation was aroused against her, and as fast as she filled, the others emptied.

My father scorned to go to the square to drink ale and porter with the crowd, having the election on his mind and him to vote. Nevertheless he instructed me and James to keep up a brisk trade with the pans, and run back across the gardens in case we met dishonest folk in the streets who might drink the ale. Also, said my father, we was to let the excesses of our neighbors be a warning in sobriety to us; enough being as good as a feast, except when you can store it up for the winter. By and by my mother thought it was not safe me being in the streets with so many wild men about, and would have sent James himself, him being an orphan and hardier; but this I did not like, but, running out, did not come back for long enough. There is no doubt that the music was to blame for firing the men's blood, and the result most disgraceful fighting with no object in view. There was three fiddlers and two at the flute, most of them blind, but not the less dangerous on that account; and they kept the town in a ferment, even playing the countryfolk home to the farms, followed by bands of townsfolk. They were a quarrelsome set, the ploughmen and others; and it was generally admitted in the town that their overbearing behavior was responsible for the fights. I mind them being driven out of the square, stones flying thick; also some stand-up fights with sticks, and others fair enough with fists. The worst fight I did not see. It took place in a field. At first it was only between two who had been miscalling one another; but there was many looking on, and when the town man was like getting the worst of it the others set to, and a most heathenish fray with no sense in it ensued. One man had his arm broken. I mind Hobart the bellman going about ringing his bell and telling all persons to get within doors; but little attention was paid to him, it being notorious that Snecky had had a fight earlier in the day himself.

When James was fighting in the field, according to his own account, I had the honor of dining with the electors who voted for the Captain, him paying all expenses. It was a lucky accident my mother sending me to the townhouse, where the dinner

Digitized by Google

came off, to try to get my father home at a decent hour, me having a remarkable power over him when in liquor but at no other time. They were very jolly, however, and insisted on my drinking the Captain's health and eating more than was safe. My father got it next day from my mother for this; and so would I myself, but it was several days before I left my bed, completely knocked up as I was with the excitement and one thing or another. The bonfire, which was built to celebrate the election of Mr. Scrimgour, was set ablaze, though I did not see it, in honor of the election of the Captain; it being thought a pity to lose it, as no doubt it would have been. That is about all I remember of the celebrated election of '32 when the Reform Bill was passed.

From "A Window in Thrums."

In a wet day the rain gathered in blobs on the road that passed our garden. Then it crawled into the cart tracks until the road was streaked with water. Lastly, the water gathered in heavy yellow pools. If the on-ding still continued, clods of earth toppled from the garden dike into the ditch.

On such a day, when even the dulseman had gone into shelter, and the women scudded by with their wrappers over their heads, came Gavin Birse to our door. Gavin, who was the Glen Quharity post, was still young, but had never been quite the same man since some amateurs in the glen ironed his back for rheumatism. I thought he had called to have a crack with me. He sent his compliments up to the attic, however, by Leeby, and would I come and be a witness?

Gavin came up and explained. He had taken off his scarf and thrust it into his pocket, lest the rain should take the color out of it. His boots cheeped, and his shoulders had risen to his ears. He stood steaming before my fire.

"If it 's no' ower muckle to ask ye," he said, "I would like ye for a witness."

"A witness! But for what do you need a witness, Gavin?"

"I want ye," he said, "to come wi' me to Mag's, and be a witness."

Gavin and Mag Birse had been engaged for a year or more. Mag was the daughter of Janet Ogilvy, who was best remembered as the body that took the hill (that is, wandered about it)

Digitized by Google

for twelve hours on the day Mr. Dishart, the Auld Licht minister, accepted a call to another church.

"You don't mean to tell me, Gavin," I asked, "that your marriage is to take place to-day?"

By the twist of his mouth I saw that he was only deferring a smile.

"Far frae that," he said.

"Ah, then, you have quarrelled, and I am to speak up for you?"

"Na, na," he said, "I dinna want ye to do that above all things. It would be a favor if ye could gie me a bad character."

This beat me, and, I dare say, my face showed it.

"I 'm no' juist what ye would call anxious to marry Mag noo," said Gavin, without a tremor.

I told him to go on.

"There 's a lassie oot at Craigiebuckle," he explained, "workin' on the farm — Jeanie Luke by name. Ye may hae seen her?"

"What of her?" I asked severely.

"Weel," said Gavin, still unabashed, "I 'm thinkin' noo 'at I would rather hae her."

Then he stated his case more fully.

"Ay, I thocht I liked Mag oncommon till I saw Jeanie, an' I like her fine yet, but I prefer the other ane. That state o' matters canna gang on forever, so I came into Thrums the day to settle 't one wy or another."

"And how," I asked, "do you propose going about it? It is a somewhat delicate business."

"Ou, I see nae great difficulty in 't. I 'll speir at Mag, blunt oot, if she 'll let me aff. Yes, I 'll put it to her plain."

"You 're sure Jeanie would take you?"

"Ay; oh, there 's nae fear o' that."

"But if Mag keeps you to your bargain?"

"Weel, in that case there 's nae harm done."

"You are in a great hurry, Gavin?"

"Ye may say that; but I want to be married. The wifie I lodge wi' canna last lang, an' I would like to settle doon in some place."

"So you are on your way to Mag's now?"

"Ay, we 'll get her in atween twal' and ane."

"Oh, yes; but why do you want me to go with you?"

"I want ye for a witness. If she winna let me aff, weel and

Digitized by Google

guid; and if she will, it 's better to hae a witness in case she should go back on her word."

Gavin gave his proposal briskly, and as coolly as if he were only asking me to go fishing; but I did not accompany him to Mag's. He left the house to look for another witness, and about an hour afterwards Jess saw him pass with Tammas Haggart. Tammas cried in during the evening to tell us how the mission prospered.

"Mind ye," said Tammas, a drop of water hanging to the point of his nose, "I disclaim all responsibility in the business. I ken Mag weel for a thrifty, respectable woman, as her mither was afore her, and so I said to Gavin when he came to speir me."

"Ay, mony a pirn has 'Lisbeth filled to me," said Hendry, settling down to a reminiscence.

"No to be ower hard on Gavin," continued Tammas, forestalling Hendry, "he took what I said in guid part; but aye when I stopped speakin' to draw breath, he says, 'The queistion is, will ye come wi' me?' He was michty made up in 's mind."

"Weel, ye went wi' him," suggested Jess, who wanted to bring Tammas to the point.

"Ay," said the stone breaker, "but no in sic a hurry as that."

He worked his mouth round and round, to clear the course, as it were, for a sarcasm.

"Fowk often say," he continued, "'at 'am quick beyond the ordinar' in seein' the humorous side o' things."

Here Tammas paused, and looked at us.

"So ye are, Tammas," said Hendry. "Losh, ye mind hoo ye saw the humorous side o' me wearin' a pair o' boots 'at wisna marrows! No, the ane had a toe piece on, an' the other hadna."

"Ye juist wore them sometimes when ye was delvin'," broke in Jess; "ye have as guid a pair o' boots as ony in Thrums."

"Ay, but I had worn them," said Hendry, "at odd times for mair than a year, an' I had never seen the humorous side o' them. Weel, as fac as death" (here he addressed me), "Tammas had juist seen them twa or three times when he saw the humorous side o' them. Syne I saw their humorous side, too, but no till Tammas pointed it oot."

Digitized by Google

"That was naething," said Tammas, "naething ava to some things I 've done."

"But what aboot Mag?" said Leeby.

"We wasna that length, was we?" said Tammas. "Na, we was speakin' aboot the humorous side. Ay, wait a wee, I didna mention the humorous side for naething."

He paused to reflect.

"Oh, yes," he said at last, brightening up, "I was sayin' to ye hoo quick I was to see the humorous side o' onything. Ay, then, what made me say that was, 'at in a clink (flash) I saw the humorous side o' Gavin's position."

"Man, man," said Hendry, admiringly, "and what is 't?"

"Oh, it 's this, there 's something humorous in speirin' a woman to let ye aff so as ye can be married to another woman."

"I daur say there is," said Hendry, doubtfully.

"Did she let him aff?" asked Jess, taking the words out of Leeby's mouth.

"I 'm comin' to that," said Tammas. "Gavin proposes to me after I had haen my laugh —"

"Yes," cried Hendry, banging the table with his fist, "it has a humorous side. Ye 're richt again, Tammas."

"I wish ye wadna blatter (beat) the table," said Jess, and then Tammas proceeded, —

"Gavin wanted me to tak' paper an' ink an' a pen wi' me, to write the proceedin's doon, but I said, 'Na, na, I 'll tak' paper, but nae ink nor nae pen, for ther' 'll be ink an' a pen there.' That was what I said."

"An' did she let him aff?" asked Leeby.

"Weel," said Tammas, "aff we goes to Mag's hoose, an' sure enough Mag was in. She was alane, too: so Gavin, no to waste time, juist sat doon for politeness' sake, an' sune rises up again; an' says he, 'Marget Lownie, I hae a solemn question to speir at ye, namely this, Will you, Marget Lownie, let me, Gavin Birse, aff?'"

"Mag would start at that?"

"Sal, she was braw an' cool. I thocht she maun hae got wind o' his intentions aforehand, for she juist replies, quiet-like, 'Hoo do ye want aff, Gavin?'

"'Because,' says he, like a book, 'my affections has undergone a change.'

"'Ye mean Jean Luke,' says Mag.

Digitized by Google

"'That is wha I mean,' says Gavin, very straitforrard.

"But she didna let him aff, did she?"

"Na, she wasna the kind. Says she, 'I wonder to hear ye, Gavin, but 'am no goin' to agree to naething o' that sort.'"

"'Think it ower,' says Gavin.

"'Nae, my mind 's made up,' said she.

"'Ye would sune get anither man,' he says earnestly.

"'Hoo do I ken that?' she spiers, rale sensibly, I thocht, for men 's no sae easy to get.

"'Am sure o' 't,' Gavin says, wi' michty conviction in his voice, 'for ye 're bonny to look at, an' weel-kent for bein' a guid body.'

"'Ay,' says Mag, 'I 'm glad ye like me, Gavin, for ye have to tak' me.'"

"That put a clincher on him," interrupted Hendry.

"He was loth to gie in," replied Tammas, "so he says, 'Ye think 'am a fine character, Marget Lownie, but ye 're very far mista'en. I wouldna wonder but what I was lossin' my place some o' thae days, an' syne whaur would ye be? — Marget Lownie,' he goes on, ''am nat'rally lazy an' fond o' the drink. As sure as ye stand there, 'am a reglar deevil!'"

"That was strong language," said Hendry, "but he would be wantin' to fleg (frighten) her?"

"Juist so, but he didna manage 't; for Mag says, 'We a' hae oor faults, Gavin, an' deevil or no deevil, ye 're the man for me!'

"Gavin thocht a bit," continued Tammas, "an' syne he tries her on a new tack. 'Marget Lownie,' he says, 'yer father 's an auld man noo, an' he has naebody but yersel to look after him. I 'm thinkin' it would be kind o' cruel o' me to tak' ye awa frae him.'"

"Mag wouldna be ta'en in wi' that; she wasna born on a Sawbath," said Jess, using one of her favorite sayings.

"She wasna," answered Tammas. "Says she, 'Hae nae fear on that score, Gavin; my father 's fine willin' to spare me!'"

"An' that ended it?"

"Ay, that ended it."

"Did ye tak' it doon in writin'?" asked Hendry.

"There was nae need," said Tammas, handing round his

Digitized by Google

snuff mull. "No, I never touched paper. When I saw the thing was settled, I left them to their coortin'. They 're to tak' a look at Snecky Hobart's auld hoose the nicht. It 's to let."

A HOME FOR GENIUSES.

From hints he had let drop at odd times I knew that Tammas Haggart had a scheme for geniuses, but not until the evening after Jamie's arrival did I get it out of him. Hendry was with Jamie at the fishing, and it came about that Tammas and I had the pigsty to ourselves.

"Of course," he said, when we had got a grip of the subject, "I dount pretend as my ideas is to be followed withoot deeviation, but ondootedly something should be done for geniuses, them bein' aboot the only class as we do naething for. Yet they 're fowk to be prood o', an' we shouldna let them overdo the thing, nor run into debt; na, na. There was Robbie Burns, noo, as real a genius as ever — "

At the pigsty, where we liked to have more than one topic, we had frequently to tempt Tammas away from Burns.

"Your scheme," I interposed, "is for living geniuses, of course ?"

"Ay," he said thoughtfully, "them 'at 's gone canna be brocht back. Weel, my idea is 'at a Home should be built for geniuses at the public expense, whaur they could all live thegither, an' be decently looked after. Na, no in London; that 's no my plan, but I would hae 't within an hour's distance o' London, say five mile frae the market place, an' standin' in a bit garden, whaur the geniuses could walk aboot arm in arm, composin' their minds."

"You would have the grounds walled in, I suppose, so that the public could not intrude ?"

"Weel, there 's a difficulty there, because, ye 'll observe, as the public would support the institootion, they would hae a kind o' richt to look in. How-some-ever, I daur say we could arrange to fling the grounds open to the public once a week on condition 'at they didna speak to the geniuses. I 'm thinkin' 'at if there was a small chairge for admission the Home could be made self-supportin'. Losh! to think 'at if there had been sic an institootion in his time a man micht hae sat on the bit dike and watched Robbie Burns danderin' roond the — "

Digitized by Google

"You would divide the Home into suites of rooms, so that every inmate would have his own apartments?"

"Not by no means; na, na. The mair I read aboot geniuses the mair clearly I see as their wy o' living alane ower muckle is ane o' the things as breaks doon their health, and makes them meeserable. I' the Home they would hae a bedroom apiece, but the parlor an' the other sittin' rooms would be for all, so as they could enjoy ane another's company. The management? Oh, that 's aisy. The superintendent would be a medical man appointed by Parliament, and he would hae menservants to do his biddin'."

"Not all menservants, surely?"

"Every one o' them. Man, geniuses is no to be trusted wi' womenfolk. No, even Robbie Bu — "

"So he did; but would the inmates have to put themselves entirely in the superintendent's hands?"

"Nae doubt; an' they would see it was the wisest thing they could do. He would be careful o' their health, an' send them early to bed as weel as hae them up at eight sharp. Geniuses' healths is always breakin' doon because of late hours, as in the case o' the lad wha used often to begin his immortal writin's at twal o'clock at nicht, a thing 'at would ruin ony constitootion. But the superintendent would see as they had a tasty supper at nine o'clock — something as agreed wi' them. Then for half an hour they would quiet their brains readin' oot aloud, time about, frae sic a book as the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' an' the gas would be turned aff at ten precisely."

"When would you have them up in the morning?"

"At sax in summer an' seven in winter. The superintendent would see as they were all properly bathed every mornin', cleanliness bein' most important for the preservation o' health."

"This sounds well; but suppose a genius broke the rules — lay in bed, for instance, reading by the light of a candle after hours, or refused to take his bath in the morning?"

"The superintendent would hae to punish him. The genius would be sent back to his bed, maybe. An' if he lay lang i' the mornin' he would hae to gang withoot his breakfast."

"That would be all very well where the inmate only broke the regulations once in a way; but suppose he were to refuse to take his bath day after day (and, you know, geniuses are

Digitized by Google

said to be eccentric in that particular), what would be done? You could not starve him; geniuses are too scarce."

"Na, na; in a case like that he would hae to be reported to the public. The thing would hae to come afore the Hoose of Commons. Ay, the superintendent would get a member o' the Opposeetion to ask a queistion such as 'Can the honorable gentleman, the Secretary of State for Home Affairs, inform the Hoose whether it is a fac that Mr. Sic-a-one, the well-known genius, at present resident in the Home for Geniuses, has, contrairy to regulations, perseestently and obstinately refused to change his linen; and, if so, whether the Government proposes to tak' ony steps in the matter?' The newspapers would report the discussion next mornin', an' so it would be made public withoot onnecessary ootlay."

"In a general way, however, you would give the geniuses perfect freedom? They could work when they liked, and come and go when they liked?"

"Not so. The superintendent would fix the hours o' wark, an' they would all write, or whatever it was, thegither in one large room. Man, man, it would mak' a grand draw for a painter chield, that room, wi' all the geniuses working awa' thegither."

"But when the labors of the day were over the genius would be at liberty to make calls by himself or to run up, say, to London for an hour or two?"

"Hoots no, that would spoil everything. It 's the drink, ye see, as does for a terrible lot o' geniuses. Even Rob —"

"Alas! yes. But would you have them all teetotalers?"

"What do ye tak' me for? Na, na; the superintendent would allow them one glass o' toddy every nicht, an' mix it himsel; but he would never let the keys o' the press, whaur he kept the drink, oot o' his hands. They would never be allowed oot o' the gairden either, withoot a man to look after them; an' I wouldna burthen them wi' ower muckle pocket money. Saxpence in the week would be suffeecient."

"How about their clothes?"

"They would get twa suits a year, wi' the letter G sewed on the shoulders, so as if they were lost they could be recognized and brocht back."

"Certainly it is a scheme deserving consideration, and I have no doubt our geniuses would jump at it; but you must remember that some of them would have wives."

Digitized by Google

"Ay, an' some o' them would hae husbands. I 've been thinkin' that oot, an' I daur say the best plan would be to partition aff a pairt o' the Home for female geniuses."

"Would Parliament elect the members?"

"I wouldna trust them. The election would hae to be by competitive examination. Na, I canna say wha would draw up the queistions. The scheme 's jüist growin' i' my mind, but the mair I think o' 't the better I like it."

Hide and Seek.

I HIDE myself behind a tree;
Wilhelm seeks his little dove —
Seeks in vain, then gayly cries,
"Where art thou hidden, darling?"

I give no answer: on he goes,
Searching every leafy bush —
Seeks in vain, then gravely cries,
"Where art thou hidden, Esther?"

Still no answer: now he fumes,
Will no longer seek for me —
"Nay, if thou wilt not show thyself,
I 'll leave thee, foolish maiden!"

Then he marches off in scorn:
Out I creep and follow him,
Mimicking his stately steps,
And smiling at his answer.

Now he stops and looks behind,
Sees me, clasps me to his breast —
Foolish maiden now no more,
Nor Esther, but sweet darling!

Anonymous.

Digitized by Google

SAMUEL JUNE BARROWS.

BARROWS, SAMUEL JUNE, an American clergyman, journalist, and Congressman; born of English parentage in New York City, May 26, 1845. His early education was secured at a night school, and after serving as city editor of the New York "World," he became private secretary to William H. Seward, then Secretary of State, a position which he held for some four years. At twenty-five he entered the Divinity School of Harvard University and after he graduated studied for a year at Leipsic. From 1876 to 1880 he was pastor of the First Parish (Unitarian) of Dorchester, Massachusetts, and from 1881 to 1897 was editor of the "Christian Register," the leading weekly journal of American Unitarianism. In 1897 he entered Congress as a Representative from the Tenth Massachusetts District, but failed of re-election in 1898. His published books include "The Doom of the Majority" (1883); "A Baptist Meeting-House: The Staircase of the Old Faith, the Open Door to the New" (1885); "The Straybacks in Camp" (with Mrs. Barrows) 1887; "The Isles and Shrines of Greece" (1890).

THE MODERN SIEGE OF TROY.[1]

(From "The Isles and Shrines of Greece.")

IT was Schliemann who began the modern siege of Troy. How he was laughed at for making the attempt! As if there were anything in Homer but pure fiction! His faith, enthusiasm and perseverance were based on a settled consciousness of historic elements in Homer. In spite of the wonderful imaginative drapery in which the Homeric story was invested, Schliemann could feel the force and pressure of the reality beneath. Perhaps if he had been more critical and less trustful, he would not have felt it; but he believed that a real Troy, just as a real Greece, was the foundation of the story of the Iliad. So, in his ardent faith he went to the spot where tradition said that Troy used to be. With indomitable perseverance, Schliemann began

[1] Copyright, Samuel J. Barrows. By permission of Little, Brown & Co.

Digitized by Google

with his spade to uncover the city. His discoveries were at first ridiculed. Then people began to smile another way when he brought forth the treasures he had unearthed, the relics of a prehistoric age. Afterward, when he had published his two books on Troy, the great value of his find was recognized by archæologists; but it was said, and said rightly, that the civilization of the Troy he had found did not correspond with the Troy described in Homer. Schliemann had gone further back into the past than he had known. He had dug down clear below the foundation of the Homeric Troy into still older strata.

The excavations at Tiryns and Mycenæ threw a search-light upon the Homeric age. If the relation of the Epic with the Mycenæan age cannot be established in all points, we can at least see the identity of the outline and the historic connection. The material of the Mycenæan age thus furnished criteria with which to determine the relative age of the discoveries at Troy. We were compelled to face the fact that the civilization indicated by the vases, ornaments, and pottery which were found in the second city must have been centuries older than that of the Mycenæan age.

In 1890 Dr. Schliemann returned to Troy with Dr. Dörpfeld and renewed excavations. Instead of the seven cities, first assumed by Schliemann, nine were distinguished. In the sixth city, counting from the bottom, were found Mycenæan masonry and pottery. Only a small portion of the sixth stratum was uncovered; part of it had been removed in digging to the lowest stratum, but still more was destroyed by the Roman Ilium, the ninth city, whose foundations had been set far down in the sixth city below. The death of Dr. Schliemann put a stop to excavations, on the very threshold of new discovery. Mrs. Schliemann was devoted to her husband during his life. She had shared his faith, his labors, and his rewards. She alone was present with him when they uncovered the Great Treasure in the second city of Troy. What better way to perpetuate his memory than to complete his work at Troy? Through her generosity, supplemented by that of the German Government, the excavations were renewed under the direction of Dr. Dörpfeld in the spring of 1893. It was in June of that year that I joined Dr. Dörpfeld at Hissarlik.

Schliemann had dug deeply; the new task was to dig widely, to uncover laterally the stratum of the sixth city, and see how

Digitized by Google

far this outcropping of Mycenæan masonry would lead. The work had already been in progress for two weeks when I arrived on the ground, and was able to see it carried to most important and fascinating results.

My first impression at Hissarlik was that of utter bewilderment. Though used by this time to the general aspect of excavations, I had never seen any in which the strata seemed at first so hopelessly mixed. The problem at Olympia was comparatively simple; all the buildings were essentially on the same level. But here at Troy city after city had been built on different levels, the foundation stones of one commingling with the walls below. They seemed to be dovetailed in inextricable confusion. No temples, colonnades or theatres, as at Delos, no columns, capitals, triglyphs or statues, save in the Græco-Roman city on the top, gave any indication of former beauty and glory. Hissarlik seemed but a curious pile of stones, dust, and ashes, and, had I been alone, half a day would have sated my curiosity, — and the puzzle would have been unsolved. After four days of study under Dr. Dörpfeld's guidance, with fresh daily revelations by industrious spades, the confusion became less confounded, the different strata became more familiar, and what seemed to be unmistakably the Homeric city gradually took shape and definition.

The general situation of Hissarlik furnishes topographically the essential conditions suggested by the Iliad. It is not, like Tiryns, an island in the plain; it is rather the end of a long ridge projected upon the plain and capable of being strongly fortified. In the broad valley below we may trace the channel of two rivers, one to the right and another to the left. The island of Tenedos lies out in the sea. Rivers, like politicians, change their course. I have seen the Upper Missouri make a new channel in a few weeks. It is not surprising, then, that the Scamander and its tributary the Simois should have left their ancient beds. How great a part the river plays in the story of the Iliad is seen in the twenty-first book, when Achilles does battle not only with the Trojans at the Scamander, but with the river itself. Objection was made to Hissarlik as the site of Troy because the Scamander is not where one might expect it to be. But the old river-bed is there, and there are signs of the old ford and of the point where the Simois flowed into it, corresponding closely with the description of Homer.

Digitized by Google

When the Greeks fight, the battlefield is between the river and the sea, so that when the Trojans are driven back they must pass through the ford at a certain place or else be cut off by the river behind them. The plain stretching from Hissarlik to the sea, with the ancient river-bed, furnishes just such conditions.

Desirous as I was of getting a good general idea of the whole topography of the Trojan plain and surrounding hills, I was glad that it was possible to make a trip to Bounarbashi and back. Our party was made up of Dr. Dörpfeld, Dr. Wolters, a quartet of German students, the Turkish representative at the excavations, a Turkish cavalryman, an attendant with pack-horse, and the writer. It may not have been Homeric to go on horseback; but there were no chariots that could possibly go where we were going. We set out in the fresh cool morning; the wind was blowing over the bending grain, which bowed and swayed on the plain just as it does in the rhythmic lines of the epic. In less than an hour from Hissarlik we reached Hanai-Tepeh, an artificial mound, explored by Mr. Frank Calvert and Dr. Schliemann in 1878–79. Mr. Calvert found here the remains of numerous skeletons which had been carefully interred. Not far from this place, however, we passed the site of a great crematory, where the beds of ashes were five and six feet deep, with occasional protruding skulls and bones. Here the Trojans may have burnt their dead.

Our next point was Eski-Hissarlik on the Scamander opposite Bounarbashi. It is clear that the divine river which had such a mighty tussle with Achilles, and but for the interference of Hephæstus would have engulfed not only the vulnerable heel of his swift foot but the rest of his divinely descended body, is still a formidable stream when its pride is swollen. It would easily have been able to carry out its threat of covering the Grecian hero with such a pile of sand that no one — not even Schliemann — would have known where to find his body. The river can only be crossed at certain fords, and when running high only by boat. As we forded it the water was up to the breasts of our horses. The fine view which rewarded us from Eski-Hissarlik was repeated from the height of Bounarbashi. It was this place which Lechevalier, who visited it in 1785–86, assumed to be the site of the old acropolis of Troy. Influenced doubtless by the commanding character of the height and its great value from a military standpoint, von Moltke and

Digitized by Google

others accepted this view. This place with the hill opposite would make an almost impregnable position, but its site does not correspond with that of the city described in Homer. It is too far from the sea, — nearly twelve miles, — there is no plain for the battlefield, and the river flows directly under the city.

From the summit of Ujek-Tepeh the whole Trojan plain and the Ægean spread out like a map. We could see how broad the plain of Troy is, and what a magnificent theatre the poet had in rendering the battle scenes of the Iliad. "Fair-flowing," "divine," "deep-flowing, silver-eddying" Scamander winds below. The broad plain ranges to the north, bound by the blue ribbon of the Hellespont. Mount Ida, capped with clouds, rises grandly in the southeast; while to the south in the Ægean is the island of Lesbos, nestling under the chin of the Troad. Westward and close to the shore is Tenedos, which, because it is in the beginning of the Iliad instead of at the end, every schoolboy knows was ruled with might by the god of the silver bow. It is a long low island with a high headland at the north.

Beyond the island of Imbros to the northwest is the bold rugged outline of Samothrace, with its lofty mountain rising 5,240 feet above the sea. It was here that Poseidon, "the mighty Earth-shaker, held no blind watch, but sat and marvelled on the war and strife, high on the topmost crest of wooded Samothrace; for thence all Ida was plain to see, and plain to see were the city of Priam and the ships of the Achaians." It was no blind Homer who wrote that passage, and he did not invent his map. Schliemann made excavations on Ujek-Tepeh, but found nothing of importance.

We lunched at a village below Bounarbashi. The drum-beat in the village announced a Turkish wedding, but it was solemn enough for a funeral. Crossing the Scamander again at another ford, and later a stout arm of the same stream, we reached Schliemannville by evening, feeling more confidence than ever in the tradition that Hissarlik was the site of the Homeric Troy. To accept that tradition is to settle the question laterally, but not vertically. Dickens wrote a tale of two cities; Dörpfeld was deciphering a tale of nine. Which of them was the Homeric Troy?

It is an interesting sight to see forty or fifty men working hard with spades, picks, shovels, and barrows, not for gold and silver

Digitized by Google

or precious stones, — though not a little gold has been found at Troy, — but simply in mining the buried ore of history. The hill has been cut and channelled in every direction. The only inhabitants, except the birds that light here, are lizards, worms, and crickets. Two Turkish soldiers, armed with breech loading rifles, guard the excavations. Most of the workmen are Greeks, dressed in Turkish blouse and trousers. Without the slightest sentiment about Helen they are repeating the victory of their fathers in recapturing the city. The old Greeks took one Ilios; the modern Greeks are taking nine. You hear the clank of shovels and of picks against the stone. These men are turning stones into bread. They get two francs a day for about eleven hours' work. They begin at five in the morning and quit at seven at night; but they have a rest at eight o'clock, and three hours in the afternoon in the heat of the day. As fast as it is loosened the *débris* is carried off in wheelbarrows and hand-cars, and dumped on the plain. As it is more interesting to see a fire burning than to see the charred remains after it is over, so in one sense it is more fascinating to see the work of excavation going on, and to take a hand now and then with the shovel, than to see only the remains of former digging. At Troy we had the stimulus which results may give to expectation.

"Who knows," I said to Dr. Dörpfeld one morning as we were sitting at breakfast, "but we may find to-day the temple to which Helen went to bear her offerings to Athene." Up to that time no building laid bare showed any traces of a column, though foundations of *megara* — which might have been palaces or temples — had been found. It was singular that that very morning, on the stratum of the Mycenæan or sixth city, should have been found the remains of a column in place, and on the other side of the cut the marks where other columns had stood. So that it was possible by the next day, in spite of all that had been unfortunately cut away in previous excavations, to describe the plan of a large *megaron* which was either a palace or a temple.

In his early excavations Schliemann, as already said, distinguished the successive strata of seven different cities, and regarded the third city, the "Burnt City," as the Homeric Ilios. The latest examinations show that not only are there nine strata of as many cities on the hill of Hissarlik, but that one of these has been rebuilt thrice on the original levels, so that very likely a dozen different cities have stood on that hill. This in itself proves that from the remotest time successive settlements existed on

Digitized by Google

this spot. That it is the same site as the Roman Ilium or Novum Ilium, which was supposed to rest on the Homeric Ilios, can hardly be doubted. The nine successive strata may be distinguished, beginning at the bottom, as follows : —

I. A primitive settlement built of small stones and clay.

II. Primitive fortress; large brick buildings, much monochrome pottery, and objects of bronze, silver, and gold found by Schliemann. This city was destroyed several times.

III., IV., V. Three successive village settlements built on the ruins of the second city, the houses of small stones and sun-dried brick, the villages sometimes with fortified walls.

VI. A walled city with fortress and towers of the Mycenæan age, great buildings of dressed stone, and Mycenæan and local pottery.

VII., VIII. Hellenic village settlements on the ruins of the sixth city.

IX. A Græco-Roman city, with temple of Athene, Boulé, and marble buildings.

The characteristics of these cities are determined not merely from their masonry, but from the pottery and implements found in them. In the first prehistoric city the pottery was of primitive character, and the idols were rude and barbaric.

In the second city, the gold and silver objects and monochrome pottery were also very ancient. The doorways, the fortress, the broad paved street, and the fact that this city met the fate ascribed to Troy and was consumed in a terrible conflagration, all favored Schliemann's conclusion. But, as already said, the second city was too old for the Homeric Troy in the character of its civilization. Furthermore, it was a city of small extent, and the hill at that level was too low for the Trojan acropolis.

The brilliant result of the excavations of 1893 is the essential identification, in a large way at least, of the sixth city with the Mycenæan period, and the finding of walls, towers, gateways, palaces and possibly a temple which identify it at once with the Homeric age. This does not discount any of the great results of Schliemann's work. By digging deep he revealed to us a civilization far more primitive than the Homeric; while Dörpfeld, by broadening out the excavations of the sixth city, has uncovered the Homeric city, and given us an acropolis of ample extent, with buildings even greater in size than those of Tiryns and Mycenæ. The area of this sixth city was equal to that of Tiryns, and but little smaller than that of Athens. " Without any hesi-

Digitized by Google

MYCENÆ

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

tation," says Dr. Dörpfeld, "we may now draw on the ruins of the sixth city of Troy when we have to describe the buildings and culture of the age which Homer celebrates."[1] As Dr. Dörpfeld shows in the same work, the descriptions, and very often the special language of Homer, exactly fit the houses of Troy, the circuit wall and its towers.

The infinite pains, skill, and labor by which these superimposed cities at Troy were distinguished can hardly be conceived by those who have not been there. The original strata were not all perfectly level, and ran up and down so that the walls crossed each other. To distinguish the Mycenæan from the Roman walls let down into the same level is not difficult for the expert. Many of the Roman blocks, of which there were seventeen layers, were marked with letters, perhaps the stone mark of the contractor.

The identification of the Mycenæan period furnishes us a new basis for estimating the age of the sixth city and those below it. Putting the Roman Ilium at the beginning of the Christian era, we may date the sixth city anywhere from one thousand to fifteen hundred years before Christ; the fifth, fourth, and third cities may range from 1500 to 2000 B. C.; the second, from 2000 to 2500 B. C.; and the third from 2500 to 3000 B. C. But these are only relative and approximate dates; the primitive city might easily be a thousand years older.

I have spoken of the different layers of history as they were suggested on the Acropolis of Athens. But nowhere can one pass so rapidly from one age to another by slight changes of level as at Troy. As we mounted and descended through the different strata it seemed as if we were going up and down the ladders of time. How young seemed the Hellenic city, with its beautiful marble capitals and columns, compared with the primitive villages built on the basic rock below! One day, as we were digging in the third or fourth city, we came on several large jars or *pithoi* containing about a bushel of peas. They had been there probably four thousand years, and still preserved their form without their vitality. Some of these jars found at different levels were five feet or more in height. They were set in the ground, as shown in the illustration, and served to hold grain or wine. But in some cases the mice had gnawed through and devoured their contents.

No bricks were found in the Mycenæan period, and the

[1] Introduction to "Mycenæan Age," by Tsountas and Manatt. Boston, 1897.

Digitized by Google

dressed stones are peculiar to Troy. I have lying before me, however, a piece of brick which came out of the second city. It was originally sun-dried, but it has passed through a terrible fire. The outer part, where it was in close contact with wood, has been melted till it is nothing but a cinder. What was the inner part still retains the semblance of clay, and is friable. Running through it you can see the marks and the mould of the straw laid into it; for it tells of a time when bricks were not made without straw. After the Boston fire one could find many evidences of the terrible heat, but no piece of brick just like this. When this brick was burned neither Chicago nor Boston was known or thought of; the Pilgrims had not landed at Plymouth; the United States was a far-off event; Columbus had not set sail for the new world; the art of printing was unknown; neither England nor France had a national existence; Mahomet was not born; Paris had not been made the seat of the Frankish monarchy; Italy had not been conquered by Theodoric; Jesus had not come, and the marvellous results of his life were undreamed of; Julius Cæsar, Pompey and Cicero, Darius, Plato, Socrates, Sophocles, and Æschylus were unborn. I have a few fragments of clear charcoal made from the beams set in the wall. It was just where these beams were that the fire raged hottest and the adjacent brick was almost melted. It seems remarkable that the delicate piece of straw laid in this brick should have imprinted on the clay the lines of the fibre of which it was composed. Think of a wisp of straw leaving its signature on a piece of brick made four thousand years ago! In a burnt wall at Troy, where a beam had lain, a knot in the wood was stamped in the clay.

The full results of the final excavations of Troy, which I shall always consider it a rare event in my life to have witnessed, will not be known, perhaps, until the sources and relations of its culture have been more fully established. While holding that the sixth city of Troy is contemporaneous with Tiryns and Mycenæ, and noting the influence of Mycenæan culture as seen in the vases (undoubtedly imported) of that period, Dr. Dörpfeld recognizes the difference between the culture of Troy and Mycenæ. The decoration of the former is distinctly simpler than that of the Argive palaces. It was left to Dr. A. Körte of Bonn to show that the predominant culture at Troy was Phrygian with points of contact with the Mycenæan.

Digitized by Google

When I went to Troy my chief fear was that some of the poetry of the Iliad might vanish in the ruins of Hissarlik. There are scenes which are beautiful in the glow of a sunset which are not beautiful in the glare of noon. I was not sure that the Homeric Ilios could stand so much publicity. And if my conception of it had been confined to that of the second city, I should have felt that the fact fell too far below the poem. But the uncovering of the Mycenæan city, with its great walls, towers, and battlements, strengthened the sense of reality. It might have been on just such a tower that Helen stood looking over the plain of Troy when she won from the Trojan elders the greatest compliment ever paid to the beauty of a woman. But in Troy, as in Ithaca, site and scene are but the warp and woof of which the immortal picture is woven. We need not press the correspondence too far between fact and fancy. Over mountains, islands, sea, and plain the poet has spread his canvas, and like a beautiful sunset in the Ægean has suffused the scene with the bright glow of his imagination. And when the last stone of Troy shall have crumbled into dust, the unfading pictures of the immortal epic will remain. With Alpheus of Mytelene we can sing:

Ἀνδρομάχης ἔτι θρῆνον ἀκούομεν, εἰσέτι Τροίην
δερκόμεθ' ἐκ βάθρων πᾶσαν ἐρειπομένην
καὶ μόθον Αἰάντειον, ὑπὸ στιφάνη τε πόληος
ἕκδετον ἐξ ἵππων Ἕκτορα συρόμενον,
Μαιονίδεω διὰ Μοῦσαν, ὃν οὐ μία πατρὶς ἀοιδὸν
κοσμεῖται, γαίης δ' ἀμφοτέρης κλίματα.

Still sad Andromache's low wail we hear;
Still see all Troy from her foundations fall:
The might of Ajax, lifeless Hector bound
And ruthless dragged beneath the city's wall—
This, through the muse of Homer, bard renowned,
Whose fame not one alone, but many shores revere.

Digitized by Google

MICHAEL JOSEPH BARRY.

BARRY, MICHAEL JOSEPH, Irish poet and patriot. He spent a large part of his life in Cork, and was a frequent contributor to the "Nation." Comparatively little is known of his life, but his poems are still popular and serve in keeping up the flame of patriotism among his compatriots.

THE PLACE TO DIE.

How little recks it where men lie,
  When once the moment 's past
In which the dim and glazing eye
  Has looked on earth its last, —
Whether beneath the sculptured urn
  The coffined form shall rest,
Or in its nakedness return
  Back to its mother's breast!

Death is a common friend or foe,
  As different men may hold,
And at his summons each must go,
  The timid and the bold;
But when the spirit, free and warm,
  Deserts it, as it must,
What matter where the lifeless form
  Dissolves again to dust?

The soldier falls 'mid corses piled
  Upon the battle plain,
Where reinless war steeds gallop wild
  Above the mangled slain;
But though his corse be grim to see,
  Hoof-trampled on the sod,
What recks it, when the spirit free
  Has soared aloft to God?

. . . . .

Digitized by Google

'T were sweet, indeed, to close our eyes,
With those we cherish near,
And, wafted upwards by their sighs,
Soar to some calmer sphere.
But whether on the scaffold high,
Or in the battle's van,
The fittest place where man can die
Is where he dies for man!

The Wexford Massacre.

1649.

They knelt around the Cross divine —
The matron and the maid;
They bowed before redemption's sign,
And fervently they prayed:
Three hundred fair and helpless ones,
Whose crime was this alone —
Their valiant husbands, sires, and sons,
Had battled for their own.

Had battled bravely, but in vain —
The Saxon won the fight,
And Irish corses strewed the plain
Where Valor slept with Right.
And now that man of demon guilt
To fated Wexford flew —
The red blood reeking on his hilt,
Of hearts to Erin true!

He found them there — the young, the old,
The maiden, and the wife:
Their guardians brave in death were cold,
Who dared for *them* the strife.
They prayed for mercy — God on high!
Before *thy* cross they prayed,
And ruthless Cromwell bade them die
To glut the Saxon blade!

Three hundred fell — the stifled prayer
Was quenched in woman's blood;
Nor youth nor age could move to spare
From slaughter's crimson flood.
But nations keep a stern account
Of deeds that tyrants do;
And guiltless blood to Heaven will mount,
And Heaven avenge it, too!

Digitized by Google

ARLO BATES.

BATES, ARLO, an American author; born in East Machias, Maine, December 16, 1850. He graduated from Bowdoin in 1876, when he engaged in literary work in Boston. He is now professor of English literature at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. He is author of poems and novels, including: "The Pagans" (New York, 1884); "A Lad's Love"; "The Wheel of Fire" (1885); "The Philistines" (1888); "Berries of the Brier" (1886), poems; "Patty's Perversities" (1881); "In the Bundle of Time" (1893); "Book o' Ninetales;" "Sonnets in Shadow," (1887); "A Poet and His Self;" "Told in the Gate;" "The Torch Bearers;" "Talks on Writing English;" and "Talks on the Study of Literature" (1897); "The Puritans" (1898).

THE SHOT OF ACCIDENT.[1]

(From "The Puritans.")

"I KNEW that she was to send me tickets," Maurice Wynne said, standing with an open note in his hand. "She insisted upon that; but why should she send parlor-car checks too?"

"It is all part of your temptation," Mrs. Staggchase responded, smiling. "Of course if you go as the representative of Mrs. Wilson it is fitting that you go in state. If you were to represent the church now" —

"If I don't go as a representative of the church," he responded, as she paused with a significant smile, "I go as nothing."

"Oh, I thought that it was Elsie that was sending you. However, it's no matter. The point is that you are becoming acquainted with the luxuries of life. You are being tried by the insidious softness of the world."

He regarded her with some inward irritation. He had a half-defined conviction that she was mocking him, and that her words were more than mere badinage. He was not without a suspicion that his cousin was sometimes histrionic, and that many things which she said were to be regarded as stage talk. He did not know how far to take her seriously, and this gave

[1] By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Digitized by Google

him a feeling at once confused and uncomfortable. To be played with as if he were not of discernment ripe enough to perceive her raillery, or as if he were not of consequence sufficient to be taken seriously, offended his vanity; and the man whom the devil cannot conquer through his vanity is invulnerable. Wynne had no answer now for the words of Mrs. Staggchase. He contented himself with a glance not entirely free from resentment, at which she laughed.

"I wonder, Cousin Maurice," she said, "if you realize how completely you have changed in the ten days you have been here. It is like bringing into light a plant that has been sprouting in the dark."

He did not answer for a moment, trying to find it possible to deny the charge.

"The fact that you know me better makes me seem different," he answered evasively.

"How much has the fact that you don't know yourself so well to do with it?"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, anything you like. I merely suspect that you are not so sure of your vocation as you were in the Clergy House. Even a deacon is human, I suppose; and if life is alluring, he can't help feeling it. Are you still sure that the clergy should be celibate, for instance?"

He felt her eyes piercing him as if his secret thoughts were open to her, and he knew that he was flushing to his very hair. He hastened to answer, not only that he might not think, but that she might not perceive that he had admitted any doubt to his heart.

"More than ever," he responded. "It is impossible not to see that a clergyman who is married must have his thoughts distracted from his sacred calling."

Mrs. Staggchase leaned back in her chair and regarded him with the smile which he found always so puzzling and so disconcerting.

"You did that very well," she said, "only you should n't have put in the word 'sacred.' That made it all sound conventional. However, you probably meant it. She is distracting."

The hot blood leaped into his face so that he knew that it was utterly impossible to conceal his confusion.

"I don't know what you mean," he stammered.

Instantly his conscience reproached him with not speaking

Digitized by Google

the truth. He responded to his conscience that it was impossible in circumstances like these to say the whole, and what he had said was not untrue. He could not know what his cousin meant by her pronoun, and if the thought of Miss Morison had come instantly into his mind, it by no means followed that it was she of whom Mrs. Staggchase was thinking. Life seemed suddenly more complex than he had ever dreamed it possible; and before this remark the unsophisticated deacon became so completely confused that for an instant it was his instinctive wish to be once more safely within the sheltering walls of the Clergy House, protected from the temptations and vexations of the world. He was after all of a nature which did not yield readily, however, and the next thought was one of defiance. He would not yield up his secret, and he defied the world to drag it from him. His companion smiled upon him with the baffling look which her husband called her Mona Lisa expression, and then she laughed outright.

"My dear boy," she said, "you are no more a priest than I am; and you are as transparent as a piece of crystal. Well, I am fond of you, and I 'm glad to have a hand in proving to you that you are not meant for the priesthood before it 's too late."

"But it has n't been proved to me," he cried, not without some sternness.

"Oh, bless you, it 's in train, and that 's the same thing. 'Not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the east' could put you to sleep again in the dream you had in the Clergy House. It will take you a little longer to find yourself out, but the thing is done, nevertheless."

As she spoke, a servant came to the door to announce the carriage. Mrs. Staggchase held out her hand.

"Good-by," she said, as Maurice rose, and came forward to take it. "I hope that we shall see you again in a couple of days. I have still a good deal to show you."

He had recovered his self-possession a little, and answered her with a smile: —

"You make it so delightful for me here that I am not sure you are not right in saying that you are my temptation."

"Oh, I 've already given up the office of tempter," she responded quickly. "I found a rival, and that I never could endure. You 'll have your temptation with you."

It seemed to Maurice when he came to take his seat in the parlor car that his cousin was little short of a witch. In the

Digitized by Google

chair next to his own sat Berenice Morison. She greeted him with a friendly nod and smile.

"Mrs. Wilson told me that you were going on this train," she said, "and she got a chair for you next to mine so that you should take care of me."

He bowed rather confusedly, but with his heart full of delight.

"I shall be glad to do anything I can for you," he answered, vexed that he had not a better reply at command.

He saw the dapper young man across the aisle regard him curiously, and a feeling of dissatisfaction came over him as he reflected upon the singularity of his garb, and the incongruity between the clerical dress and the squiring of dames. Religious fervor is nourished by martyrdom, but it is seldom proof against ridicule. It is not impossible that the faint shade of amusement which Maurice fancied he detected in the eyes of the stranger opposite was a more effective cause for discontent with his calling than any of the influences to which he had been exposed under the auspices of Mrs. Staggchase.

He could not help feeling, moreover, that there was a gleam of fun in the clear dark eyes of Miss Morison. She was so completely at ease, so entirely mistress of the situation, that Wynne, little accustomed to the society of women, and secretly a little disconcerted by the surprise, felt himself at a disadvantage. It touched his vanity that he should be smiled at by the trimly appointed dandy opposite, and that he should be in experience and self-possession inferior to the girl beside him. He began vaguely to wonder what he had been doing all his life; he reflected that he had not in his old college days been so ill at ease, and it annoyed him to think that two years in the Clergy House should have put him so out of touch with the simplest matters of life. He said to himself scornfully that he was a monk already; and the thought, which would once have given him satisfaction, was now fraught with nothing but vexation and self-contempt. He had a subtile inclination to give himself up to the impulse of the moment. He felt the intoxication of the presence of Miss Morison, and he yielded to it with frank unscrupulousness. He resolved that he would repent afterward; yet instantly demanded of himself if this were really a sin. He was, after all, a man, if he had chosen the ecclesiastic calling. If, indeed, he were transgressing, he told himself, half-contemptuously, that as he did penance

Digitized by Google

doubly, once that imposed by his own spiritual director, and, again, that set by the Catholic at the North End, he might be held to expiate, amply, the pleasure of this hour. He at least was determined to forget for the once that he was a priest, and to remember only that he was a man, and that he loved this beautiful creature beside him. He noted the curve of her clear cheek and shell-like ear; the sweep of her eyelashes and the liquid deeps of her dark eyes. He let his glance follow the line of her neck below the rounded chin, and became suddenly conscious that he was fascinated by the soft swell of her bosom. The blood came into his cheeks, and he looked hastily out of the window.

The train was already clear of the city, and was speeding through the suburbs, rattling gayly and noisily past the ostentatious stations and the scattered houses. Maurice felt that his companion was secretly observing him, although she was apparently looking at the landscape which slid precipitately past. He wished to say something, and desired that it should not be clerical in tone. He would fain have spoken, not as a deacon, but as a man of the world.

"Are you going to New York?" he asked.

"I shall not have the pleasure of your company so far," she returned, with a smile.

"No," he responded naively. "I am going only to Springfield."

"Ah," she said, smiling again; and too late he realized that she had meant that she was not going through.

He was the more vexed with himself because he was sure that his confusion was so plain that she could not but see it, and that it was with a kind intention of relieving his embarrassment that she spoke again.

"I am going to visit my grandmother in Brookfield."

He replied by some sort of an unintelligible murmur, and was doubly angry with himself for being so shy and awkward. He glanced furtively at the trim young man opposite, and was relieved to find that that individual was reading, and giving no heed. He wondered why he should be so completely thrown out of his usual self-possession by this girl, so that when he talked to her, and was most anxious to appear at his best, he was most surely at his worst. There came, whimsically, into his head a thought of the wisdom of training the clergy to the social gifts and graces, and he remembered the flippant speech

Digitized by Google

of Mrs. Wilson about the need of their being able to pay compliments.

"I seem to be specially stupid when I try to talk to you," he said with boyish frankness.

Miss Morison looked at him curiously.

"Am I to take that as a compliment or the reverse?" she asked.

"It must be a compliment, I suppose, for it shows how much power you have over me."

He was reassured by her smile, and felt that this was not so badly said.

"The power to make you stupid, I think you intimated."

"Oh, no," he responded, with more eagerness than the occasion called for; "I didn't mean that."

She smiled again, a smile which seemed to him nothing less than adorable, and yet which teased him a little, although he could not tell why. She took up the novel which lay in her lap.

"Have you read this?" she inquired.

He shook his head.

"You forget," he answered, "that I am a deacon. At the Clergy House we do not read novels."

"How little you must know of life," returned she.

There was a silence of some moments. The train rushed on, past fields desolate under patches of snow, and stark, leafless trees; over rivers dotted with cakes of grimy ice; between banks of frost-gnawed rock. The landscape in the dim January afternoon was gray and gloomy; and as day declined everything became more lorn and forbidding. Maurice turned away from the window, and sighed.

"How disconsolate the country looks!" said he. "I am country bred, and I don't know that I ever thought of the sadness of it; but now, if I see the country in winter, it makes me sigh for the people who have to live there all the year round."

"But they don't notice it any more than you did when you lived in it."

"Perhaps not; but it seems to me as if they must. At any rate, they must feel the effects of it, whether they are conscious of it or not."

Miss Morison looked out at the dull, sodden fields and stark trees.

"I am afraid that you were never a true lover of the

Digitized by Google

country," said she thoughtfully. "You should know my grandmother. She is almost ninety, but she is as young as a girl in her teens. She has lived in the finest cities in the world, — London, Paris, St. Petersburg, and, of course, our American cities. Now she is happiest in the country, and can hardly be persuaded to stay in town. She says that she loves the sound of the wind and the rain better than the noise of the street-cars."

"That I can understand," he answered; "but I am interested in men. I don't like to be away from them. There is something intoxicating in the presence of masses of human beings, in the mere sense that so many people are alive about you."

She looked at him with more interest than he had ever seen in her eyes.

"But I don't understand," she began hesitatingly, "why —"

"Why what?" he asked as she paused.

"I don't know that I ought to say it, but having begun I may as well finish. I was going to say that I could not understand how one so interested in men and so sensitive to humanity could be content to choose a profession which cuts him off from so much of active life."

"It was from interest in men, I suppose, that I chose it. I wanted to reach them, to do something for them. Although," Maurice concluded, flushing, "I don't think that I realized at that time the feeling of being carried away by the mere presence of crowds of living beings."

There was another interval of silence, during which they both looked out at the cold landscape, blotted and marred by patches of snow tawny from a recent thaw.

"I doubt if you have got the whole of it," Miss Morison said thoughtfully, turning toward him. "Dear old grandmother is as deeply interested in the human as anybody can be. She always makes me feel that my life in the midst of folk is very thin and poor as compared to hers. She has known almost everybody worth knowing. Grandfather was minister to England and Russia, and she of course was with him. Yet she 's content and happy off here in Brookfield."

"Perhaps," Wynne returned hesitatingly, "there 's something the matter with the age. I don't suppose that at her time of life she has anything of this generation's restless —"

He broke off abruptly.

Digitized by Google

"Well?" his companion said curiously.

He smiled and sighed. "I don't know why I am talking to you so frankly," replied he. "As a matter of fact, I find that I 'm more frank with you than I am with myself. I 've always refused to own to myself that there was anything restless in my feeling toward life; yet here I am saying it to you."

"One often thinks things out in that way. Has n't that been your experience?"

"Yes," he responded thoughtfully; "although I don't know that I ever realized it before. I see now that I 've often reasoned out things that bothered me simply by trying to tell them to my friend, Mr. Ashe."

"Is he your bosom friend and confidant? It is usually supposed to be a woman in such a case."

"Oh, no," was his somewhat too eager rejoinder; "I never talked like this to a woman. I never wanted to before."

A look which passed over her face seemed to tell him that the talk was taking a tone more confidential than she liked. He was keyed up to a pitch of excitement and of sensitiveness; and a thrill of disappointment pierced him. He became at once silent; and then he fancied that she glanced at him as if in question why his mood had changed so suddenly. The train rolled into the station at Worcester, and he went out to walk a moment on the platform, and to try to collect his thoughts. He had forgotten now to question his right to be enjoying the companionship of Miss Morison; he gloated over her friendly looks and words, thinking of how he might have said this and that, and thus have appeared to better advantage, and resolving to be more self-controlled for the remainder of the ride. The open air was refreshing; and a great sense of joyousness filled him to overflowing. When again he took his seat in the car he could have laughed from simple pleasure.

The chat of the latter part of the journey was more easy and unconstrained than at the beginning. It was not clear to Wynne what the change was, but he was aware that he was somehow talking less self-consciously than before. They spoke of one thing and another, and it teased the young man somewhat that when now and then his companion mentioned a book he had seldom seen it. The things which he had read of late years he knew without asking that she would not have seen. Even the names of current writers of fiction were hardly known to him, and an allusion to what they had written was beyond

Digitized by Google

him. In spite of a word which now and again brought out the difference between his world and hers, however, Maurice thoroughly enjoyed the talk. Now and then he would reflect in a sort of sub-consciousness that the delight of this hour was to be dearly paid for with penance and repentance, but this provoked in him rather the determination at least to enjoy it to the full while it lasted, than any inclination to deny himself the present gratification.

It has been remarked that the ecclesiastical temper is histrionic; and Wynne was not without a share of this spirit. He would have gone to the stake for a conviction, and made a beautifully effective death-scene for the edification of men and angels, not for a moment aware that there was anything artificial in what he was doing. Now he was not without a consciousness that he was playing the rôle of a lover and a prodigal, sincere in his love and devotion; yet none the less subtly aware how much more interesting is repentance when there is genuine human passion to repent, is renunciation when there is real love to sacrifice; or how much more effective is saintliness set off against a background of transgression. It was a real if somewhat childish joy to be able to sin actually, yet without going beyond hope; of being dramatically false to his vows without crossing the line of possible pardon.

"We shall be in Brookfield in ten minutes," Miss Morison said, beginning to look about for her belongings. "We pass the New York express just here."

Hardly had she spoken, when suddenly, and without warning, there was an outburst of shrieks from the whistle of the engine, answered and blended with that of another. Before Maurice could realize what the outburst meant, there followed a horrible shock which seemed to dislocate every joint in his body. Berenice was thrown violently into his arms, flung as a dead weight, and shrieking as she fell against his breast. Instinctively he clasped her, and in the terror of the moment it was for a brief instant no more to him that his embrace enfolded her than if she had been the veriest stranger. A hideous din of yells, of crashing wood and rending iron, of shivering glass, of escaping steam, of indescribable sounds which had no resemblance to anything which he had ever heard or dreamed of, and which seemed to beat upon his ears and his brain like blows of bludgeons wielded by the hands of infuriate giants. The end of the car before him was beaten in; splin-

Digitized by Google

ters of wood and fragments of glass flew about him like hail; it was like being, without warning, exposed to the fiercest fire of batteries of an implacable enemy. A woman was dashed at his very feet, torn and bleeding, her face mangled so that he grew sick and faint at the sight; pinned against the seat opposite, transfixed by a long splinter as with a javelin, was the dapper young man, horribly writhing and mowing, and then stark dead in an instant, staring with wide open eyes and distorted face like a ghastly mask. Moans and shrieks, grindings and roarings, howlings and babbling cries that were human, yet were piercingly inarticulate, filled the air with an inhuman din which drove him to a frenzy. It seemed as if the world had been torn into fragments.

Yet all this was within the space of a second. Indeed, although all these things happened, and he saw and heard them clearly, there was no pause between the first alarming whistle and the overturning of the car which now came. He was lifted up; he saw the whole car sway with a dizzy, sickening motion, and then plunge violently over. Fortunately it so turned that he and Miss Morison were on the upper side. He fell across the aisle, striking the chair opposite, but somehow instinctively managing to protect Berenice from the force of the concussion. She no longer cried out, but she clung convulsively about his neck, and as they swayed for the fall he saw in her eyes a look of wild and desperate appeal. He forgot, then, everything but her. The desire to protect and save her, the feeling that he belonged absolutely to her, and that even to the death he would serve her, swallowed up every other feeling. As they went over a vise-like grip caught his arm, and amid all the infernal confusion he somehow connected that despairing clutch with a succession of shrill and piercing shrieks which rang in his ear, seeming to be close to him. He remembered that in the chair behind his had been a young girl, and he felt a pity for her that choked him like a hand at his throat. Then as they went down he instinctively but vainly tried to shake off the hold, which was as that of a trap. It was like being in the actual grip of death.

All sorts of loose articles fell with them from the upturned side of the car to the other; they were part of a cataract of falling bodies, involved as in a crushing avalanche. Wynne found himself in this falling shower, crumpled up between two chairs, one of his feet evidently thrust through a broken win-

Digitized by Google

dow, and his arm still held by that convulsive clasp. Miss Morison was half above him, partly supported by a chair which still held by its fastenings to the floor. He could not see her face, and his body was so twisted that he could not move his head with freedom. Berenice was evidently insensible, but whether stunned from the shock or more seriously hurt he could not tell. He struggled fiercely to free himself, straining her to his breast. There were still movements in the car after it had overturned. It rocked and settled; for some time small articles continued to fall. He drew the face of the unconscious girl more closely into his bosom to protect it. As he did so he was aware that his arm was hurt. A burning, biting pain singled itself out from all the aches of blows and contusions. He seemed to remember that a long time ago, some hours nearer the beginning of this catastrophe, which had lasted but a moment, he had felt something rip and tear the flesh; but he had been so absorbed in the attempt to shield Berenice that he had not heeded. Now the anguish was so great that it seemed impossible to endure it. He set his teeth together, determined not to cry out lest she should hear him and think that he lacked courage. Then it seemed to him that he was swooning. He struggled against the feeling; and for what seemed to him an interminable time, he wavered between consciousness and insensibility. It was either growing darker, or he was losing the power to see. He could not distinguish clearly any longer that human hand, smeared with blood, sticking ludicrously in the air from amid a pile of bags, coats, and all sorts of things thrown together just where the position of his head constrained him to look. He had been seeing that hand for a long time, it seemed to him, and only now, that the darkness had so increased as to cut it off from his sight, did he realize what it was and what it must mean.

He still retained a consciousness of the face of Berenice, warm against his bosom, and with each wave of faintness he struggled to keep his senses that he might protect her. The din of noises seemed far away, the cries somewhere at a distance ever increasing. The moans that had seemed to him those of the girl who clutched his arm grew fainter, until they were lost in the buzz and whirr of a hundred other sounds. Then the clasp which held him relaxed as suddenly as if a rope had been cut away. It came into his mind with a wave of horror that the girl who had held him was dead. The thought

Digitized by Google

that Berenice might be dead also followed like a flash, and aroused his benumbed senses. He spoke to her; he tried to move; to release her from her position. He seemed buried under a mound of débris, and she gave no sign of life. He exhausted himself in frantic attempts to escape; to get his arms free; to turn his head far enough to see her face; to thrust back the rubbish which had fallen against them. The anguish to his arm was so great that he could not continue; he could do nothing but suffer whatever fate had in store for him. He tried to pray; but his prayers were broken and confused ejaculations.

All at once he distinguished amid the chaos of noises roaring and singing in his ears something which made his heart stand still; which pierced to his dulled consciousness like a stab. It was the cry of "Fire!" He had once seen a servant with her hair in flames, and instantly arose before him the picture of her shriveling locks and the terror of her face. He seemed to see the dear head on his bosom — The thought was more than he could bear, and for the first time he cried out, shouting for help in a transport of frenzied fear. He was so absorbed in his thought of Berenice that he had forgotten himself; but the realization of his own peril revived as a waft of smoke came over him, choking and bewildering. He was, then, to die here, stifled or wrapped in the torture of flame. Then the wild and desperate thought sprang up that at least if he must die he should die with her on his bosom, clasped in his arms. He might give himself up to the delirium of that joy, since there was no more of earth to contaminate it. But the horror of it! The anguish for her as well as for him! Not by fire! His thoughts whirled in his brain like sparks caught in a hurricane. He scarcely knew where he was or what had happened to him. Only he was acutely aware of the acrid smoke, of how it increased, constantly more dense and stifling.

However the mind may for a moment be turned aside from its usual way by circumstances, habit is quick to reassert itself. The habitual constrains men even in the midst of events the most startling. The mind of Wynne had been too long bred in priestly forms not to turn to the religious view here in the face of death. His conscience cried out that he might be responsible for the peril and disaster which had come upon them. With the unconscious egotism of the devotee, he felt that heaven had been avenging the impiousness of his sin. He had

Digitized by Google

dared to trifle with his sacred calling, to look back to the loves of the world and of the flesh, and swift destruction had overtaken him. And Berenice had been crushed by the divine vengeance which had so deservedly fallen on him. He groaned in anguish, seeming to see how she had perished through the blight of his passion. Not by fire, O God! Not by fire! How long would it be possible to breathe in this stifling reek, heavy with unspeakable odors? It was his crime that had brought her to this death. He, a man set apart and consecrated to the work of God, had turned from heaven to earth, and heaven had smitten with one blow him and the woman who had been unwittingly his temptation. And she so innocent, so pure, so sacred! Through his distraught mind rushed a pang of hatred against the power that could do this. He was willing to suffer for his sin, but where was the justice of involving her in his ruin? It was because this was what would hurt him most! It was the work of a devil! Then this thought seemed to him a new transgression, which might lessen the chances of his being able to save her, and he tried to forget it in prayer, to atone by penitence. He offered his own life amid whatever tortures would propitiate the offended deity, but he prayed that she might be spared.

All this time — and whether the time were long or short he could not tell — he had heard continued cries and groans. He had now and then been dully aware of a change in the noises. Now it would seem as if all else was swallowed up in the sound of tremendous blows, as if the car were being struck again and again by a mighty battering ram. Then a chorus of shouting went roaring up, as if an army cried. Noise and physical sensation were too intimately blended to be separated; his brain struggled in confusion, emerging now and then for a moment of consecutive thought and sinking back into semi-unconsciousness as a spent swimmer goes down, fighting wildly for life. He knew that a light had come into the car. He saw it amid the smoke, and his first thought was that it was flame. Dulled and half asphyxiated, he said to himself now almost with indifference that the end had come. Then with a thrill which for a moment aroused all his energies he recognized that it was the glow of a lantern. He was aware that rescuers were close above him, climbing down through the windows over his very head. He cried to them in a paroxysm of appeal: —

"Save her! Save her!"

Digitized by Google

Whether he was heeded amid the babble of cries, and all the noises which seemed to swell to drown his voice, he could not tell, but in another instant he felt that friendly hands had seized Miss Morison, and were endeavoring to lift her insensible form. He strove to loosen his hold, but the effort gave him agony so intolerable that he could do nothing. A thousand points seemed to rend and tear him as he tried to move, and when a voice somewhere above him shouted: "We 'll have to try to lift them together!" he experienced a strange sort of double consciousness as if he stood outside of himself and heard others talking of him. He felt himself grasped under the arms, and the pain of being moved was too horrible to be endured. He shrieked in mortal agony, and then in a whirl of dizzying circles seemed to go down in a tide of blackness sparkling with millions of sharp scintillations.

Phillida Flouts Me.

Oh what a plague is love!
  I cannot bear it.
She will inconstant prove,
  I greatly fear it;
It so torments my mind
  That my heart faileth.
She wavers with the wind
  As a ship saileth;
Please her the best I may,
She looks another way:
Alack and well-a-day!
  Phillida flouts me.

. . . . .

Which way soe'er I go,
  She still torments me;
And whatsoe'er I do,
  Nothing contents me:
I fade and pine away
  With grief and sorrow;
I fall quite to decay,
  Like any shadow:
Since 't will no better be,
I 'll bear it patiently;
Yet all the world may see
  Phillida flouts me.

Anonymous.

Digitized by Google

CHARLES PIERRE BAUDELAIRE.

BAUDELAIRE, CHARLES PIERRE, a French poet and critic, was born at Paris, April 9, 1821; and died there August 31, 1867. In his youth he travelled extensively, visiting India, Mauritius, and Madagascar. In 1857 he published his volume of poems entitled "Fleurs du Mal," which by its entire disregard of moral distinctions, and its extreme frankness of style, became the subject of a legal prosecution and was suppressed on the score of immorality, an expurgated edition following in 1861. "Les Paradis Artificiels, Opium et Haschich," issued in 1860, is partly original and partly made up of translations from Poe and De Quincey. "L'Art Romantique" is a collection of essays remarkable for subtlety of criticism and finish of style. "Petits Poëmes en Prose" are exquisitely written, and their beauty of thought is equal to the charm of their language. The poet himself is said to have strongly resembled in many respects our own Edgar Allan Poe. Brooding melancholy, curiously tinctured with irony, inspires the solemn music and dreamlike imagery of his best verses.

BEAUTY.

(Translated by Lucy Fountain.)

BEAUTIFUL am I as a dream in stone,
And for my breast, where each falls bruised in turn,
The poet with an endless love must yearn —
Endless as matter, silent and alone.

A sphinx unguessed, enthroned in azure skies,
White as the swan, my heart is cold as snow;
No hated motion breaks my lines' pure flow,
Nor tears nor laughter ever dim mine eyes.

Poets, before the attitudes sublime
I seem to steal from proudest monuments,
In austere studies waste the lingr'ing time,
For I possess, to charm my lover's sight,
Mirrors wherein all things are fair and bright —
My eyes, my large eyes of eternal light.

Digitized by Google

The Enemy.

(Translated by Lucy Fountain.)

My youth swept by in storm and cloudy gloom,
Lit here and there by glimpses of the sun;
But in my garden, now the storm is done,
Few fruits are left to gather purple bloom.

Here have I touched the autumn of the mind,
And now the careful spade to labor comes,
Smoothing the earth torn by the waves and wind,
Full of great holes, like open mouths of tombs.

And who knows if the flowers whereof I dream
Shall find, beneath this soil washed by the stream,
The force that bids them into beauty start?
O grief! O grief! Time eats our life away,
And the dark Enemy that gnaws our heart
Grows with the ebbing life-blood of his prey.

Flowers of Evil.

I.

I adore thee as much as the vaults of night,
O vase full of grief, taciturnity great,
And I love thee the more because of thy flight.
It seemeth, my night's beautifier, that you
Still heap up those leagues — yes! ironically heap! —
That divide from my arms the immensity blue.

I advance to attack, I climb to assault,
Like a choir of young worms at a corpse in the vault;
Thy coldness, oh cruel, implacable beast!
Yet heightens thy beauty, on which my eyes feast!

II.

Two warriors come running, to fight they begin,
With gleaming and blood they bespatter the air;
These games, and this clatter of arms, is the din
Of youth that's a prey to the surgings of love.

The rapiers are broken! and so is our youth,
But the dagger's avenged, dear! and so is the sword,
By the nail that is steeled and the hardened tooth.
Oh, the fury of hearts aged and ulcered by love!

Digitized by Google

In the ditch, where the ounce and the pard have their lair,
Our heroes have rolled in an angry embrace:
Their skin blooms on brambles that erewhile were bare.
That ravine is a fiend-inhabited hell!
Then let us roll in, oh woman inhuman,
To immortalize hatred that nothing can quell!

Music.

Sweet music sweeps me like the sea
Toward my pale star,
Whether the clouds be there or all the air be free
I sail afar.
With front outspread and swelling breasts,
On swifter sail
I bound through the steep waves' foamy crests
Under night's veil.
Vibrate within me I feel all the passions that lash
A bark in distress:
By the blast I am lulled — by the tempest's wild crash
On the salt wilderness.
Then comes the dead calm — mirrored there
I behold my despair.

The Broken Bell.

Bitter and sweet, when wintry evenings fall
Across the quivering, smoking hearth, to hear
Old memory's notes sway softly far and near,
While ring the chimes across the gray fog's pall.

Thrice blessed bell, that, to time insolent,
Still calls afar its old and pious song,
Responding faithfully in accents strong,
Like some old sentinel before his tent.

I too — my soul is shattered; — when at times
It would beguile the wintry nights with rhymes
Of old, its weak old voice at moments seems
Like gasps some poor, forgotten soldier heaves
Beside the blood-pools — 'neath the human sheaves
Gasping in anguish toward their fixèd dreams.

Digitized by Google

RICHARD BAXTER.

BAXTER, RICHARD, an English Non-conformist divine, born at Rowton, Shropshire, November 12, 1615; died December 8, 1691. He was ordained in 1638, and became master of the free school at Dudley. From 1641 to 1642 he was pastor at Kidderminster. During the civil war he took sides with the Parliament, and was a chaplain in the army. His health having become impaired, he resigned his army chaplainship, and again became pastor at Kidderminster. Here in 1650 he wrote his famous treatise on "The Saints' Everlasting Rest." On the restoration of the monarchy, in 1660, Baxter was named as one of the royal chaplains, and the bishopric of Hereford was offered to him, but was declined. The Act of Uniformity (1662) practically forced him out of the Established Church, and he retired to Acton, in Middlesex, where he passed ten years of quiet, during which period he wrote several of his most esteemed works. In 1685 he put forth his "Paraphrase on the New Testament." Certain passages in this work were held to be seditious, and Baxter was brought to trial before Judge Jeffreys. This trial is among the most noted in English annals. Baxter was sentenced to pay a fine of five hundred marks, to be imprisoned until this was paid, and to give bonds for good behavior for seven years. At the intercession of Lord Powis, a Roman Catholic nobleman, the fine was remitted, and Baxter was set at liberty, after an imprisonment which had lasted eighteen months. He was now fully seventy years old, and passed the remaining five years of his life without being molested by the civil or ecclesiastical authorities. Among his most notable works are: "The Saints' Rest" (1650); "Reasons for the Christian Religion" (1657); "Call to the Unconverted (1657); "Life of Faith (1670); "Christian Directory" (1673); "Catholic Theology" (1675); "Methodus Theologiæ Christianæ (1681); "Paraphrase on the New Testament" (1685); and "Narrative of the Most Remarkable Passages of my Life and Times," published (1696) five years after his death.

UPON HIS OWN WRITINGS.

CONCERNING almost all my writings, I must confess that my own judgment is, that fewer, well-studied and polished, had been

Digitized by Google

better. But the reader, who can safely censure the books, is not fit to censure the author, unless he had been upon the place, and acquainted with all the occasions and the circumstances. Indeed, for the *Saints' Rest* I had four months' vacancy to write it, but in the midst of continual languishing and medicine. But for the rest, I wrote them in the crowd of all my other employments, which would allow me no great leisure for polishing and exactness, or any ornament; so that I scarce ever wrote one sheet twice over, nor stayed to make any blots or interlinings; but was fain to let it go as it was first conceived. And when my own desire was rather to stay upon one thing long than run over many, some sudden occasion or other extorted all my writings from me; and the apprehensions of present usefulness or necessity prevailed against all other motives; so that the divines which were at hand with me still put me on, and approved of what I did, because they were moved by present necessities as well as I. But those that were far off, and felt not these nearer motives, did rather wish that I had taken the other way, and published a few elaborate writings; and I am ready myself to be of their mind, when I forget the case that I then stood in, and have lost the sense of former motives.

Fruits of Experience of Human Character.

I now see more good and more evil in all men than heretofore I did. I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, but have more imperfections; and that nearer approach and fuller trial doth make the best appear more weak and faulty than their admirers at a distance think. And I find that few are so bad as either malicious enemies or censorious separating professors do imagine. In some, indeed, I find that human nature is corrupted into a greater likeness to devils than I once thought any on earth had been. But even in the wicked, usually there is more for grace to make advantage of, and more to testify for God and holiness than I once believed there had been. I less admire gifts of utterance, and bare profession of religion than I once did; and have much more charity for many who, by the want of gifts, do make an obscurer profession than they. I once thought that almost all that could pray movingly and fluently, and talk well of religion, had been saints. But experience hath opened to me what odious crimes may consist with high profession; and I have

Digitized by Google

met with divers of obscure persons, not noted for any extraordinary profession, or forwardness in religion, but only to live a quiet and blameless life, whom I have after found to have long lived, as far as I could discern, a truly godly and sanctified life; only their prayers and duties were by accident kept secret from other men's observations. Yet he that upon this pretence would confound the godly and the ungodly, may as well go about to lay heaven and hell together.

Theological Controversies.

My mind being these many years immersed in studies of this nature, and having also long wearied myself in searching what Fathers and Schoolmen have said of such things before us, and my genius abhorring confusion and equivocals, I came, by many years' longer study, to perceive that most of the doctrinal controversies among Protestants are far more about equivocal words than matter; and it wounded my soul to perceive what work both tyrannical and unskilful disputing clergymen had made these thirteen hundred years in the world. Experience, since the year 1643, till this year 1675, hath loudly called me to repent of my own prejudices, slidings and censuring of causes and persons not understood, and of all the miscarriages of my ministry and life which have been thereby caused; and to make it my chief work to call men that are within my hearing to more peaceable thoughts, affections, and practices And my endeavors have not been in vain, in that ministers of the country where I lived were very many of such a peaceable temper, and a great number more through the land, by God's grace, rather than any endeavors of mine, are so minded. But the sons of the cowl were exasperated the more against me, and accounted him to be against every man that called all men to love peace, and was for no man as in the contrary way.

On the Credit Due to History.

I am much more cautelous in my belief of history than heretofore; not that I run into their extreme that will believe nothing because they cannot believe all things. But I am abundantly satisfied by the experience of this age that there is no believing two sorts of men — ungodly men and partial men. Though an ungodly heathen, of no religion, may be believed where enmity against religion biaseth him not; yet a debauched Christian,

Digitized by Google

besides his enmity to the power and practice of his own religion, is seldom without further bias of interest or faction; especially when these concur, and a man is both ungodly and ambitious, espousing an interest contrary to a holy, heavenly life; and also factious, embodying himself with a sect or party suited to his spirit and designs; there is no believing his word or oath. If you read any man partially bitter against others, as differing from him in opinion, or as cross to his greatness, interest, or designs, take heed how you believe any more than the historical evidence, distinct from his word, compelleth you to believe.

The prodigious lies which have been published in this age in matters of fact, with unblushing confidence, even where thousands of multitudes of eye and ear witnesses knew all to be false, doth call men to take heed what history they believe, especially where power and violence affordeth that privilege to the reporter, that no man dare answer him or detect his fraud; or if they do, their writings are all suppressed. As long as men have the liberty to examine and contradict one another, one may partly conjecture, by comparing their words, on which side the truth is like to lie. But when great men write history, or flatterers by their appointment, which no man dare contradict, believe it but as you are constrained.

Yet in these cases I can freely believe history: (1.) If the person show that he is acquainted with what he saith. (2.) And if he show you the evidences of honesty and conscience, and the fear of God, which may be much perceived in the spirit of a writing. (3.) If he appear to be impartial and charitable, and a lover of goodness and of mankind, and not possessed of malignity or personal ill-will and malice, nor carried away by faction or personal interest. Conscionable men dare not lie; but faction and interest abate men's tenderness of conscience. And a charitable, impartial heathen may speak truth in a love to truth, and hatred of a lie; but ambitious malice and false religion will not stick to serve themselves on anything. . . .

Sure I am, that as the lies of the Papists, of Luther, Zwinglius, Calvin, and Beza are visibly malicious and impudent, by the common plenary contradicting evidence, and yet the multitudes of their seduced ones believe them all, in despite of truth and charity; so in this age there have been such things written against parties and persons whom the writers design to make odious, so notoriously false as you would think that the sense of their honor, at least, should have made it impossible for such

Digitized by Google

men to write. My own eyes have read such words and actions asserted with most vehement, iterated, unblushing confidence, which abundance of ear-witnesses, even of their own parties, must needs know to have been altogether false. And therefore having myself now written this history of myself, notwithstanding my protestation that I have not in anything wilfully gone against the truth, I expect no more credit from the reader than the self-evidencing light of the matter, with concurrent rational advantages from persons, and things, and other witnesses, shall constrain him to, if he be a person that is unacquainted with the author himself, and the other evidences of his veracity and candor.

Sunday Sports.

I CANNOT forget that in my youth, in those late times when we lost the labors of some of our conformably godly teachers, for not reading publicly the Book of Sports and dancing on the Lord's Day, one of my father's own tenants was the town-piper, hired by the year, for many years together; and the place of the dancing assembly was not a hundred yards from our door. We could not, on the Lord's Day, either read a chapter, or pray, or sing a psalm, or catechize, or instruct a servant, but with the noise of the pipe and tabor, and the shoutings in the street continually in our ears. Even among a tractable people, we were the common scorn of all the rabble in the streets, and called puritans, precisians, and hypocrites, because we rather chose to read the Scriptures than do as they did; though there was no savor of non-conformity in our family. And when the people by the Book were allowed to play and dance out of public service-time, they could so hardly break off their sports, that many a time the reader was fain to stay till the piper and players would give over. Sometimes the morris-dancers would come into the church in all their linen and scarfs and antic dresses, with morris-bells jingling at their legs; and as soon as common-prayer was read, did haste out presently to their plays again.

Character of Sir Matthew Hale.

HE was a man of no quick utterance, but spake with great reason. He was most precisely just; insomuch that, I believe, he would have lost all he had in the world rather than do an unjust act. Patient in hearing the most tedious speech, which any

Digitized by Google

man had to make for himself; the pillar of justice, the refuge of the subject who feared oppression; and one of the greatest honors of his majesty's government; for with some other upright judges, he upheld the honor of the English nation, that it fell not into the reproach of arbitrariness, cruelty, and utter confusion. Every man that had a just cause was almost past fear if he could but bring it to the court or assize where he was judge; for the other judges seldom contradicted him. He was the great instrument for rebuilding London; for when an act was made for deciding all controversies that hindered it, he was the constant judge who, for nothing, followed the work, and by his prudence and justice, removed a multitude of great impediments.

His great advantage for innocency was, that he was no lover of riches or of grandeur. His garb was too plain; he studiously avoided all unnecessary familiarity with great persons, and all that manner of living which signifieth wealth and greatness. He kept no greater a family than myself. I lived in a small house, which, for a pleasant back opening, he had a mind to; but caused a stranger — that he might not be suspected to be the man — to know of me whether I were willing to part with it, before he would meddle with it. In that house he lived contentedly, without any pomp, and without costly or troublesome retinue or visitors; but not without charity to the poor. He continued the study of physics and mathematics still, as his great delight. He had got but a very small estate, though he had long the greatest practice, because he would take but little money, and undertake no more business than he could well despatch. He often offered to the Lord Chancellor to resign his place, when he was blamed for doing that which he supposed was justice. He had been the learned Selden's intimate friend, and one of his executors; and because the Hobbians and other infidels would have persuaded the world that Selden was of their mind, I desired him to tell me the truth therein. He assured me that Selden was an earnest professor of the Christian faith, and so angry an adversary to Hobbes, that he had rated him out of the room. — *Autobiography.*

Digitized by Google

EARL OF BEACONSFIELD.

DISRAELI, BENJAMIN (created EARL OF BEACONSFIELD, in 1877), an English statesman and novelist; born in London, December 21, 1805; died April 19, 1881. He was the eldest son of Isaac Disraeli. In 1826–27 he produced a novel, "Vivian Grey," which was well received in England, and was translated into several languages. "The Voyage of Captain Pompanilla" followed in 1828. The young author then travelled for two years in Europe, Syria, and Egypt. On his return he published "The Young Duke" (1831), and "Contarini Fleming" (1832), the latter of which was highly praised by Heine, Goethe, and Beckford. An Oriental romance, "The Wondrous Tale of Alroy," another "The Rise of Iskander," and "Ixion in Heaven," were published in 1833. "The Revolutionary Epic" (1834), a series of political letters in the London "Times," under the signature of "Runnymede," and a novel, "Henrietta Temple," appeared in 1836, and "Venetia," in 1837. Disraeli had made several efforts to enter Parliament. He was finally successful as a representative of the borough of Maidstone. A tragedy, "Alcaros" (1839), was his next literary effort. In this year he married the wealthy widow of Mr. Wyndham Lewis. "Coningsby" (1844), and "Sibyl, or the Two Nations" (1845), two semi-political novels, are intended to portray the public men of the time, and the English people during the Chartist agitation. "Tancred, or the New Crusade" (1847), takes its hero to the Holy Land, relates his adventures and records his soliloquies and conversations. Disraeli was now recognized as a leader in the House of Commons. His only literary productions for many years were the "Life of Isaac Disraeli" (1849), and "Lord George Bentinck; a Political Biography" (1852). In 1852 he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, which office he again held in 1858 and in 1865. In 1868 he became Prime Minister, and was offered a peerage. This he declined for himself, but accepted for his wife, who was made Viscountess of Beaconsfield. He now reappeared as a novelist, in "Lothair" (1870). In 1874 he again became Prime Minister, and in 1877 he took his seat in the House of Lords as Earl of Beaconsfield. His last literary work, "Endymion," was published in 1880.

Digitized by Google

The Fête at the Pavilion.

(From "The Young Duke.")

The fête at "the Pavilion," such was the title of the Twickenham Villa, though the subject of universal interest, was anticipated by no one with more eager anxiety than by Sir Lucius Grafton; for that day, he determined, should decide the fate of the Duke of St. James. He was sanguine as to the result, nor without reason. For the last month he had, by his dark machinery, played desperately upon the feelings of Lady Aphrodite; and more than once had she dispatched rapid notes to her admirer for counsel and for consolation. The Duke was more skilful in soothing her griefs than in devising expedients for their removal. He treated the threatened as a distant evil! and wiped away her tears in a manner which is almost an encouragement to weep.

At last the eventful morn arrived, and a scorching sun made those exult to whom the barge and the awning promised a progress equally calm and cool. Woe to the dusty britzska! woe to the molten furnace of the crimson cabriolet!

They came, as the stars come out from the heavens, what time the sun is in his first repose: now a single hero, brilliant as a planet; now a splendid party, clustering like a constellation. Music is on the waters and perfume on the land; each moment a bark glides up with its cymbals, each moment a cavalcade bright with bouquets!

Ah, gathering of brightness! ah, meeting of lustre! why, why are you to be celebrated by one so obscure and dull as I am? Ye Lady Carolines and ye Lady Franceses, ye Lady Barbaras and ye Lady Blanches, is it my fault?

O, graceful Lord Francis, why, why have you left us; why, why have you exchanged your Ionian lyre for an Irish harp? You were not made for politics; leave them to clerks. Fly, fly back to pleasure, to frolic, and fun! Confess, now, that you sometimes do feel a little queer. We say nothing of the difference between May Fair and Donnybrook.

And thou, too, Luttrell, gayest bard that ever threw off a triplet amid the clattering of cabs and the chattering of clubs, art thou, too, mute? Where, where dost thou linger? Is our Druid among the oaks of Ampthill; or, like a truant Etonian, is he lurking among the beeches of Burnham? What! has

Digitized by Google

the immortal letter, unlike all other good advice, absolutely not been thrown away ? or is the jade incorrigible ? Whichever be the case, you need not be silent. There is yet enough to do, and yet enough to instruct. Teach us that wealth is not elegance ; that profusion is not magnificence ; and that splendor is not beauty. Teach us that taste is a talisman which can do greater wonders than the millions of the loanmonger. Teach us that to vie is not to rival, and to imitate not to invent. Teach us that pretension is a bore. Teach us that wit is excessively good-natured, and, like champagne, not only sparkles, but is sweet. Teach us the vulgarity of malignity. Teach us that envy spoils our complexions, and that anxiety destroys our figure. Catch the fleeting colors of that sly chameleon, Cant, and show what excessive trouble we are ever taking to make ourselves miserable and silly. Teach us all this, and Aglaia shall stop a crow in its course, and present you with a pen, Thalia hold the golden fluid in a Sevres vase, and Euphrosyne support the violet-colored scroll.

The four hosts greeted the arrivals and assisted the disembarkations, like the famous four sons of Aymon. They were all dressed alike, and their costume excited great attention. At first it was to have been very plain, black and white and a single rose ; but it was settled that simplicity had been overdone, and, like a country girl after her first season, had turned into a most affected baggage, so they agreed to be regal ; and fancy uniforms, worthy of the court of Oberon, were the order of the day. We shall not describe them, for the description of costume is the most inventive province of our historical novelists, and we never like to be unfair, or trench upon our neighbor's lands or rights ; but the Alhambra button indicated a mystical confederacy, and made the women quite frantic with curiosity.

The guests wandered through the gardens, always various, and now a paradise of novelty. There were four brothers, fresh from the wildest recesses of the Carpathian Mount, who threw out such woodnotes wild that all the artists stared ; and it was universally agreed that, had they not been French chorus-singers, they would have been quite a miracle. But the Lapland sisters were the true prodigy, who danced the Mazurka in the national style. There was also a fire-eater ; but some said he would never set the river in flames, though he had an antidote against all poisons! But then our Mithridates always

Digitized by Google

tried its virtues on a stuffed poodle, whose bark evinced its vitality. There also was a giant in the wildest part of the shrubbery, and a dwarf, on whom the ladies showered their sugar-plums, and who, in return, offered them tobacco. But it was not true that the giant sported stilts, or that the dwarf was a sucking-babe. Some people are so suspicious. Then a bell rang, and assembled them in the concert-room; and the Bird of Paradise who to-day was consigned to the cavaliership of Peacock Pigott, condescended to favor them with a new song, which no one had ever heard, and which, consequently, made them feel more intensely all the sublimity of exclusiveness. Shall we forget the panniers of shoes which Melnotte had placed in every quarter of the gardens? We will say nothing of Maradan's cases of caps, because, for this incident, Lord Bagshot is our authority.

On a sudden, it seemed that a thousand bugles broke the blue air, and they were summoned to a déjeûner in four crimson tents worthy of Sardanapalus. Over each waved the scutcheon of the president. Glittering were the glories of the hundred quarterings of the house of Darrell. "*Se non è vero è ben trovato*," was the motto. Lord Darrell's grandfather had been a successful lawyer. Lord Squib's emblazonry was a satire on its owner. "*Holdfast*" was the motto of a man who had let loose. Annesley's simple shield spoke of the Conquest; but all paled before the banner of the House of Hauteville, for it indicated an alliance with royalty. The attendants of each pavilion wore the livery of its lord.

Shall we attempt to describe the delicacy of this banquet, where imagination had been racked for novel luxury? Through the centre of each table ran a rivulet of rose-water, and gold and silver fish glanced in its unrivalled course. The bouquets were exchanged every half-hour, and music soft and subdued, but constant and thrilling, wound them up by exquisite gradations to that pitch of refined excitement which is so strange a union of delicacy and voluptuousness, when the soul, as it were, becomes sensual, and the body, as it were, dissolves into spirit. And in this choice assembly, where all was youth, and elegance, and beauty, was it not right that every sound should be melody, every sight a sight of loveliness, and every thought a thought of pleasure?

They arose and re-assembled on the lawn, where they found, to their surprise, had arisen in their absence a Dutch Fair.

Digitized by Google

Numerous were the booths, innumerable were the contents. The first artists had arranged the picture and the costumes; the first artists had made the trinkets and the toys. And what a very agreeable fair, where all might suit their fancy without the permission of that sulky tyrant, a purse! All were in excellent humor, and no false shame prevented them from plundering the stalls. The noble proprietors set the example. Annesley offered a bouquet of precious stones to Charlotte Bloomerly, and it was accepted, and the Duke of St. James showered a sack of whimsical breloques among a scrambling crowd of laughing beauties. Among them was Miss Dacre. He had not observed her. Their eyes met, and she smiled. It seemed that he had never felt happiness before.

Ere the humors of the fair could be exhausted they were summoned to the margin of the river, where four painted and gilded galleys, which might have sailed down the Cydnus, and each owning its peculiar chief, prepared to struggle for pre-eminence in speed. All betted; and the Duke, encouraged by the smile, hastened to Miss Dacre to try to win back some of his Doncaster losses, but Arundel Dacre had her arm in his, and she was evidently delighted with his discourse. His Grace's blood turned, and he walked away.

It was sunset when they returned to the lawn, and then the ball-room presented itself; but the twilight was long, and the night was warm; there were no hateful dews, no odious mists, and therefore a great number danced on the lawn. The fair was illuminated, and all the little marchandes and their lusty porters walked about in their costume.

The Duke again rallied his courage, and seeing Arundel Dacre with Mrs. Dallington Vere, he absolutely asked Miss Dacre to dance. She was engaged. He doubted, and walked into the house disconsolate; yet, if he had waited one moment, he would have seen Sir Lucius Grafton rejoin her, and lead her to the cotillon that was forming on the turf. The Duke sauntered to Lady Aphrodite, but she would not dance; yet she did not yield his arm, and proposed a stroll. They wandered away to the extremity of the grounds. Fainter and fainter grew the bursts of the revellers, yet neither of them spoke much, for both were dull.

Yet at length her Ladyship did speak, and amply made up for her previous silence. All former scenes, to this, were but as the preface to the book. All she knew and all she dreaded,

Digitized by Google

all her suspicions, all her certainties, all her fears, were poured forth in painful profusion. This night was to decide her fate. She threw herself on his mercy, if he had forgotten his love. Out dashed all those arguments, all those appeals, all those assertions, which they say are usual under these circumstances. She was a woman; he was a man. She had staked her happiness on this venture; he had a thousand cards to play. Love, and first love, with her, as with all women, was everything; he and all men, at the worst, had a thousand resources. He might plunge into politics, he might game, he might fight, he might ruin himself in innumerable ways, but she could only ruin herself in one. Miserable woman! Miserable sex! She had given him her all. She knew it was little: would she had more! She knew she was unworthy of him; would she were not! She did not ask him to sacrifice himself to her: she could not expect it; she did not even desire it. Only, she thought he ought to know exactly the state of affairs and of consequences, and that certainly if they were parted, which assuredly they would be, most decidedly she would droop and fade, and die. She wept, she sobbed; his entreaties alone seemed to prevent hysterics.

These scenes are painful at all times, and even the callous, they say, have a twinge; but when the actress is really beautiful and pure, as this lady was, and the actor young and inexperienced and amiable, as this actor was, the consequences are more serious than is usual. The Duke of St. James was unhappy, he was discontented, he was dissatisfied with himself. He did not love this lady, if love were the passion which he entertained for Miss Dacre, but she loved him. He knew that she was beautiful, and he was convinced that she was excellent. The world is malicious, but the world had agreed that Lady Aphrodite was an unblemished pearl: yet this jewel was reserved for him! Intense gratitude almost amounted to love. In short, he had no idea at this moment that feelings are not in our power. His were captive, even if entrapped. It was a great responsibility to desert this creature, the only one from whom he had experienced devotion. To conclude: a season of extraordinary dissipation, to use no harsher phrase, had somewhat exhausted the nervous powers of our hero; his energies were deserting him; he had not heart or heartlessness enough to extricate himself from this dilemma. It seemed that, if this being to whom he was indebted for so much joy were miserable, he must be unhappy; that if she died,

Digitized by Google

life ought to have, could have, no charms for him. He kissed away her tears, he pledged his faith, and Lady Aphrodite Grafton was his betrothed!

She wonderfully recovered. Her deep but silent joy seemed to repay him even for this bitter sacrifice. Compared with the late racking of his feelings, the present calm, which was merely the result of suspense being destroyed, seemed happiness. His conscience whispered approbation, and he felt that, for once, he had sacrificed himself to another.

They re-entered the villa, and he took the first opportunity of wandering alone to the least frequented parts of the grounds: his mind demanded solitude, and his soul required soliloquy.

"So the game is up! truly a most lame and impotent conclusion! And this, then, is the result of all my high fancies and indefinite aspirations! Verily, I am a very distinguished hero, and have not abused my unrivalled advantages in the least. What! am I bitter on myself? There will be enough to sing my praises without myself joining in this chorus of congratulation. O! fool! fool! Now I know what folly is. But barely fifteen months since I stepped upon these shores, full of hope and full of pride; and now I leave them; how? O! my dishonored fathers! Even my posterity, which God grant I may not have, will look on my memory with hatred, and on hers with scorn!

"Well, I suppose we must live for ourselves. We both of us know the world; and Heaven can bear witness that we should not be haunted by any uneasy hankering after what has brought us such a heartache. If it were for love, if it were for — but away! I will not profane her name; if it were for her that I was thus sacrificing myself, I could bear it, I could welcome it. I can imagine perfect and everlasting bliss in the sole society of one single being, but she is not that being. Let me not conceal it; let me wrestle with this bitter conviction!

"And am I, indeed, bound to close my career thus; to throw away all hope, all chance of felicity, at my age, for a point of honor? No, no; it is not that. After all, I have experienced that with her, and from her, which I have with no other woman; and she is so good, so gentle, and, all agree, so lovely! How infinitely worse would her situation be if deserted, than mine is as her perpetual companion! The very thought makes my heart bleed. Yes! amiable, devoted, dearest Afy, I throw aside these morbid feelings; you shall never repent having placed

Digitized by Google

your trust in me. I will be proud and happy of such a friend, and you shall be mine forever!"

A shriek broke on the air: he started. It was near: he hastened after the sound. He entered into a small green glade surrounded by shrubs, where had been erected a fanciful hermitage. There he found Sir Lucius Grafton on his knees, grasping the hand of the indignant but terrified Miss Dacre. The Duke rushed forward; Miss Dacre ran to meet him; Sir Lucius rose.

"This lady, Sir Lucius Grafton, is under my protection," said the young Duke, with a flashing eye but a calm voice. She clung to his arm; he bore her away. The whole was the affair of an instant.

The Duke and his companion proceeded in silence. She tried to hasten, but he felt her limbs shake upon his arm. He stopped: no one, not even a servant, was near. He could not leave her for an instant. There she stood trembling, her head bent down, and one hand clasping the other, which rested on his arm. Terrible was her struggle, but she would not faint, and at length succeeded in repressing her emotions. They were yet a considerable way from the house. She motioned with her left hand to advance; but still she did not speak. On they walked, though more slowly, for she was exhausted, and occasionally stopped for breath or strength.

At length she said, in a faint voice, "I cannot join the party. I must go home directly. How can it be done?"

"Your companions?" said the Duke.

"Are of course engaged, or not to be found; but surely somebody I know is departing. Manage it: say I am ill."

"O, Miss Dacre! if you knew the agony of my mind!"

"Do not speak; for Heaven's sake, do not speak!"

He turned off from the lawn, and approached by a small circuit the gate of the ground. Suddenly he perceived a carriage on the point of going off. It was the Duchess of Shropshire's.

"There is the Duchess of Shropshire! You know her; but not a minute is to be lost. There is such a noise, they will not hear. Are you afraid to stop here one instant by yourself? I shall not be out of sight, and not away a second. I run very quick."

"No, no, I am not afraid. Go, go!"

Away rushed the Duke of St. James as if his life were on his

Digitized by Google

speed. He stopped the carriage, spoke, and was back in an instant.

"Lean, lean on me with all your strength. I have told everything necessary to Lady Shropshire. Nobody will speak a word, because they believe you have a terrible headache. I will say everything necessary to Mrs. Dallington and your cousin. Do not give yourself a moment's uneasiness. And, oh! Miss Dacre! if I might say one word!"

She did not stop him.

"If," continued he, "it be your wish that the outrage of to-night should be known only to myself and him, I pledge my word it shall be so; though willingly, if I were authorized, I would act a different part in this affair."

"It is my wish." She spoke in a low voice, with her eyes still upon the ground. "And I thank you for this, and for all."

They had now joined the Shropshires; but it was now discovered Miss Dacre had no shawl: and sundry other articles were wanting, to the evident dismay of the Ladies Wrekin. They offered theirs, but their visitor refused, and would not allow the Duke to fetch her own. Off they drove; but when they had proceeded above half a mile, a continued shout on the road, which the fat coachman for a long time would not hear, stopped them, and up came the Duke of St. James, covered with dust, and panting like a racer, with Miss Dacre's shawl.

So much time was occupied by this adventure of the shawl, and by making requisite explanations to Mrs. Dallington Vere, that almost the whole of the guests had retired, when the Duke found himself again in the saloon. His brother-hosts, too, were off with various parties, to which they had attached themselves. He found the Fitz-pompeys and a few still lingering for their carriages, and Arundel Dacre and his fair admirer. His Grace had promised to return with Lady Afy, and was devising some scheme by which he might free himself from this, now not very suitable, engagement, when she claimed his arm. She was leaning on it, and talking to Lady Fitz-pompey, when Sir Lucius approached, and, with his usual tone, put a note into the Duke's hand, saying at the same time, "This appears to belong to you. I shall go to town with Piggott;" and then he walked away.

With the wife leaning on his arm, the young Duke had the pleasure of reading the following lines, written with the pencil of the husband:—

Digitized by Google

"After what has just occurred, only one more meeting can take place between us, and the sooner that takes place the better for all parties. This is no time for etiquette. I shall be in Kensington Gardens, in the grove on the right side of the summer-house, at half-past six to-morrow morning, and shall doubtless find you there."

Sir Lucius was not out of sight when the Duke had finished reading his cartel. Making some confused excuse to Lady Afy, which was not expected, he ran after the Baronet, and soon reached him.

"Grafton, I shall be punctual: but there is one point on which I wish to speak to you at once. The cause of this meeting may be kept, I hope, a secret?"

"So far as I am concerned, an inviolable one," bowed the Baronet, stiffly; and they parted.

The Duke returned satisfied, for Sir Lucius Grafton ever observed his word, to say nothing of the great interest which he surely had this time in maintaining his pledge.

Our hero thought that he never should reach London. The journey seemed a day; and the effort to amuse Lady Afy, and to prevent her from suspecting, by his conduct, that anything had occurred, was most painful. Silent, however, he at last became; but her mind, too, was engaged, and she supposed that her admirer was quiet only because, like herself, he was happy. At length they reached her house, but he excused himself from entering, and drove on immediately to Annesley. He was at Lady Bloomerly's. Lord Darrell had not returned, and his servant did not expect him. Lord Squib was never to be found. The Duke put on a great-coat over his uniform and drove to White's; it was really a wilderness. Never had he seen fewer men there in his life, and there were none of his set. The only young-looking man was old Colonel Carlisle, who, with his skilfully enamelled cheek, flowing auburn locks, shining teeth, and tinted whiskers, might have been mistaken for gay twenty-seven, instead of gray seventy-two; but the Colonel had the gout, to say nothing of any other objections.

The Duke took up the "Courier" and read three or four advertisements of quack medicines, but nobody entered. It was nearly midnight: he got nervous. Somebody came in; Lord Hounslow for his rubber. Even his favored child, Bagshot, would be better than nobody. The Duke protested that the next acquaintance who entered should be his second, old or

Digitized by Google

young. His vow had scarcely been registered when Arundel Dacre came in alone. He was the last man to whom the Duke wished to address himself, but Fate seemed to have decided it, and the Duke walked up to him.

"Mr. Dacre, I am about to ask of you a favor to which I have no claim."

Mr. Dacre looked a little confused, and murmured his willingness to do anything.

"To be explicit, I am engaged in an affair of honor of an urgent nature. Will you be my friend?"

"Willingly." He spoke with more ease. "May I ask the name of the other party, the — the cause of the meeting?"

"The other party is Sir Lucius Grafton."

"Hum!" said Arundel Dacre, as if he were no longer curious about the cause. "When do you meet?"

"At half-past six, in Kensington Gardens, to-morrow; I believe I should say this morning."

"Your Grace must be wearied," said Arundel, with unusual ease and animation. "Now follow my advice. Go home at once and get some rest. Give yourself no trouble about preparations; leave everything to me. I will call upon you at half-past five precisely, with a chaise and post-horses, which will divert suspicion. Now, good night!"

"But really, your rest must be considered; and then all this trouble!"

"Oh! I have been in the habit of sitting up all night. Do not think of me; nor am I quite inexperienced in these matters, in too many of which I have unfortunately been engaged in Germany."

The young men shook hands, and the Duke hastened home. Fortunately the Bird of Paradise was at her own establishment in Baker Street, a bureau where her secretary, in her behalf, transacted business with the various courts of Europe and the numerous cities of Great Britain. Here many a negotiation was carried on for opera engagements at Vienna, or Paris, or Berlin, or St. Petersburg. Here many a diplomatic correspondence conducted the fate of the musical festivals of York, or Norwich, or Exeter.

Let us return to Sir Lucius Grafton. He is as mad as any man must be who feels that the imprudence of a moment has dashed to the ground all the plans, and all the hopes, and all the great results, over which he had so often pondered. The

Digitized by Google

great day from which he had expected so much had passed, nor was it possible for four-and-twenty hours more completely to have reversed all his feelings and all his prospects. Miss Dacre had shared the innocent but unusual and excessive gayety which had properly become a scene of festivity at once so agreeable, so various, and so novel. Sir Lucius Grafton had not been insensible to the excitement. On the contrary, his impetuous passions seemed to recall the former and more fervent days of his career, and his voluptuous mind dangerously sympathized with the beautiful and luxurious scene. He was elated, too, with the thought that his freedom would perhaps be sealed this evening, and still more by his almost constant attendance on his fascinating companion. As the particular friend of the Dacre family, and as the secret ally of Mrs. Dallington Vere, he in some manner contrived always to be at Miss Dacre's side. With the laughing but insidious pretence that he was now almost too grave and staid a personage for such scenes, he conversed with few others, and humorously maintaining that his "dancing days were over," danced with none but her. Even when her attention was engaged by a third person, he lingered about, and with his consummate knowledge of the world, easy wit, and constant resources, generally succeeded in not only sliding into the conversation, but engrossing it. Arundel Dacre, too, although that young gentleman had not departed from his usual coldness in favor of Sir Lucius Grafton, the Baronet would most provokingly consider as his particular friend; never seemed to be conscious that his reserved companion was most punctilious in his address to him; but, on the contrary, called him in return "Dacre," and sometimes "Arundel." In vain young Dacre struggled to maintain his position. His manner was no match for that of Sir Lucius Grafton. Annoyed with himself, he felt confused, and often quitted his cousin that he might be free of his friend. Thus Sir Lucius Grafton contrived never to permit Miss Dacre to be alone with Arundel, and to her he was so courteous, so agreeable, and so useful, that his absence seemed always a blank, or a period in which something ever went wrong.

The triumphant day rolled on, and each moment Sir Lucius felt more sanguine and more excited. We will not dwell upon the advancing confidence of his desperate mind. Hope expanded into certainty, certainty burst into impatience. In a desperate moment he breathed his passion.

May Dacre was the last girl to feel at a loss in such a situa-

Digitized by Google

tion. No one would have rung him out of a saloon with an air of more contemptuous majesty. But the shock, the solitary strangeness of the scene, the fear, for the first time, that none were near, and perhaps, also, her exhausted energy, frightened her, and she shrieked. One only had heard that shriek, yet that one was legion. Sooner might the whole world know the worst than this person suspect the least. Sir Lucius was left silent with rage, mad with passion, desperate with hate.

He gasped for breath. Now his brow burnt, now the cold dew ran off his countenance in streams. He clenched his fist, he stamped with agony, he found at length his voice, and he blasphemed to the unconscious woods.

His quick brain flew to the results like lightning. The Duke had escaped from his mesh; his madness had done more to win this boy Miss Dacre's heart than an age of courtship. He had lost the idol of his passion; he was fixed forever with the creature of his hate. He loathed the idea. He tottered into the hermitage, and buried his face in his hands.

Something must be done. Some monstrous act of energy must repair this fatal blunder. He appealed to the mind which had never deserted him. The oracle was mute. Yet vengeance might even slightly redeem the bitterness of despair. This fellow should die; and his girl, for already he hated Miss Dacre, should not triumph in her minion. He tore a leaf from his tablets, and wrote the lines we have already read.

The young Duke reached home. You expect, of course, that he sat up all night making his will and answering letters. By no means. The first object that caught his eye was an enormous ottoman. He threw himself upon it without undressing, and without speaking a word to Luigi, and in a moment was fast asleep. He was fairly exhausted. Luigi stared, and called Spiridion to consult. They agreed that they dare not go to bed, and must not leave their lord; so they played écarté, till at last they quarrelled and fought with the candles over the table. But even this did not wake their unreasonable master; so Spiridion threw down a few chairs by accident; but all in vain. At half-past five there was a knocking at the gate, and they hurried away.

Arundel Dacre entered with them, woke the Duke, and praised him for his punctuality. His Grace thought that he had only dozed a few minutes; but time pressed; five minutes arranged his toilet, and they were first on the field.

Digitized by Google

In a moment Sir Lucius and Mr. Piggott appeared. Arundel Dacre, on the way, had anxiously inquired as to the probability of reconciliation, but was told at once it was impossible, so now he measured the ground and loaded the pistols with a calmness which was admirable. They fired at once; the Duke in the air, and the Baronet in his friend's side. When Sir Lucius saw his Grace fall his hate vanished. He ran up with real anxiety and unfeigned anguish.

"Have I hit you, by h—ll!"

His Grace was magnanimous, but the case was urgent. A surgeon gave a favorable report, and extracted the ball on the spot. The Duke was carried back to his chaise, and in an hour was in the state bed, not of the Alhambra, but of his neglected mansion.

Arundel Dacre retired when he had seen his friend home, but gave urgent commands that he should be kept quiet. No sooner was the second out of sight than the principal ordered the room to be cleared, with the exception of Spiridion, and then, rising in his bed, wrote this note, which the page was secretly to deliver.

"—— House, ——, 182–.

"Dear Miss Dacre, — A very unimportant but somewhat disagreeable incident has occurred. I have been obliged to meet Sir Lucius Grafton, and our meeting has fortunately terminated without any serious consequences. Yet I wish that you should hear of this first from me, lest you might imagine that I had not redeemed my pledge of last night, and that I had placed for a moment my own feelings in competition with yours. This is not the case, and never shall be, dear Miss Dacre, with one whose greatest pride is to subscribe himself

"Your most obedient and faithful servant,

"St. James."

The world talked of nothing but the duel between the Duke of St. James and Sir Lucius Grafton. It was a thunderbolt; and the phenomenon was accounted for by every cause but the right one. Yet even those who most confidently solved the riddle were the most eagerly employed in investigating its true meaning. The seconds were of course applied to. Arundel Dacre was proverbially unpumpable; but Peacock Piggott, whose communicative temper was an adage, how came he on a sudden so diplomatic? Not a syllable oozed from a mouth which was ever open; not a hint from a countenance which never could

Digitized by Google

conceal its mind. He was not even mysterious, but really looked just as astonished and was just as curious as themselves. Fine times these for the "Universe" and "The New World"! All came out about Lady Afy; and they made up for their long and previous ignorance, or, as they now boldly blustered, their long and considerate forbearance. Sheets given away gratis, edition on Saturday night for the country, and woodcuts of the Pavilion fête: the when, the how, and the wherefore. A. The summer-house, and Lady Aphrodite meeting the young Duke. B. The hedge behind which Sir Lucius Grafton was concealed. C. Kensington Gardens, and a cloudy morning; and so on. Cruikshank did wonders.

But let us endeavor to ascertain the feelings of the principal agents in this odd affair. Sir Lucius now was cool, and, the mischief being done, took a calm review of the late mad hours. As was his custom, he began to inquire whether any good could be elicited from all this evil. He owed his late adversary sundry moneys, which he had never contemplated the possibility of repaying to the person who had eloped with his wife. Had he shot his creditor, the account would equally have been cleared; and this consideration, although it did not prompt, had not dissuaded, the late desperate deed. As it was, he now appeared still to enjoy the possession both of his wife and his debts, and had lost his friend. Bad generalship, Sir Lucy! Reconciliation was out of the question. The Duke's position was a good one. Strongly entrenched with a flesh wound, he had all the sympathy of society on his side; and, after having been confined for a few weeks, he could go to Paris for a few months, and then return, as if the Graftons had never crossed his eye, rid of a troublesome mistress and a troublesome friend. His position was certainly a good one; but Sir Lucius was astute, and he determined to turn this Shumla of his Grace. The quarrel must have been about her Ladyship. Who could assign any other cause for it? And the Duke must now be weak with loss of blood and anxiety, and totally unable to resist any appeal, particularly a personal one, to his feelings. He determined, therefore, to drive Lady Afy into his Grace's arms. If he could only get her into the house for an hour, the business would be settled.

These cunning plans were, however, nearly being crossed by a very simple incident. Annoyed at finding that her feelings could be consulted only by sacrificing those of another woman, Miss

Digitized by Google

Dacre, quite confident that, as Lady Aphrodite was innocent in the present instance, she must be immaculate, told everything to her father, and, stifling her tears, begged him to make all public; but Mr. Dacre, after due consideration, enjoined silence.

In the meantime the young Duke was not in so calm a mood as Sir Lucius. Rapidly the late extraordinary events dashed through his mind, and already those feelings which had prompted his soliloquy in the garden were no longer his. All forms, all images, all ideas, all memory, melted into Miss Dacre. He felt that he loved her with a perfect love: that she was to him what no other woman had been, even in the factitious delirium of early passion. A thought of her seemed to bring an entirely novel train of feelings, impressions, wishes, hopes. The world with her must be a totally different system, and his existence in her society a new and another life. Her very purity refined the passion which raged even in his exhausted mind. Gleams of virtue, morning streaks of duty, broke upon the horizon of his hitherto clouded soul; an obscure suspicion of the utter worthlessness of his life whispered in his hollow ear; he darkly felt that happiness was too philosophical a system to be the result or the reward of impulse, however unbounded, and that principle alone could create and could support that bliss which is our being's end and aim.

But when he turned to himself, he viewed his situation with horror, and yielded almost to despair. What, what could she think of the impure libertine who dared to adore her? If ever time could bleach his own soul and conciliate hers, what, what was to become of Aphrodite? Was his new career to commence by a new crime? Was he to desert this creature of his affections, and break a heart which beat only for him? It seemed that the only compensation he could offer for a life which had achieved no good would be to establish the felicity of the only being whose happiness seemed in his power. Yet what a prospect! If before he had trembled, now —

But his harrowed mind and exhausted body no longer allowed him even anxiety. Weak, yet excited, his senses fled; and when Arundel Dacre returned in the evening he found his friend delirious. He sat by his bed for hours. Suddenly the Duke speaks. Arundel Dacre rises: he leans over the sufferer's couch.

Ah! why turns the face of the listener so pale, and why gleam those eyes with terrible fire? The perspiration courses down his clear but sallow cheek: he throws his dark and clus-

Digitized by Google

tering curls aside, and passes his hand over his damp brow, as if to ask whether he, too, had lost his senses from this fray.

The Duke is agitated. He waves his arm in the air, and calls out in a tone of defiance and of hate. His voice sinks: it seems that he breathes a milder language, and speaks to some softer being. There is no sound, save the long-drawn breath of one on whose countenance is stamped infinite amazement. Arundel Dacre walks the room disturbed; often he pauses, plunged in deep thought. 'T is an hour past midnight, and he quits the bedside of the young Duke.

He pauses at the threshold, and seems to respire even the noisome air of the metropolis as if it were Eden. As he proceeds down Hill Street he stops, and gazes for a moment on the opposite house. What passes in his mind we know not. Perhaps he is reminded that in that mansion dwell beauty, wealth, and influence, and that all might be his. Perhaps love prompts that gaze, perhaps ambition. Is it passion, or is it power? or does one struggle with the other?

As he gazes the door opens, but without servants; and a man, deeply shrouded in his cloak, comes out. It was night, and the individual was disguised; but there are eyes which can pierce at all seasons and through all concealments, and Arundel Dacre marked with astonishment Sir Lucius Grafton.

When it was understood that the Duke of St. James had been delirious, public feeling reached what is called its height; that is to say, the curiosity and the ignorance of the world were about equal. Everybody was indignant, not so much because the young Duke had been shot, but because they did not know why. If the sympathy of the women could have consoled him, our hero might have been reconciled to his fate. Among these, no one appeared more anxious as to the result, and more ignorant as to the cause, than Mrs. Dallington Vere. Arundel Dacre called on her the morning ensuing his midnight observation, but understood that she had not seen Sir Lucius Grafton, who, they said, had quitted London, which she thought probable. Nevertheless Arundel thought proper to walk down Hill Street at the same hour, and, if not at the same minute, yet in due course of time, he discovered the absent man.

In two or three days the young Duke was declared out of immediate danger, though his attendants must say he remained exceedingly restless, and by no means in a satisfactory state; yet with their aid, they had a right to hope the best. At any rate, if he were to go off, his friends would have the satisfaction

Digitized by Google

of remembering that all had been done that could be; so saying, Dr. X. took his fee, and Surgeons Y. and Z. prevented his conduct from being singular.

Now began the operations on the Grafton side. A letter from Lady Aphrodite full of distraction. She was fairly mystified. What could have induced Lucy suddenly to act so, puzzled her, as well it might. Her despair, and yet her confidence in his Grace, seemed equally great. Some talk there was of going off to Cleve at once. Her husband, on the whole, maintained a rigid silence and studied coolness. Yet he had talked of Vienna and Florence, and even murmured something about public disgrace and public ridicule. In short, the poor lady was fairly worn out, and wished to terminate her harassing career at once by cutting the Gordian knot. In a word, she proposed coming on to her admirer and, as she supposed, her victim, and having the satisfaction of giving him his cooling draughts and arranging his bandages.

If the meeting between the young Duke and Sir Lucius Grafton had been occasioned by any other cause than the real one, it is difficult to say what might have been the fate of this proposition. Our own opinion is that this work would have been only in two volumes; for the requisite morality would have made out the present one; but, as it was, the image of Miss Dacre hovered above our hero as his guardian genius. He despaired of ever obtaining her; but yet he determined not wilfully to crush all hope. Some great effort must be made to right his position. Lady Aphrodite must not be deserted: the very thought increased his fever. He wrote, to gain time; but another billet, in immediate answer, only painted increased terrors, and described the growing urgency of her persecuted situation. He was driven into a corner, but even a stag at bay is awful: what, then, must be a young Duke, the most noble animal in existence?

Ill as he was, he wrote these lines, not to Lady Aphrodite, but to her husband: —

"My dear Grafton, — You will be surprised at hearing from me. Is it necessary for me to assure you that my interference on a late occasion was accidental? And can you, for a moment, maintain that, under the circumstances, I could have acted in a different manner? I regret the whole business; but most I regret that we were placed in collision.

"I am ready to cast all memory of it into oblivion; and, as I unintentionally offended, I indulge the hope that, in this conduct, you will bear me company.

Digitized by Google

"Surely, men like us are not to be dissuaded from following our inclinations by any fear of the opinion of the world. The whole affair is, at present, a mystery; and I think, with our united fancies, some explanation may be hit upon which will render the mystery quite impenetrable, while it professes to offer a satisfactory solution.

"I do not know whether this letter expresses my meaning, for my mind is somewhat agitated and my head not very clear; but, if you be inclined to understand it in the right spirit, it is sufficiently lucid. At any rate, my dear Grafton, I have once more the pleasure of subscribing myself, faithfully yours, ST. JAMES."

This letter was marked "immediate," consigned to the custody of Luigi, with positive orders to deliver it personally to Sir Lucius; and, if not at home, to follow till he found him.

He was not at home, and he was found at ——'s Clubhouse. Sullen, dissatisfied with himself, doubtful as to the result of his fresh manœuvres, and brooding over his infernal debts, Sir Lucius had stepped into ——, and passed the whole morning playing desperately with Lord Hounslow and Baron de Berghem. Never had he experienced such a smashing morning. He had long far exceeded his resources, and was proceeding with a vague idea that he should find money somehow or other, when this note was put into his hand, as it seemed to him by Providence. The signature of Semiramis could not have imparted more exquisite delight to a collector of autographs. Were his long views, his complicated objects and doubtful results to be put in competition a moment with so decided, so simple, and so certain a benefit? certainly not, by a gamester. He rose from the table, and with strange elation wrote these lines: —

"MY DEAREST FRIEND, — You forgive me, but can I forgive myself? I am plunged in overwhelming grief. Shall I come on? Your mad but devoted friend, "LUCIUS GRAFTON.

"THE DUKE OF ST. JAMES."

They met the same day. After a long consultation, it was settled that Peacock Piggott should be intrusted, in confidence, with the secret of the affair: merely a drunken squabble, "growing out" of the Bird of Paradise. Wine, jealousy, an artful woman, and headstrong youth will account for anything; they accounted for the present affair. The story was believed, because the world were always puzzled at Lady Aphrodite being

Digitized by Google

the cause. The Baronet proceeded with promptitude to make the version pass current: he indicted "The Universe" and "The New World;" he prosecuted the caricaturists; and was seen everywhere with his wife. "The Universe" and "The New World" revenged themselves on the Signora; and then she indicted them. They could not now even libel an opera singer with impunity; where was the boasted liberty of the Press?

In the meantime the young Duke, once more easy in his mind, wonderfully recovered; and on the eighth day after the Ball of Beauty he returned to the Pavilion, which had now resumed its usual calm character, for fresh air and soothing quiet.

Lothair Attains His Majority.

(From "Lothair.")

There can be little doubt, generally speaking, that it is more satisfactory to pass Sunday in the country than in town. There is something in the essential stillness of country life which blends harmoniously with the ordinance of the most divine of our divine laws. It is pleasant too, when the congregation breaks up, to greet one's neighbors; to say kind words to kind faces; to hear some rural news profitable to learn, which sometimes enables you to do some good, and sometimes prevents others from doing some harm. A quiet domestic walk too in the afternoon has its pleasures; and so numerous and so various are the sources of interest in the country, that, though it be Sunday, there is no reason why your walk should not have an object.

But Sunday in the country, with your house full of visitors, is too often an exception to this general truth. It is a trial. Your guests cannot always be at church, and, if they could, would not like it. There is nothing to interest or amuse them: no sport; no castles or factories to visit; no adventurous expeditions; no gay music in the morn, and no light dance in the evening. There is always danger of the day becoming a course of heavy meals and stupid walks, for the external scene and all its teeming circumstances, natural and human, though full of concern to you, are to your visitors an insipid blank.

How did Sunday go off at Muriel Towers?

In the first place there was a special train, which at an early hour took the Cardinal and his suite and the St. Jerome family

Digitized by Google

to Grandchester, where they were awaited with profound expectation. But the Anglican portion of the guests were not without their share of ecclesiastical and spiritual excitement, for the Bishop was to preach this day in the chapel of the Towers, a fine and capacious sanctuary of florid Gothic, and his Lordship was a sacerdotal orator of repute.

It had been announced that the breakfast hour was to be somewhat earlier. The ladies in general were punctual, and seemed conscious of some great event impending. The Ladies Flora and Grizell entered with each in her hand a prayer book of purple velvet adorned with a decided cross, the gift of the Primus. Lord Culloden, at the request of Lady Corisande, had consented to their hearing the Bishop, which he would not do himself. He passed his morning in finally examining the guardians' accounts, the investigation of which he conducted and concluded during the rest of the day with Mr. Putney Giles. Mrs. Campian did not leave her room. Lord St. Aldegonde came down late, and looked about him with an uneasy, ill-humored air.

Whether from the absence of Theodora or from some other cause, he was brusque, ungracious, scowling, and silent, only nodding to the Bishop, who benignly saluted him, refusing every dish that was offered, then getting up and helping himself at the side table, making a great noise with the carving instruments, and flouncing down his plate when he resumed his seat. Nor was his costume correct. All the other gentlemen, though their usual morning dresses were sufficiently fantastic (trunk hose of every form, stockings bright as paroquets, wondrous shirts, and velvet coats of every tint), habited themselves to-day, both as regards form and color, in a style indicative of the subdued gravity of their feelings. Lord St. Aldegonde had on his shooting-jacket of brown velvet and a pink shirt and no cravat, and his rich brown locks, always to a certain degree neglected, were peculiarly dishevelled.

Hugo Bohun, who was not afraid of him and was a high churchman, being in religion and in all other matters always on the side of the duchesses, said, "Well, St. Aldegonde, are you going to chapel in that dress?" But St. Aldegonde would not answer; he gave a snort and glanced at Hugo with the eye of a gladiator.

The meal was over. The Bishop was standing near the mantelpiece talking to the ladies, who were clustered round

Digitized by Google

him, the Archdeacon and the Chaplain and some other clergy a little in the background; Lord St. Aldegonde, who, whether there were a fire or not, always stood with his back to the fireplace with his hands in his pockets, moved discourteously among them, assumed his usual position, and listened, as it were grimly, for a few moments to their talk; then he suddenly exclaimed in a loud voice, and with the groan of a rebellious Titan, "How I hate Sunday!"

"Granville!" exclaimed Lady St. Aldegonde, turning pale. There was a general shudder.

"I mean in a country house," said Lord St. Aldegonde. "Of course I mean in a country house. I do not dislike it when alone, and I do not dislike it in London. But Sunday in a country house is infernal."

"I think it is now time for us to go," said the Bishop, walking away with dignified reserve, and they all dispersed.

The service was choral and intoned; for although the Rev. Dionysius Smylie had not yet had time or opportunity, as was his intention, to form and train a choir from the household of the Towers, he had secured from his neighboring parish and other sources external and effective aid in that respect. The parts of the service were skilfully distributed, and rarely were a greater number of priests enlisted in a more imposing manner. A good organ was well played; the singing, as usual, a little too noisy; there was an anthem and an introit, but no incense, which was forbidden by the Bishop; and though there were candles on the altar, they were not permitted to be lighted.

The sermon was most successful; the ladies returned with elate and animated faces, quite enthusiastic and almost forgetting in their satisfaction the terrible outrage of Lord St. Aldegonde. He himself had by this time repented of what he had done and recovered his temper, and greeted his wife with a voice and look which indicated to her practised senses the favorable change.

"Bertha," he said, "you know I did not mean anything personal to the Bishop in what I said. I do not like bishops; I think there is no use in them; but I have no objection to him personally; I think him an agreeable man; not at all a bore. Just put it right, Bertha. But I tell you what, Bertha, I cannot go to church here. Lord Culloden does not go, and he is a very religious man. He is the man I most agree with on these matters. I am a free churchman, and there is an end of it.

Digitized by Google

I cannot go this afternoon. I do not approve of the whole thing. It is altogether against my conscience. What I mean to do, if I can manage it, is to take a real long walk with the Campians."

Mrs. Campian appeared at luncheon. The Bishop was attentive to her, even cordial. He was resolved she should not feel he was annoyed by her not having been a member of his congregation in the morning. Lady Corisande too had said to him, "I wish so much you would talk to Mrs. Campian; she is a sweet, noble creature, and so clever! I feel that she might be brought to view things in the right light."

"I never know," said the Bishop, "how to deal with these American ladies. I never can make out what they believe, or what they disbelieve. It is a sort of confusion between Mrs. Beecher Stowe and the Fifth Avenue congregation and Barnum," he added with a twinkling eye.

The second service was late; the Dean preached. The lateness of the hour permitted the Lord Lieutenant and those guests who had arrived only the previous day to look over the castle, or ramble about the gardens. St. Aldegonde succeeded in his scheme of a real long walk with the Campians, which Lothair, bound to listen to the head of his college, was not permitted to share.

In the evening Signor Mardoni, who had arrived, and Madame Isola Bella favored them with what they called sacred music, — principally prayers from operas and a grand Stabat Mater.

Lord Culloden invited Lothair into a further saloon, where they might speak without disturbing the performers or the audience.

"I'll just take advantage, my dear boy," said Lord Culloden, in a tone of unusual tenderness, and of Doric accent, "of the absence of these gentlemen to have a little quiet conversation with you. Though I have not seen so much of you of late as in old days, I take a great interest in you, no doubt of that, and I was very pleased to see how good-natured you were to the girls. You have romped with them when they were little ones. Now, in a few hours, you will be master of a great inheritance, and I hope it will profit ye. I have been over the accounts with Mr. Giles, and I was pleased to hear that you had made yourself properly acquainted with them in detail. Never you sign any paper without reading it first, and knowing well what

Digitized by Google

it means. You may have to sign a release to us if you be satisfied, and that you may easily be. My poor brother-in-law left you as large an income as may be found on this side Trent, but I will be bound he would stare if he saw the total of the whole of your rent roll, Lothair. Your affairs have been well administered, though I say it who ought not. But it is not my management only, or principally, that has done it. It is the progress of the country, and you owe the country a good deal, and you should never forget you are born to be a protector of its liberties, civil and religious. And if the country sticks to free trade, and would enlarge its currency, and be firm to the Protestant faith, it will, under Divine Providence, continue to progress.

"And here, my boy, I'll just say a word, in no disagreeable manner, about your religious principles. There are a great many stories about, and perhaps they are not true, and I am sure I hope they are not. If Popery were only just the sign of the cross, and music, and censer pots, though I think them all superstitious, I'd be free to leave them alone if they would leave me. But Popery is a much deeper thing than that, Lothair, and our fathers found it out. They could not stand it, and we should be a craven crew to stand it now. A man should be master in his own house. You will be taking a wife some day; at least it is to be hoped so; and how will you like one of these Monsignores to be walking into her bedroom, eh; and talking to her alone when he pleases, and where he pleases; and when you want to consult your wife, which a wise man should often do, to find there is another mind between hers and yours? There's my girls, they are just two young geese, and they have a hankering after Popery, having had a Jesuit in the house. I do not know what has come to the women. They are for going into a convent, and they are quite right in that, for if they be Papists they will not find a husband easily in Scotland, I ween.

"And as for you, my boy, they will be telling you that it is only just this and just that, and there's no great difference, and what not; but I tell you that if once you embrace the scarlet lady, you are a tainted corpse. You'll not be able to order your dinner without a priest, and they will ride your best horses without saying with your leave or by your leave."

The concert in time ceased; there was a stir in the room; the Rev. Dionysius Smylie moved about mysteriously, and ulti-

Digitized by Google

mately seemed to make an obeisance before the Bishop. It was time for prayers.

"Shall you go?" said Lord St. Aldegonde to Mrs. Campian, by whom he was sitting.

"I like to pray alone," she answered.

"As for that," said St. Aldegonde, "I am not clear we ought to pray at all, either in public or private. It seems very arrogant in us to dictate to an all-wise Creator what we desire."

"I believe in the efficacy of prayer," said Theodora.

"And I believe in you," said St. Aldegonde, after a momentary pause.

On the morrow the early celebration in the chapel was numerously attended. The Duchess and her daughters, Lady Agramont, and Mrs. Ardenne were among the faithful; but what encouraged and gratified the Bishop was that the laymen, on whom he less relied, were numerously represented. The Lord Lieutenant, Lord Carisbrooke, Lord Montairy, Bertram, and Hugo Bohun accompanied Lothair to the altar.

After the celebration, Lothair retired to his private apartments. It was arranged that he was to join his assembled friends at noon, when he would receive their congratulations, and some deputations from the county.

At noon, therefore, preparatively preceded by Mr. Putney Giles, whose thought was never asleep, and whose eye was on everything, the guardians, the Cardinal and the Earl of Culloden, waited on Lothair to accompany him to his assembled friends, and, as it were, launch him into the world.

They were assembled at one end of the chief gallery, and in a circle. Although the deputations would have to advance the whole length of the chamber, Lothair and his guardians entered from a side apartment. Even with this assistance he felt very nervous. There was no lack of feeling, and, among many, of deep feeling, on this occasion, but there was an equal and a genuine exhibition of ceremony.

The Lord Lieutenant was the first person who congratulated Lothair, though the High Sheriff had pushed forward for that purpose, but, in his awkward precipitation, he got involved with the train of the Honorable Lady Clotworthy, who bestowed on him such a withering glance, that he felt a routed man, and gave up the attempt. There were many kind and some earnest words. Even St. Aldegonde acknowledged the genius of the occasion. He was grave, graceful, and dignified, and address-

Digitized by Google

ing Lothair by his title he said, "that he hoped he would meet in life that happiness which he felt confident he deserved." Theodora said nothing, though her lips seemed once to move; but she retained for a moment Lothair's hand, and the expression of her countenance touched his innermost heart. Lady Corisande beamed with dazzling beauty. Her countenance was joyous, radiant; her mien imperial and triumphant. She gave her hand with graceful alacrity to Lothair, and said in a hushed tone, but every word of which reached his ear, "One of the happiest hours of my life was eight o'clock this morning."

The Lord Lieutenant and the county members then retired to the other end of the gallery, and ushered in the deputation of the magistracy of the county, congratulating their new brother, for Lothair had just been appointed to the bench, on his accession to his estates. The Lord Lieutenant himself read the address, to which Lothair replied with a propriety all acknowledged. Then came the address of the Mayor and Corporation of Grandchester, of which city Lothair was hereditary high steward; and then that of his tenantry, which was cordial and characteristic. And here many were under the impression that this portion of the proceedings would terminate; but it was not so. There had been some whispering between the Bishop and the Archdeacon, and the Rev. Dionysius Smylie had, after conference with his superiors, twice left the chamber. It seems that the clergy had thought fit to take this occasion of congratulating Lothair on his great accession, and the proportionate duties which it would fall on him to fulfil. The Bishop approached Lothair and addressed him in a whisper. Lothair seemed surprised and a little agitated, but apparently bowed assent. Then the Bishop and his staff proceeded to the end of the gallery and introduced a diocesan deputation, consisting of archdeacons and rural deans, who presented to Lothair a most uncompromising address, and begged his acceptance of a Bible and prayer book richly bound, and borne by the Rev. Dionysius Smylie on a cushion of velvet.

The habitual pallor of the Cardinal's countenance became unusually wan; the cheek of Clare Arundel was a crimson flush; Monsignore Catesby bit his lip; Theodora looked with curious seriousness as if she were observing the manners of a foreign country; St. Aldegonde snorted and pushed his hand through his hair, which had been arranged in unusual order. The great body of those present, unaware that this deputation was unexpected, were unmoved.

Digitized by Google

It was a trial for Lothair, and scarcely a fair one. He was not unequal to it, and what he said was esteemed at the moment by all parties as satisfactory; though the Archdeacon in secret conclave afterwards observed that he dwelt more on Religion than on the Church, and spoke of the Church of Christ and not of the Church of England. He thanked them for their present of volumes which all must reverence or respect.

While all this was taking place within the Towers, vast bodies of people were assembling without. Besides the notables of the county and his tenantry and their families, which drained all the neighboring villages, Lothair had forwarded several thousand tickets to the Mayor and Corporation of Grandchester, for distribution among their fellow-townsmen, who were invited to dine at Muriel and partake of the festivities of the day, and trains were hourly arriving with their eager and happy guests. The gardens were at once open for their unrestricted pleasure, but at two o'clock, according to the custom of the county under such circumstances, Lothair held what in fact was a levée, or rather a drawing-room, when every person who possessed a ticket was permitted, and even invited and expected, to pass through the whole range of the state apartments of Muriel Towers, and at the same time pay their respects to, and make the acquaintance of, their lord.

Lothair stood with his chief friends near him, the ladies however seated, and every one passed: farmers and townsmen and honest folk down to the stokers of the trains from Grandchester, with whose presence St. Aldegonde was much pleased, and whom he carefully addressed as they passed by.

After this great reception they all dined in pavilions in the park: one thousand tenantry by themselves and at a fixed hour; the miscellaneous multitude in a huge crimson tent, very lofty, with many flags, and in which was served a banquet that never stopped till sunset, so that in time all might be satisfied; the notables and deputations, with the guests in the house, lunched in the armory. It was a bright day, and there was unceasing music.

In the course of the afternoon, Lothair visited the pavilions, where his health was proposed and pledged, in the first by one of his tenants, and in the other by a workman, both orators of repute; and he addressed and thanked his friends. This immense multitude, orderly and joyous, roamed about the parks and gardens, or danced on a platform which the prescient

Digitized by Google

experience of Mr. Giles had provided for them in a due locality, and wiiled away the pleasant hours, in expectation a little feverish of the impending fireworks, which, there was a rumor, were to be on a scale and in a style of which neither Grandchester nor the county had any tradition.

"I remember your words at Blenheim," said Lothair to Theodora. "You cannot say the present party is founded on the principle of exclusion."

In the mean time, about six o'clock, Lothair dined in his great hall with his two hundred guests at a banquet where all the resources of nature and art seemed called upon to contribute to its luxury and splendor. The ladies who had never before dined at a public dinner were particularly delighted. They were delighted by the speeches, though they had very few; they were delighted by the national anthem, all rising; particularly they were delighted by "three times three and one cheer more," and "hip, hip." It seemed to their unpractised ears like a great naval battle, or the end of the world, or anything else of unimaginable excitement, tumult, and confusion.

The Lord Lieutenant proposed Lothair's health, and dexterously made his comparative ignorance of the subject the cause of his attempting a sketch of what he hoped might be the character of the person whose health he proposed. Every one intuitively felt the resemblance was just and even complete, and Lothair confirmed their kind and sanguine anticipations by his terse and well-considered reply. His proposition of the ladies' healths was a signal that the carriages were ready to take them, as arranged, to Muriel Mere.

The sun had set in glory over the broad expanse of waters still glowing in the dying beam; the people were assembled in thousands on the borders of the lake, in the centre of which was an island with a pavilion. Fanciful barges and gondolas of various shapes and colors were waiting for Lothair and his party, to carry them over to the pavilion, where they found a repast which became the hour and the scene: coffee and ices and whimsical drinks, which sultanas would sip in Arabian tales. No sooner were they seated than the sound of music was heard, distant, but now nearer, till there came floating on the lake, until it rested before the pavilion, a gigantic shell, larger than the building itself, but holding in its golden and opal seats Signor Mardoni and all his orchestra.

Then came a concert rare in itself, and ravishing in the

Digitized by Google

BENJAMIN DISRAELI

(EARL OF BEACONSFIELD)

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

rosy twilight; and in about half an hour, when the rosy twilight had subsided into a violet eve, and when the white moon that had only gleamed began to glitter, the colossal shell again moved on, and Lothair and his companions embarking once more in their gondolas, followed it in procession about the lake. He carried in his own bark the Duchess, Theodora, and the Lord Lieutenant, and was rowed by a crew in Venetian dresses. As he handed Theodora to her seat the impulse was irresistible: he pressed her hand to his lips.

Suddenly a rocket rose with a hissing rush from the pavilion. It was instantly responded to from every quarter of the lake. Then the island seemed on fire, and the scene of their late festivity became a brilliant palace, with pediments and columns and statues, bright in the blaze of colored flame. For half an hour the sky seemed covered with blue lights and the bursting forms of many-colored stars; golden fountains, like the eruption of a marine volcano, rose from different parts of the water; the statued palace on the island changed and became a forest glowing with green light; and finally a temple of cerulean tint, on which appeared in huge letters of prismatic color the name of Lothair.

The people cheered, but even the voice of the people was overcome by troops of rockets rising from every quarter of the lake, and by the thunder of artillery. When the noise and the smoke had both subsided, the name of Lothair still legible on the temple but the letters quite white, it was perceived that on every height for fifty miles round they had fired a beacon.

Digitized by Google

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

BEAUMONT, FRANCIS, an English poet and dramatist; born at Grace-Dieu, Leicestershire, 1584; died March 6, 1616. He was of a distinguished family; studied at Oxford and became a member of the Inner Temple, London, but seems to have paid little attention to the study of law, being the heir to a large estate. He died at the age of thirty, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His name and that of John Fletcher (1579–1625), son of the Bishop of Bristol, are inseparably connected in literary partnership. There are fifty-two dramas ascribed to them; but competent critics are of opinion that Beaumont had no considerable part in more than one-third of these, and it is not now possible to assign to each writer his respective share in any of these dramas. Their differences are best appreciated by comparing Beaumont's "Triumph of Love" with Fletcher's "Triumph of Death," included in "Four Plays or Moral Representations in One" (1647). Their plays written together include: "Philaster;" "The Maid's Tragedy;" "King and No King;" "The Scornful Lady;" "The Knight of the Burning Pestle;" "Cupid's Revenge;" and "The Coxcomb." Their first collected edition, "Comedies and Tragedies," appeared in 1647; more complete in 1679.

JOHN FLETCHER was born in Rye, Sussex, in December, 1579; died in London during the plague, in August, 1625. Fletcher survived his friend nine years, during which he produced many plays with and without collaborators; the latter include Massinger, Middleton, Rowley, Shirley, and others. It is certain that he wrote alone "The Faithful Shepherdess," "Bonduca," "Valentinian," "The Wild Goose Chase," and "Monsieur Thomas," his greatest works; "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife;" The "Loyal Subject;" "Wit Without Money;" "A Wife for a Month;" "The Chances;" "The Mad Lover;" and "The Humorous Lieutenant." Bullen, the most authoritative critic of Elizabethan literature, says he had Massinger's aid in "The Knight of Malta," "Thierry and Theodoret," "The Little French Lawyer," "The Beggar's Bush," "The Spanish Curate," "The False One," and "A Very Woman." The same authority gives "The Queen of Corinth" with Massinger, Rowley, and Middleton; "The Jeweller of Amsterdam" with Massinger

Digitized by Google

and Field; "The Bloody Brother" with Ben Johnson, revised by Middleton; "Two Noble Kinsmen" with Massinger, after Shakespeare's death; and considers "Henry VIII." the work of Fletcher and Massinger, with Shakespearean passages.

A Self-Confessed Coward.

Enter Bessus.

A Room in the House of Bessus.

Bessus. They talk of fame; I have gotten it in the wars, and will afford any man a reasonable pennyworth. Some will say, they could be content to have it, but that it is to be achieved with danger: but my opinion is otherwise: for if I might stand still in cannon-proof, and have fame fall upon me, I would refuse it. My reputation came principally by thinking to run away; which nobody knows but Mardonius, and I think he conceals it to anger me. Before I went to the wars, I came to the town a young fellow, without means or parts to deserve friends; and my empty guts persuaded me to lie, and abuse people, for my meat; which I did, and they beat me: then would I fast two days, till my hunger cried out on me, "Rail still!" then, methought, I had a monstrous stomach to abuse 'em again; and did it. In this state I continued, till they hung me up by the heels, and beat me with hazel-sticks,[1] as if they would have baked me, and have cozened somebody with me for venison. After this I railed, and ate quietly; for the whole kingdom took notice of me for a baffled[2] whipped fellow, and what I said was remembered in mirth, but never in anger; of which I was glad, — I would it were at that pass again! After this, Heaven called an aunt of mine, that left two hundred pounds in a cousin's hand for me; who, taking me to be a gallant young spirit, raised a company for me with the money, and sent me into Armenia with 'em. Away I would have run from them, but that I could get no company; and alone I durst not run. I was never at battle but once, and there I was running, but Mardonius cudgelled me: yet I got loose at last, but was so afraid that I saw no more than my shoulders do, but fled with my whole company amongst my enemies, and overthrew 'em. Now the report of my valor is come over before me, and they say I was a raw

[1] The punishment inflicted on recreant knights. — *Dyce.*

[2] Ignominiously treated.

Digitized by Google

young fellow, but now I am improved, — a plague on their eloquence! 'T will cost me many a beating: and Mardonius might help this too, if he would; for now they think to get honor on me, and all the men I have abused call me freshly to account (worthily, as they call it), by the way of challenge.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

GENTLEMAN. Good morrow, Captain Bessus.

BESSUS. Good morrow, sir.

GENTLEMAN. I come to speak with you —

BESSUS. You 're very welcome.

GENTLEMAN. From one that holds himself wronged by you some three years since. Your worth, he says, is famed, and he doth nothing doubt but you will do him right, as beseems a soldier.

BESSUS. A pox on 'em, so they cry all. [*Aside.*

GENTLEMAN. And a slight note I have about me for you, for the delivery of which you must excuse me: it is an office that friendship calls upon me to do, and no way offensive to you, since I desire but right on both sides.

[*Gives a letter.*

BESSUS. 'T is a challenge, sir, is it not?

GENTLEMAN. 'T is an inviting to the field.

BESSUS. An inviting! Oh, cry you mercy!— What a compliment he delivers it with! he might as agreeably to my nature present me poison with such a speech. [*Aside; and then reads.*] Um, um, um — reputation — um, um, um — call you to account — um, um, um — forced to this — um, um, um — with my sword — um, um, um — like a gentleman — um, um, um — dear to me —um, um, um — satisfaction. — 'T is very well, sir; I do accept it; but he must await an answer this thirteen weeks.

GENTLEMAN. Why, sir, he would be glad to wipe off his stain as soon as he could.

BESSUS. Sir, upon my credit, I am already engaged to two hundred and twelve; all which must have their stains wiped off, if that be the word, before him.

GENTLEMAN. Sir, if you be truly engaged but to one, he shall stay a competent time.

BESSUS. Upon my faith, sir, to two hundred and twelve: and I have a spent body too, much bruised in battle; so that I cannot fight, I must be plain with you, above three combats a day. All the kindness I can show him, is to set him resolvedly in my roll the two hundredth and thirteenth man, which is something;

Digitized by Google

for, I tell you, I think there will be more after him than before him; I think so. Pray you, commend me to him, and tell him this.

GENTLEMAN. I will, sir. Good morrow to you.

BESSUS. Good morrow, good sir. [*Exit* GENTLEMAN.] Certainly my safest way were to print myself a coward, with a discovery how I came by my credit, and clap it upon every post. I have received above thirty challenges within this two hours. Marry, all but the first I put off with engagement; and, by good fortune, the first is no madder of fighting than I; so that that 's referred: the place where it must be ended is four days' journey off, and our arbitrators are these; he has chosen a gentleman in travel, and I have a special friend with a quartan ague, like to hold him this five years, for mine; and when his man comes home, we are to expect my friend's health. If they would send me challenges thus thick, as long as I lived, I would have no other living: I can make seven shillings a day o' the paper to the grocers. Yet I learn nothing by all these, but a little skill in comparing of styles: I do find evidently that there is some one scrivener in this town, that has a great hand in writing of challenges, for they are all of a cut, and six of 'em in a hand; and they all end, "My reputation is dear to me, and I must require satisfaction." — Who 's there? more paper, I hope. No; 't is my Lord Bacurius: I fear all is not well betwixt us.

Enter BACURIUS.

BACURIUS. Now, Captain Bessus; I come about a frivolous matter, caused by as idle a report. You know you were a coward.

BESSUS. Very right.

BACURIUS. And wronged me.

BESSUS. True, my lord.

BACURIUS. But now people will call you valiant, — desertlessly, I think; yet, for their satisfaction, I will have you fight with me.

BESSUS. Oh, my good lord, my deep engagements —

BACURIUS. Tell not me of your engagements, Captain Bessus: it is not to be put off with an excuse. For my own part, I am none of the multitude that believe your conversion from coward.

BESSUS. My lord, I seek not quarrels, and this belongs not to me; I am not to maintain it.

BACURIUS. Who, then, pray?

Digitized by Google

Bessus. Bessus the coward wronged you.

Bacurius. Right.

Bessus. And shall Bessus the valiant maintain what Bessus the coward did?

Bacurius. I prithee, leave these cheating tricks. I swear thou shalt fight with me, or thou shalt be beaten extremely and kicked.

Bessus. Since you provoke me thus far, my lord, I will fight with you; and, by my sword, it shall cost me twenty pounds but I will have my leg well a week sooner purposely.

Bacurius. Your leg! why, what ails your leg? I'll do a cure on you. Stand up! [*Kicks him.*

Bessus. My lord, this is not noble in you.

Bacurius. What dost thou with such a phrase in thy mouth? I will kick thee out of all good words before I leave thee. [*Kicks him.*

Bessus. My lord, I take this as a punishment for the offence I did when I was a coward.

Bacurius. When thou wert! confess thyself a coward still, or, by this light, I'll beat thee into sponge.

Bessus. Why, I am one.

Bacurius. Are you so, sir? and why do you wear a sword, then? Come, unbuckle; quick!

Bessus. My lord!

Bacurius. Unbuckle, I say, and give it me; or, as I live, thy head will ache extremely.

Bessus. It is a pretty hilt; and if your lordship take an affection to it, with all my heart I present it to you, for a new-year's gift. [*Gives his sword with a knife in the scabbard.*[1]

Bacurius. I thank you very heartily. Sweet captain, farewell.

Bessus. One word more: I beseech your lordship to render me my knife again.

Bacurius. Marry, by all means, captain. [*Gives back the knife.*] Cherish yourself with it, and eat hard, good captain; we cannot tell whether we shall have any more such. Adieu, dear captain. [*Exit.*

Bessus. I will make better use of this than of my sword. A base spirit has this vantage of a brave one: It keeps always at a stay, nothing brings it down, not beating. I remember I promised the King, in a great audience, that I would make my back-

[1] A custom was prevalent of wearing a dagger or knife in a sheath attached to the scabbard of the sword. — *Weber.*

Digitized by Google

biters eat my sword to a knife: how to get another sword I know not; nor know any means left for me to maintain my credit but impudence: therefore I will outswear him and all his followers, that this is all that 's left uneaten of my sword.

[*Exit.*

AMORET AND THE RIVER GOD.

(From "The Faithful Shepherdess." By John Fletcher.)

Enter AMARILLIS *in her own shape, and* PERIGOT *following with his spear.*

AMARILLIS. Forbear, thou gentle swain! thou dost mistake;
She whom thou follow'dst fled into the brake,
And as I crossed thy way, I met thy wrath;
The only fear of which near slain me hath.

PERIGOT. Pardon, fair shepherdess: my rage and night
Were both upon me, and beguiled my sight;
But far be it from me to spill the blood
Of harmless maids that wander in the wood!

Exit AMARILLIS *and re-enters as* AMORET.

AMORET. Many a weary step, in yonder path,
Poor hopeless Amoret twice trodden hath,
To seek her Perigot; yet cannot hear
His voice. — My Perigot! She loves thee dear
That calls.

PERIGOT. See yonder where she is! how fair
She shows! and yet her breath infects the air.

AMORET. My Perigot!

PERIGOT. Here!

AMORET. Happy!

PERIGOT. Hapless! first
It lights on thee: the next blow is the worst. [*Wounds her.*

AMORET. Stay, Perigot! my love, thou art unjust. [*Falls.*

PERIGOT. Death is the best reward that 's due to lust. [*Exit.*

SULL. SHEP. Now shall their love be crossed; for, being struck,
I 'll throw her in the fount, lest being took
By some night-traveller, whose honest care
May help to cure her. [*Aside, and then comes forward.*] — Shepherdess, prepare
Yourself to die!

Digitized by Google

AMORET. No mercy do I crave;
Thou canst not give a worse blow than I have.
Tell him that gave me this, — who loved him, too;
He struck my soul, and not my body through, —
Tell him, when I am dead, my soul shall be
At peace, if he but think he injured me.

SULL. SHEP. In this fount be thy grave. Thou wert not meant
Sure for a woman, thou art so innocent. —
[*Flings her into the well*
She cannot 'scape, for, underneath the ground,
In a long hollow the clear spring is bound,
Till on yon side, where the morn's sun doth look,
The struggling water breaks out in a brook. [*Exit.*

The GOD OF THE RIVER *rises with* AMORET *in his arms.*

GOD OF THE RIVER. What powerful charms my streams do bring
Back again unto their spring,
With such force that I, their god,
Three times striking with my rod,
Could not keep them in their ranks?
My fishes shoot into the banks;
There 's not one that stays and feeds,
All have hid them in the weeds.
Here 's a mortal almost dead,
Fall'n into my river-head,
Hallowed so with many a spell,
That till now none ever fell.
'T is a female young and clear,
Cast in by some ravisher:
See, upon her breast a wound,
On which there is no plaster bound.
Yet, she 's warm, her pulses beat,
'T is a sign of life and heat. —
If thou be'st a virgin pure,
I can give a present cure:
Take a drop into thy wound,
From my watery locks, more round
Than Orient pearl, and far more pure
Than unchaste flesh may endure. —
See, she pants, and from her flesh

Digitized by Google

The warm blood gusheth out afresh;
She is an unpolluted maid;
I must have this bleeding stayed.
From my banks I pluck this flower
With holy hand, whose virtuous power
Is at once to heal and draw.
The blood returns. I never saw
A fairer mortal. Now doth break
Her deadly slumber. — Virgin, speak.

AMORET. Who hath restored my sense, given me new breath,
And brought me back out of the arms of death?

GOD OF THE RIVER. I have healed thy wounds.

AMORET. Aye, me!

GOD OF THE RIVER. Fear not him that succored thee.
I am this fountain's god: below,
My waters to a river grow,
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the meadows do they glide,
Wheeling still on every side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the evenest channel out.
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal company,
In the cool streams shalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I:
I will give thee for thy food
No fish that useth in the mud;
But trout and pike, that love to swim
Where the gravel from the brim
Through the pure streams may be seen;
Orient pearl fit for a queen,
Will I give, thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in;
Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly:
And, to make thee understand
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble, whilst I sing,
Sweeter than the silver string.

Digitized by Google

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river sweet;
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot when thou hast trod;
Nor let the water, rising high,
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee.

AMORET. Immortal power, that rul'st this holy flood,
I know myself unworthy to be wooed
By thee, a god; for ere this, but for thee,
I should have shown my weak mortality:
Besides, by holy oath betwixt us twain,
I am betrothed unto a shepherd-swain,
Whose comely face, I know, the gods above
May make me leave to see, but not to love.

GOD OF THE RIVER. May he prove to thee as true!
Fairest virgin, now adieu:
I must make my waters fly,
Lest they leave their channels dry,
And beasts that come unto the spring
Miss their morning's watering;
Which I would not; for of late
All the neighbor-people sate
On my banks, and from the fold
Two white lambs of three weeks old
Offered to my deity;
For which this year they shall be free
From raging floods, that as they pass
Leave their gravel in the grass;
Nor shall their meads be overflown
When their grass is newly mown.

AMORET. For thy kindness to me shown,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree, with windy force,
Cross thy streams, to stop thy course;
May no beast that comes to drink,
With his horns cast down thy brink;
May none that for thy fish do look,
Cut thy banks to dam thy brook;
Barefoot may no neighbor wade
In thy cool streams, wife nor maid,

Digitized by Google

PSYCHE AND PAN

From Painting by Robert Beyschlag

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

When the spawns on stones do lie,
To wash their hemp, and spoil the fry!
GOD OF THE RIVER. Thanks, virgin. I must down again.
Thy wound will put thee to no pain:
Wonder not so soon 't is gone;
A holy hand was laid upon. [*Descends.*
AMORET. And I, unhappy born to be,
Must follow him that flies from me. [*Exit.*

SONG TO PAN.

(From "The Faithful Shepherdess." — Fletcher.)

All ye Woods, and Trees, and Bowers,
All ye Virtues, and ye Powers
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs and brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground
With his honor and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.
He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honored. Daffodillies,
Roses, pinks, and loveliest lilies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing:
Ever holy, ever holy,
Ever honored, ever young,
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

TO MY DEAR FRIEND, MASTER BENJAMIN JONSON, UPON HIS "FOX."

IF it might stand with justice to allow
The swift conversion of all follies, now
Such is my mercy, that I could admit
All sorts should equally approve the wit
Of this thy even work, whose growing fame
Shall raise thee high, and thou it, with thy name;
And did not manners and my love command
Me to forbear to make those understand

Digitized by Google

Whom thou, perhaps, hast in thy wiser doom
Long since firmly resolved, shall never come
To know more than they do, — I would have shown
To all the world the art which thou alone
Hast taught our tongue, the rules of time, of place,
And other rites, delivered with the grace
Of comic style, which only is far more
Than any English stage hath known before.
But since our subtle gallants think it good
To like of naught that may be understood,
Lest they should be disproved, or have, at best,
Stomachs so raw, that nothing can digest
But what 's obscene, or barks, — let us desire
They may continue, simply to admire
Fine clothes and strange words, and may live, in age
To see themselves ill brought upon the stage,
And like it; whilst thy bold and knowing Muse
Contemns all praise, but such as thou wouldst choose.

Leandro's Song.

Dearest, do not you delay me,
Since thou know'st I must be gone;
Wind and tide, 't is thought, doth stay me,
But 't is wind that must be blown
From that breath, whose native smell
Indian odors far excel.

Oh, then speak, thou fairest fair!
Kill not him that vows to serve thee;
But perfume this neighboring air,
Else dull silence, sure, will starve me:
'T is a word that 's quickly spoken,
Which being restrained, a heart is broken.

Digitized by Google

WILLIAM BECKFORD.

Beckford, William, a noted English man of letters; born at Fonthill, Wiltshire, September 29, 1759; died at Bath, May 2, 1844. He was the son of an alderman, at one time Lord Mayor of London, who, dying, left to his son, then ten years of age, an immense fortune. While a mere youth he travelled extensively on the Continent of Europe; and returning to England, sat for a while in the British Parliament for various boroughs; then travelled abroad again, with a retinue of thirty servants, and returning to England took up his residence at Fonthill, in 1796. In 1801 he began the demolition of the ancient house and the building of the magnificent structure which he called Fonthill Abbey, in the erection and adornment of which he spent several years and enormous sums of money. The grand tower was 260 feet high. Here he amassed many art treasures. He is famous as the author of "Vathek," an Oriental romance of great power and luxurious imagination, written originally in French (1781 or 1782), and translated into English by himself, although another translation by (Henley) had been published anonymously and surreptitiously in 1784(?). Among his other writings are: "Biographical Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters" (1780), a satirical burlesque; "Dreams, Waking Thoughts, and Incidents" (1783), a series of letters from various parts of Europe; "Italy, with Sketches of Spain and Portugal" (1834).

The Incantation and the Sacrifice.

(From "The History of the Caliph Vathek.")

By secret stairs, known only to herself and her son, she [Carathis] first repaired to the mysterious recesses in which were deposited the mummies that had been brought from the catacombs of the ancient Pharaohs. Of these she ordered several to be taken. From thence she resorted to a gallery, where, under the guard of fifty female negroes, mute, and blind of the right eye, were preserved the oil of the most venomous serpents, rhinoceros horns, and woods of a subtle and penetrating odor, procured from the interior of the Indies, together with a thousand

Digitized by Google

other horrible rarities. This collection had been formed for a purpose like the present by Carathis herself, from a presentiment that she might one day enjoy some intercourse with the infernal powers, to whom she had ever been passionately attached, and to whose taste she was no stranger.

To familiarize herself the better with the horrors in view, the Princess remained in the company of her negresses, who squinted in the most amiable manner from the only eye they had, and leered with exquisite delight at the skulls and skeletons which Carathis had drawn forth from her cabinets. . . .

Whilst she was thus occupied, the Caliph, who, instead of the visions he expected, had acquired in these unsubstantial regions a voracious appetite, was greatly provoked at the negresses: for, having totally forgotten their deafness, he had impatiently asked them for food; and seeing them regardless of his demand, he began to cuff, pinch, and push them, till Carathis arrived to terminate a scene so indecent. . . .

"Son! what means all this?" said she, panting for breath. "I thought I heard, as I came up, the shriek of a thousand bats, tearing from their crannies in the recesses of a cavern. . . . You but ill deserve the admirable provision I have brought you."

"Give it me instantly!" exclaimed the Caliph: "I am perishing for hunger!"

"As to that," answered she, "you must have an excellent stomach if it can digest what I have been preparing."

"Be quick," replied the Caliph. "But oh, heavens! what horrors! What do you intend?"

"Come, come," returned Carathis, "be not so squeamish, but help me to arrange everything properly, and you shall see that what you reject with such symptoms of disgust will soon complete your felicity. Let us get ready the pile for the sacrifice of to-night, and think not of eating till that is performed. Know you not that all solemn rites are preceded by a rigorous abstinence?"

The Caliph, not daring to object, abandoned himself to grief, and the wind that ravaged his entrails, whilst his mother went forward with the requisite operations. Phials of serpents' oil, mummies, and bones were soon set in order on the balustrade of the tower. The pile began to rise; and in three hours was as many cubits high. At length darkness approached, and Carathis, having stripped herself to her inmost garment, clapped her hands in an impulse of ecstasy, and struck light with all her force. The mutes followed her example: but Vathek, extenuated with

Digitized by Google

hunger and impatience, was unable to support himelf, and fell down in a swoon. The sparks had already kindled the dry wood; the venomous oil burst into a thousand blue flames; the mummies, dissolving, emitted a thick dun vapor; and the rhinoceros' horns beginning to consume, all together diffused such a stench, that the Caliph, recovering, started from his trance and gazed wildly on the scene in full blaze around him. The oil gushed forth in a plenitude of streams; and the negresses, who supplied it without intermission, united their cries to those of the Princess. At last the fire became so violent, and the flames reflected from the polished marble so dazzling, that the Caliph, unable to withstand the heat and the blaze, effected his escape, and clambered up the imperial standard.

In the meantime, the inhabitants of Samarah, scared at the light which shone over the city, arose in haste, ascended their roofs, beheld the tower on fire, and hurried half-naked to the square. Their love to their sovereign immediately awoke; and apprehending him in danger of perishing in his tower, their whole thoughts were occupied with the means of his safety. Morakanabad flew from his retirement, wiped away his tears, and cried out for water like the rest. Bababalouk, whose olfactory nerves were more familiarized to magical odors, readily conjecturing that Carathis was engaged in her favorite amusements, strenuously exhorted them not to be alarmed. Him, however, they treated as an old poltroon; and forbore not to style him a rascally traitor. The camels and dromedaries were advancing with water, but no one knew by which way to enter the tower. Whilst the populace was obstinate in forcing the doors, a violent east wind drove such a volume of flame against them, as at first forced them off, but afterwards rekindled their zeal. At the same time, the stench of the horns and mummies increasing, most of the crowd fell backward in a state of suffocation. Those that kept their feet mutually wondered at the cause of the smell, and admonished each other to retire. Morakanabad, more sick than the rest, remained in a piteous condition. Holding his nose with one hand, he persisted in his efforts with the other to burst open the doors, and obtain admission. A hundred and forty of the strongest and most resolute at length accomplished their purpose. . . .

Carathis, alarmed at the signs of her mutes, advanced to the staircase, went down a few steps, and heard several voices calling out from below: —

"You shall in a moment have water!"

Digitized by Google

Being rather alert, considering her age, she presently regained the top of the tower, and bade her son suspend the sacrifice for some minutes, adding: —

"We shall soon be enabled to render it more grateful. Certain dolts of your subjects, imagining, no doubt, that we were on fire, have been rash enough to break through those doors, which had hitherto remained inviolate, for the sake of bringing up water. They are very kind, you must allow, so soon to forget the wrongs you have done them; but that is of little moment. Let us offer them to the Giaour. Let them come up: our mutes, who neither want strength nor experience, will soon dispatch them, exhausted as they are with fatigue."

"Be it so," answered the Caliph, "provided we finish, and I dine."

In fact, these good people, out of breath from ascending eleven thousand stairs in such haste, and chagrined at having spilt, by the way, the water they had taken, were no sooner arrived at the top than the blaze of the flames and the fumes of the mummies at once overpowered their senses. It was a pity! for they beheld not the agreeable smile with which the mutes and the negresses adjusted the cord to their necks; these amiable personages rejoiced, however, no less at the scene. Never before had the ceremony of strangling been performed with so much facility. They all fell without the least resistance or struggle; so that Vathek, in the space of a few moments, found himself surrounded by the dead bodies of his most faithful subjects, all of which were thrown on the top of the pile.

Vathek and Nouronihar in the Halls of Eblis.

(From "The History of the Caliph Vathek.")

The Caliph and Nouronihar beheld each other with amazement, at finding themselves in a place which, though roofed with a vaulted ceiling, was so spacious and lofty that at first they took it for an immeasurable plain. But their eyes at length growing familiar with the grandeur of the objects at hand, they extended their view to those at a distance, and discovered rows of columns and arcades, which gradually diminished till they terminated in a point, radiant as the sun when he darts his last beams athwart the ocean; the pavement, strewed over with gold dust and saffron, exhaled so subtle an odor as almost overpowered them; they however went on, and observed an infinity of

Digitized by Google

censers, in which ambergris and the wood of aloes were continually burning; between the several columns were placed tables, each spread with a profusion of viands, and wines of every species sparkling in vases of crystal. A throng of genii and other fantastic spirits of each sex danced lasciviously in troops, at the sound of music which issued from beneath.

In the midst of this immense hall a vast multitude was incessantly passing, who severally kept their right hands on their hearts, without once regarding anything around them; they had all the livid paleness of death: their eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, resembled those phosphoric meteors that glimmer by night in places of interment. Some stalked slowly on, absorbed in profound reverie; some, shrieking with agony, ran furiously about like tigers wounded with poisoned arrows; whilst others, grinding their teeth in rage, foamed along more frantic than the wildest maniac. They all avoided each other, and though surrounded by a multitude that no one could number, each wandered at random, unheedful of the rest, as if alone on a desert which no foot had trodden.

Vathek and Nouronihar, frozen with terror at a sight so baleful, demanded of the Giaour what these appearances might seem, and why these ambulating spectres never withdrew their hands from their hearts.

"Perplex not yourselves," replied he bluntly, "with so much at once; you will soon be acquainted with all: let us haste and present you to Eblis."

They continued their way through the multitude; but notwithstanding their confidence at first they were not sufficiently composed to examine with attention the various perspectives of halls and of galleries that opened on the right hand and left, which were all illuminated by torches and braziers, whose flames rose in pyramids to the centre of the vault. At length they came to a place where long curtains, brocaded with crimson and gold, fell from all parts in striking confusion; here the choirs and dances were heard no longer, the light which glimmered came from afar.

After some time Vathek and Nouronihar perceived a gleam brightening through the drapery, and entered a vast tabernacle carpeted with the skins of leopards; an infinity of elders with streaming beards, and Afrits in complete armor, had prostrated themselves before the ascent of a lofty eminence, on the top of which, upon a globe of fire, sat the formidable Eblis. His

Digitized by Google

person was that of a young man, whose noble and regular features seemed to have been tarnished by malignant vapors; in his large eyes appeared both pride and despair; his flowing hair retained some resemblance to that of an angel of light; in his hand, which thunder had blasted, he swayed the iron sceptre that causes the monster Ouranabad, the Afrits, and all the powers of the abyss to tremble; at his presence the heart of the Caliph sunk within him, and for the first time he fell prostrate on his face. Nouronihar, however, though greatly dismayed, could not help admiring the person of Eblis; for she expected to have seen some stupendous giant. Eblis, with a voice more mild than might be imagined, but such as transfused through the soul the deepest melancholy, said:

"Creatures of clay, I receive you into mine empire; ye are numbered amongst my adorers. Enjoy whatever this palace affords: the treasures of the pre-Adamite Sultans, their bickering sabres, and those talismans that compel the Dives to open the subterranean expanses of the mountain of Kaf, which communicate with these. There, insatiable as your curiosity may be, shall you find sufficient to gratify it; you shall possess the exclusive privilege of entering the fortress of Aherman, and the halls of Argenk, where are portrayed all creatures endowed with intelligence, and the various animals that inhabited the earth prior to the creation of that contemptible being whom ye denominate the Father of Mankind."

Vathek and Nouronihar, feeling themselves revived and encouraged by this harangue, eagerly said to the Giaour:—

"Bring us instantly to the place which contains these precious talismans."

"Come!" answered this wicked Dive, with his malignant grin, "come! and possess all that my Sovereign hath promised, and more."

He then conducted them into a long aisle adjoining the tabernacle, preceding them with hasty steps, and followed by his disciples with the utmost alacrity. They reached at length a hall of great extent, and covered with a lofty dome, around which appeared fifty portals of bronze, secured with as many fastenings of iron. A funereal gloom prevailed over the whole scene. Here, upon two beds of incorruptible cedar, lay recumbent the fleshless forms of the pre-Adamite kings, who had been monarchs of the whole earth. They still possessed enough of life to be conscious of their deplorable condition; their eyes retained a

Digitized by Google

melancholy motion; they regarded each other with looks of the deepest dejection, each holding his right hand motionless on his heart. At their feet were inscribed the events of their several reigns, their power, their pride, and their crimes. Soliman Raad, Soliman Daki, and Soliman Di Gian Ben Gian, who, after having chained up the Dives in the dark caverns of Kaf, became so presumptuous as to doubt of the Supreme Power, — all these maintained great state, though not to be compared with the eminence of Soliman Ben Daoud [Solomon the son of David].

This king, so renowned for his wisdom, was on the loftiest elevation, and placed immediately under the dome; he appeared to possess more animation than the rest, though from time to time he labored with profound sighs, and like his companions, kept his right hand on his heart; yet his countenance was more composed, and he seemed to be listening to the sullen roar of a vast cataract, visible in part through the grated portals; this was the only sound that intruded on the silence of these doleful mansions. A range of brazen vases surrounded the elevation.

"Remove the covers from these cabalistic depositaries," said the Giaour to Vathek, "and avail thyself of the talismans, which will break asunder all these gates of bronze, and not only render thee master of the treasures contained within them, but also of the spirits by which they are guarded."

The Caliph, whom this ominous preliminary had entirely disconcerted, approached the vases with faltering footsteps, and was ready to sink with terror when he heard the groans of Soliman. As he proceeded, a voice from the livid lips of the Prophet articulated these words: —

"In my lifetime I filled a magnificent throne, having on my right hand twelve thousand seats of gold, where the patriarchs and the prophets heard my doctrines; on my left the sages and doctors, upon as many thrones of silver, were present at all my decisions. Whilst I thus administered justice to innumerable multitudes, the birds of the air librating over me served as a canopy from the rays of the sun; my people flourished, and my palace rose to the clouds; I erected a temple to the Most High which was the wonder of the universe. But I basely suffered myself to be seduced by the love of women, and a curiosity that could not be restrained by sublunary things; I listened to the counsels of Aherman and the daughter of Pharaoh, and adored fire and the hosts of heaven; I forsook the holy city, and com-

Digitized by Google

manded the Genii to rear the stupendous palace of Istakhar, and the terrace of the watch-towers, each of which was consecrated to a star. There for a while I enjoyed myself in the zenith of glory and pleasure; not only men, but supernatural existences were subject also to my will. I began to think, as these unhappy monarchs around had already thought, that the vengeance of Heaven was asleep, when at once the thunder burst my structures asunder and precipitated me hither; where however I do not remain, like the other inhabitants, totally destitute of hope, for an angel of light hath revealed that, in consideration of the piety of my early youth, my woes shall come to an end when this cataract shall for ever cease to flow. Till then I am in torments, ineffable torments! an unrelenting fire preys on my heart."

Having uttered this exclamation, Soliman raised his hands towards Heaven in token of supplication, and the Caliph discerned through his bosom, which was transparent as crystal, his heart enveloped in flames. At a sight so full of horror, Nouronihar fell back like one petrified into the arms of Vathek, who cried out with a convulsive sob: —

"O Giaour! whither hast thou brought us? Allow us to depart, and I will relinquish all thou hast promised. O Mahomet! remains there no more mercy?"

"None! none!" replied the malicious Dive. "Know, miserable prince! thou art now in the abode of vengeance and despair; thy heart also will be kindled, like those of the other votaries of Eblis. A few days are allotted thee previous to this fatal period. Employ them as thou wilt: recline on these heaps of gold; command the Infernal Potentates; range at thy pleasure through these immense subterranean domains; no barrier shall be shut against thee. As for me, I have fulfilled my mission; I now leave thee to thyself." At these words he vanished.

The Caliph and Nouronihar remained in the most abject affliction; their tears unable to flow, scarcely could they support themselves. At length, taking each other despondingly by the hand, they went faltering from this fatal hall, indifferent which way they turned their steps. Every portal opened at their approach; the Dives fell prostrate before them; every reservoir of riches was disclosed to their view: but they no longer felt the incentives of curiosity, pride, or avarice. With like apathy they heard the chorus of Genii, and saw the stately banquets prepared to regale them. They went wandering on from chamber

Digitized by Google

to chamber, hall to hall, and gallery to gallery, all without bounds or limit, all distinguishable by the same lowering gloom, all adorned with the same awful grandeur, all traversed by persons in search of repose and consolation, but who sought them in vain; for every one carried within him a heart tormented in flames. Shunned by these various sufferers, who seemed by their looks to be upbraiding the partners of their guilt, they withdrew from them, to wait in direful suspense the moment which should render them to each other the like objects of terror.

"What!" exclaimed Nouronihar; "will the time come when I shall snatch my hand from thine?"

"Ah," said Vathek; "and shall my eyes ever cease to drink from thine long draughts of enjoyment! Shall the moments of our reciprocal ecstasies be reflected on with horror! It was not thou that broughtest me hither; the principles by which Carathis perverted my youth have been the sole cause of my perdition!" Having given vent to these painful expressions, he called to an Afrit, who was stirring up one of the braziers, and bade him fetch the Princess Carathis from the palace of Samarah.

After issuing these orders, the Caliph and Nouronihar continued walking amidst the silent crowd, till they heard voices at the end of the gallery. Presuming them to proceed from some unhappy beings who, like themselves, were awaiting their final doom, they followed the sound, and found it to come from a small square chamber, where they discovered sitting on sofas five young men of goodly figure, and a lovely female, who were all holding a melancholy conversation by the glimmering of a lonely lamp; each had a gloomy and forlorn air, and two of them were embracing each other with great tenderness. On seeing the Caliph and the daughter of Fakreddin enter, they arose, saluted and gave them place; then he who appeared the most considerable of the group addressed himself thus to Vathek:—

"Strangers!—who doubtless are in the same state of suspense with ourselves, as you do not yet bear your hand on your heart,—if you are come hither to pass the interval allotted previous to the infliction of our common punishment, condescend to relate the adventures that have brought you to this fatal place, and we in return will acquaint you with ours, which deserve but too well to be heard. We will trace back our crimes to their source, though we are not permitted to repent; this is the only employment suited to wretches like us!"

Digitized by Google

The Caliph and Nouronihar assented to the proposal, and Vathek began, not without tears and lamentations, a sincere recital of every circumstance that had passed. When the afflicting narrative was closed, the young man entered on his own. Each person proceeded in order, and when the fourth prince had reached the midst of his adventures, a sudden noise interrupted him, which caused the vault to tremble and to open.

Immediately a cloud descended, which, gradually dissipating, discoved Carathis on the back of an Afrit, who grievously complained of his burden. She, instantly springing to the ground, advanced towards her son and said: —

"What dost thou here in this little square chamber? As the Dives are become subject to thy beck, I expected to have found thee on the throne of the pre-Adamite Kings."

"Execrable woman!" answered the Caliph; "cursed be the day thou gavest me birth! Go, follow this Afrit, let him conduct thee to the hall of the Prophet Soliman; there thou wilt learn to what these palaces are destined, and how much I ought to abhor the impious knowledge thou hast taught me."

"The height of power to which thou art arrived has certainly turned thy brain," answered Carathis; "but I ask no more than permission to show my respect for the Prophet. It is however proper thou shouldest know that (as the Afrit has informed me neither of us shall return to Samarah) I requested his permission to arrange my affairs, and he politely consented: availing myself therefore of the few moments allowed me, I set fire to the tower, and consumed in it the mutes, negresses, and serpents which have rendered me so much good service; nor should I have been less kind to Morakanabad, had he not prevented me by deserting at last to my brother. As for Bababalouk, who had the folly to return to Samarah, and all the good brotherhood to provide husbands for thy wives, I undoubtedly would have put them to the torture, could I but have allowed them the time; being however in a hurry, I only hung him after having caught him in a snare with thy wives, whilst them I buried alive by the help of my negresses, who thus spent their last moments greatly to their satisfaction. With respect to Dilara, who ever stood high in my favor, she hath evinced the greatness of her mind by fixing herself near in the service of one of the Magi, and I think will soon be our own."

Vathek, too much cast down to express the indignation excited by such a discourse, ordered the Afrit to remove Carathis from

Digitized by Google

his presence, and continued immersed in thought, which his companion durst not disturb.

Carathis, however, eagerly entered the dome of Soliman, and without regarding in the least the groans of the Prophet, undauntedly removed the covers of the vases, and violently seized on the talismans. Then, with a voice more loud than had hitherto been heard within these mansions, she compelled the Dives to disclose to her the most secret treasures, the most profound stores, which the Afrit himself had not seen; she passed by rapid descents known only to Eblis and his most favored potentates, and thus penetrated the very entrails of the earth, where breathes the Sansar, or icy wind of death. Nothing appalled her dauntless soul; she perceived however in all the inmates, who bore their hands on their hearts, a little singularity, not much to her taste. As she was emerging from one of the abysses, Eblis stood forth to her view; but notwithstanding he displayed the full effulgence of his infernal majesty, she preserved her countenance unaltered, and even paid her compliments with considerable firmness.

This superb Monarch thus answered: — "Princess, whose knowledge and whose crimes have merited a conspicuous rank in my empire, thou dost well to employ the leisure that remains; for the flames and torments which are ready to seize on thy heart will not fail to provide thee with full employment." He said this, and was lost in the curtains of his tabernacle.

Carathis paused for a moment with surprise; but, resolved to follow the advice of Eblis, she assembled all the choirs of Genii, and all the Dives, to pay her homage; thus marched she in triumph through a vapor of perfumes, amidst the acclamations of all the malignant spirits, with most of whom she had formed a previous acquaintance. She even attempted to dethrone one of the Solimans for the purpose of usurping his place, when a voice proceeding from the abyss of Death proclaimed, "All is accomplished!" Instantaneously the haughty forehead of the intrepid princess was corrugated with agony; she uttered a tremendous yell, and fixed, no more to be withdrawn, her right hand upon her heart, which was become a receptacle of eternal fire.

In this delirium, forgetting all ambitious projects and her thirst for that knowledge which should ever be hidden from mortals, she overturned the offerings of the Genii, and having execrated the hour she was begotten and the womb that had

Digitized by Google

borne her, glanced off in a whirl that rendered her invisible, and continued to revolve without intermission.

At almost the same instant the same voice announced to the Caliph, Nouronihar, the five princes, and the princess, the awful and irrevocable decree. Their hearts immediately took fire, and they at once lost the most precious of the gifts of Heaven — Hope. These unhappy beings recoiled with looks of the most furious distraction; Vathek beheld in the eyes of Nouronihar nothing but rage and vengeance, nor could she discern aught in his but aversion and despair. The two princes who were friends, and till that moment had preserved their attachment, shrunk back, gnashing their teeth with mutual and unchangeable hatred. Kalilah and his sister made reciprocal gestures of imprecation, whilst the two other princes testified their horror for each other by the most ghastly convulsions, and screams that could not be smothered. All severally plunged themselves into the accursed multitude, there to wander in an eternity of unabating anguish.

Digitized by Google

CUTHBERT BEDE.

BEDE, CUTHBERT, pseudonym of Edward Bradley, an English author; born in Kidderminster in 1827; died in Lenton, December 12, 1889. He graduated at Durham University, and was rector of Denton, Stretton, and finally Lenton from 1883 until his death. He contributed to "Punch" and other London periodicals, and published the "Adventures of Mr. Verdant Green, an Oxford Freshman" (London, 1855), a humorous picture of college life. His other works include: "Mr. Verdant Green Married and Done For" (1856); "The White Wife," a collection of Scottish legends (1864); "Little Mr. Bouncer and his Friend Verdant Green" (1873–74); and many books of travels.

FROM "THE ADVENTURES OF MR. VERDANT GREEN."

MR. VERDANT GREEN MATRICULATES, AND MAKES A SENSATION.

MR. GREEN could not, of course, leave Oxford until he had seen his beloved son in that elegant cap and preposterous gown which constitute the present academical dress of the Oxford undergraduate; and to assume which, with a legal right to the same, matriculation is first necessary. As that amusing and instructive book, the University Statutes, says in its own delightful and unrivalled canine Latin, "*Statutum est, quod nemo pro Studente, seu Scholari, habeatur, nec ullis Universitatis privilegiis, aut beneficiis*" (the cap and gown, of course, being among these), "*gaudeat, nisi qui in aliquod Collegium vel Aulam admissus fuerit, et intra quindenam post talem admissionem in matriculam Universitatis fuerit relatus.*" So our hero put on the required white tie, and then went forth to complete his proper costume.

There were so many persons purporting to be "Academical robe-makers" that Mr. Green was some little time in deciding who should be the tradesman favored with the order for his son's adornment. At last he fixed upon a shop, the window of which contained a more imposing display than its neighbors of gowns, hoods, surplices, and robes of all shapes and colors, from the

Digitized by Google

black velvet-sleeved proctor's to the blushing gorgeousness of the scarlet robe and crimson silk sleeves of the D. C. L.

"I wish you," said Mr. Green, advancing towards a smirking individual, who was in his shirt-sleeves and slippers, but in all other respects was attired with great mangnificence, — "I wish you to measure this gentleman for his academical robes, and also to allow him the use of some to be matriculated in."

"Certainly, sir," said the robe-maker, who stood bowing and smirking before them, — as Hood expressively says, —

> "Washing his hands with invisible soap,
> In imperceptible water,"—

"certainly, sir, if you wish it; but it will scarcely be necessary, sir, as our custom is so extensive that we keep a large ready-made stock constantly on hand."

"Oh, that will do just as well," said Mr. Green; "better indeed. Let us see some."

"What description of robe would be required?" said the smirking gentleman, again making use of the invisible soap, — "a scholar's?"

"A scholar's!" repeated Mr. Green, very much wondering at the question, and imagining that all students must of necessity be also scholars; "yes, a scholar's, of course."

A scholar's gown was accordingly produced; and its deep, wide sleeves, and ample length and breadth, were soon displayed to some advantage on Mr. Verdant Green's tall figure. Reflected in a large mirror, its charms were seen in their full perfection; and when the delighted Mr. Green exclaimed, "Why, Verdant, I never saw you look so well as you do now!" our hero was inclined to think that his father's words were the words of truth, and that a scholar's gown was indeed becoming. The *tout ensemble* was complete when the cap had been added to the gown; more especially as Verdant put it on in such a manner that the polite robe-maker was obliged to say, "The hother way, if you please, sir, — immaterial perhaps, but generally preferred. In fact, the shallow part is *always* the forehead, — at least in Oxford, sir."

While Mr. Green was paying for the cap and gown (N. B. the money of governors is never refused) the robe-maker smirked, and said, "Hexcuse the question; but may I hask, sir, if this is the gentleman that has just gained the Scotland Scholarship?"

Digitized by Google

"No," replied Mr. Green. "My son has just gained his matriculation, and, I believe, very creditably; but nothing more, as we only came here yesterday."

"Then I think, sir," said the robe-maker, with redoubled smirks,—"I think, sir, there is a leetle mistake here. The gentleman will be hinfringing the University statues, if he wears a scholar's gown and has n't got a scholarship; and these robes 'll be of no use to the gentleman, yet awhile at least. It will be an undergraduate's gown that he requires, sir."

It was fortunate for our hero that the mistake was discovered so soon, and could be rectified without any of those unpleasant consequences of iconoclasm to which the robe-maker's infringement of the "statues" seemed to point; but as that gentleman put the scholar's gown on one side, and brought out a commoner's, he might have been heard to mutter, "I don't know which is the freshest, the freshman or his guv'nor."

When Mr. Verdant Green once more looked in the glass, and saw hanging straight from his shoulders a yard of bluish-black stuff, garnished with a little lappet, and two streamers whose upper parts were gathered into double plaits, he regretted that he was not indeed a scholar, if it were only for the privilege of wearing so elegant a gown. However, his father smiled approvingly, the robe-maker smirked judiciously; so he came to the gratifying conclusion that the commoner's gown was by no means ugly, and would be thought a great deal of at the Manor Green when he took it home at the end of the term.

Leaving his hat with the robe-maker, who, with many more smirks and imaginary washings of the hands, hoped to be favored with the gentleman's patronage on future occasions, and begged further to trouble him with a card of his establishment,—our hero proceeded with his father along the High Street, and turned round by St. Mary's, and so up Cat Street to the Schools, where they made their way to the classic "Pig-market," to await the arrival of the Vice-Chancellor.

When he came, our freshman and two other white-tied fellow-freshmen were summoned to the great man's presence; and there, in the antechamber of the Convocation House,[1] the edifying and imposing spectacle of Matriculation was enacted. In the first place, Mr. Verdant Green took divers oaths, and sincerely promised and swore that he would be faithful and bear true allegiance to her Majesty Queen Victoria. He also pro-

[1] "In apodyterio domui congregationis."

Digitized by Google

fessed (very much to his own astonishment) that he did "from his heart abhor, detest, and abjure, as impious and heretical, that damnable doctrine and position, that princes excommunicated or deprived by the Pope, or any authority of the See of Rome, may be deposed or murdered by their subjects, or any other whatsoever." And, having almost lost his breath at this novel "position," Mr. Verdant Green could only gasp his declaration, "that no foreign prince, person, prelate, State, or potentate, hath, or ought to have, any jurisdiction, power, superiority, pre-eminence, or authority, ecclesiastical or spiritual, within this realm." When he had sufficiently recovered his presence of mind, Mr. Verdant Green inserted his name in the University books as "Generosi filius natu maximus;" and then signed his name to the Thirty-nine Articles, — though he did not endanger his matriculation, as Theodore Hook did, by professing his readiness to sign forty if they wished it! Then the Vice-Chancellor concluded the performance by presenting to the three freshmen (in the most liberal manner) three brown-looking volumes, with these words: "Scitote vos in Matriculam Universitatis hodie relatos esse, sub hac conditione, nempe ut omnia Statuta hoc libro comprehensa pro virili observetis." And the ceremony was at an end, and Mr. Verdant Green was a matriculated member of the University of Oxford. He was far too nervous — from the weakening effect of the Popes, and the excommunicate princes, and their murderous subjects — to be able to translate and understand what the Vice-Chancellor had said to him, but he thought his present to be particularly kind; and he found it a copy of the University Statutes, which he determined forthwith to read and obey.

Though if he had known that he had sworn to observe statutes which required him, among other things, to wear garments only of a black or "subfusk" hue; to abstain from that absurd and proud custom of walking in public *in boots*, and the ridiculous one of wearing the hair long;[1] statutes, moreover, which demanded of him to refrain from all taverns, wineshops, and houses in which they sold wine or any other drink, and the herb called nicotiana or "tobacco;" not to hunt wild beasts with dogs or snares or nets; not to carry crossbows or other "bombarding" weapons, or keep hawks for fowling; not to frequent theatres or the strifes of gladiators; and only to carry

[1] See the Oxford Statutes, tit. xiv., "De vestitu et habitu scholastico.

Digitized by Google

a bow and arrows for the sake of honest recreation,[1] — if Mr. Verdant Green had known that he had covenanted to do this, he would perhaps have felt some scruples in taking the oaths of matriculation. But this by the way.

Now that Mr. Green had seen all that he wished to see, nothing remained for him but to discharge his hotel bill. It was accordingly called for, and produced by the waiter, whose face — by a visitation of that complaint against which vaccination is usually considered a safeguard — had been reduced to a state resembling the interior half of a sliced muffin. To judge from the expression of Mr. Green's features as he regarded the document that had been put into his hand, it is probable that he had not been much accustomed to Oxford hotels; for he ran over the several items of the bill with a look in which surprise contended with indignation for the mastery, while the muffin-faced waiter handled his plated salver, and looked fixedly at nothing.

Mr. Green, however, refraining from observations, paid the bill; and muffling himself in greatcoat and travelling-cap, he prepared himself to take a comfortable journey back to Warwickshire, inside the Birmingham and Oxford coach. It was not loaded in the same way that it had been when he came up by it, and his fellow-passengers were of a very different description; and it must be confessed that, in the absence of Mr. Bouncer's tin horn, the attacks of intrusive terriers, and the involuntary fumigation of himself with tobacco (although its presence was still perceptible within the coach), Mr. Green found his journey *from* Oxford much more agreeable than it had been *to* that place. He took an affectionate farewell of his son, somewhat after the manner of the "heavy fathers" of the stage; and then the coach bore him away from the last lingering look of our hero, who felt anything but heroic at being left for the first time in his life to shift for himself.

His luggage had been sent up to Brazenface, so thither he turned his steps, and with some little difficulty found his room. Mr. Filcher had partly unpacked his master's things, and had left everything uncomfortable and in "the most admired disorder;" and Mr. Verdant Green sat himself down upon the "practicable" window-seat, and resigned himself to his thoughts. If they had not already flown to the Manor Green, they would soon have been carried there; for a German band, just outside the college-gates, began to play "Home, sweet home," with that

[1] Oxford Statutes, tit. xv., "De moribus conformandis."

Digitized by Google

truth and delicacy of expression which the wandering minstrels of Germany seem to acquire intuitively. The sweet melancholy of the simple air, as it came subdued by distance into softer tones, would have powerfully affected most people who had just been torn from the bosom of their homes, to fight, all inexperienced, the battle of life; but it had such an effect on Mr. Verdant Green, that — but it little matters saying *what* he did; many people will give way to feelings in private that they would stifle in company; and if Mr. Filcher on his return found his master wiping his spectacles, why, that was only a simple proceeding which all glasses frequently require.

To divert his thoughts, and to impress upon himself and others the fact that he was an Oxford MAN, our freshman set out for a stroll; and as the unaccustomed feeling of the gown about his shoulders made him feel somewhat embarrassed as to the carriage of his arms, he stepped into a shop on the way and purchased a light cane, which he considered would greatly add to the effect of the cap and gown. Armed with this weapon, he proceeded to disport himself in the Christ Church meadows, and promenaded up and down the Broad Walk.

The beautiful meadows lay green and bright in the sun; the arching trees threw a softened light, and made a checkered pavement of the great Broad Walk; "witch-elms *did* counterchange the floor" of the gravel-walks that wound with the windings of the Cherwell; the drooping willows were mirrored in its stream; through openings in the trees there were glimpses of gray old college-buildings; then came the walk along the banks, the Isis shining like molten silver, and fringed around with barges and boats; then another stretch of green meadows; then a cloud of steam from the railway station; and a background of gently rising hills. It was a cheerful scene, and the variety of figures gave life and animation to the whole.

Young ladies and unprotected females were found in abundance, dressed in all the engaging variety of light spring dresses; and, as may be supposed, our hero attracted a great deal of their attention, and afforded them no small amusement. But the unusual and terrific appearance of a spectacled gownsman with a cane produced the greatest alarm among the juveniles, who imagined our freshman to be a new description of beadle or Bogy, summoned up by the exigencies of the times to preserve a rigorous discipline among the young people; and, regarding his cane as the symbol of his stern sway, they harassed their

Digitized by Google

nursemaids by unceasingly charging at their petticoats for protection.

Altogether, Mr. Verdant Green made quite a sensation.

MR. VERDANT GREEN DINES, BREAKFASTS, AND GOES TO CHAPEL.

Our hero dressed himself with great care, that he might make his first appearance in Hall with proper *éclat;* and, having made his way towards the lantern-surmounted building, he walked up the steps and under the groined archway with a crowd of hungry undergraduates who were hurrying in to dinner. The clatter of plates would have alone been sufficient to guide his steps; and, passing through one of the doors in the elaborately carved screen that shut off the passage and the buttery, he found himself within the hall of Brazenface. It was of noble size, lighted by lofty windows, and carried up to a great height by an open roof, dark (save where it opened to the lantern) with great oak beams, and rich with carved pendants and gilded bosses. The ample fireplaces displayed the capaciousness of those collegiate mouths of "the windpipes of hospitality," and gave an idea of the dimensions of the kitchen-ranges. In the centre of the hall was a huge plate-warmer, elaborately worked in brass with the college arms. Founders and benefactors were seen or suggested, on all sides; their arms gleamed from the windows in all the glories of stained glass; and their faces peered out from the massive gilt frames on the walls, as though their shadows loved to linger about the spot that had been benefited by their substance. At the further end of the hall a deep bay-window threw its painted light upon a dais, along which stretched the table for the Dons; Masters and Bachelors occupied side-tables; and the other tables were filled up by the undergraduates; every one, from the Don downwards, being in his gown.

Our hero was considerably impressed with the (to him) singular character of the scene; and from the "Benedictus benedicat" grace-before-meat to the "Benedicto benedicamur" after-meat, he gazed curiously around him in silent wonderment. So much indeed was he wrapped up in the novelty of the scene that he ran a great risk of losing his dinner. The scouts fled about in all directions with plates, and glasses, and pewter dishes, and massive silver mugs that had gone round the

Digitized by Google

tables for the last two centuries, and still no one waited upon Mr. Verdant Green. He twice ventured to timidly say, "Waiter!" but as no one answered to his call, and as he was too bashful and occupied with his own thoughts to make another attempt, it is probable that he would have risen from dinner as unsatisfied as when he sat down, had not his right-hand companion (having partly relieved his own wants) perceived his neighbor to be a freshman, and kindly said to him, "I think you'd better begin your dinner, because we won't stay here long. What is your scout's name?" And when he had been told it, he turned to Mr. Filcher and asked him, "What the doose he meant by not waiting on his master?" which, with the addition of a few gratuitous threats, had the effect of bringing that gentleman to his master's side, and reducing Mr. Verdant Green to a state of mind in which gratitude to his companion and a desire to beg his scout's pardon were confusedly blended. Not seeing any dishes upon the table to select from, he referred to the list, and fell back on the standard roast-beef.

"I am sure I am very much obliged to you," said Verdant, turning to his friendly neighbor. "My rooms are next to yours, and I had the pleasure of being driven by you on the coach the other day."

"Oh!" said Mr. Fosbrooke, for it was he; "ah, I remember you now! I suppose the old bird was your governor. *He* seemed to think it anything but a pleasure, being driven by Four-in-hand Fosbrooke."

"Why, pap — my father — is rather nervous on a coach," replied Verdant. "He was bringing me to college for the first time."

"Then you are the man that has just come into Smalls' old rooms? Oh, I see. Don't you ever drink with your dinner? If you don't holler for your rascal, he'll never half wait upon you. Always bully them well at first, and then they learn manners."

So, by way of commencing the bullying system without loss of time, our hero called out very fiercely, "Robert!" and then, as Mr. Filcher glided to his side, he timidly dropped his tone into a mild "Glass of water, if you please, Robert."

He felt rather relieved when dinner was over, and retired at once to his own rooms; where making a rather quiet and sudden entrance, he found them tenanted by an old woman, who wore a huge bonnet tilted on the top of her head, and was busily and dubiously engaged at one of his open boxes. "Ahem!" he

Digitized by Google

coughed, at which note of warning the old lady jumped round very quickly, and said — dabbing curtseys where there were stops, like the beats of a conductor's *bâton*: "Law bless me, sir. It's beggin' your parding that I am. Not seein' you a comin' in. Bein' 'ard of hearin' from a hinfant. And havin' my back turned. I was just a puttin' your things to rights, sir. If you please, sir, I 'm Mrs. Tester. Your bedmaker, sir."

"Oh, thank you," said our freshman, with the shadow of a suspicion that Mrs. Tester was doing something more than merely "putting to rights" the pots of jam and marmalade, and the packages of tea and coffee, which his doting mother had thoughtfully placed in his box as a provision against immediate distress. "Thank you."

"I've done my rooms, sir," dabbed Mrs. Tester. "Which if thought agreeable, I 'd stay and put these things in their places. Which it certainly is Robert's place. But I never minds putting myself out. As I always perpetually am minded. So long as I can obleege the gentlemen."

So, as our hero was of a yielding disposition, and could, under skilful hands, easily be moulded into any form, he allowed Mrs. Tester to remain, and conclude the unpacking and putting away of his goods, in which operation she displayed great generalship.

"You 've a deal of tea and coffee, sir," she said, keeping time by curtseys. "Which it 's a great blessin' to have a mother. And not to be left dissolute like some gentlemen. And tea and coffee is what I mostly lives on. And mortial dear it is to poor folks. And a package the likes of this, sir, were a blessin' I should never even dream on."

"Well, then," said Verdant, in a most benevolent mood, "you can take one of the packages for your trouble."

Upon this, Mrs. Tester appeared to be greatly overcome. "Which I once had a son myself," she said. "And as fine a young man as you are, sir. With a strawberry mark in the small of his back. And beautiful red whiskers, sir, with a tendency to drink. Which it were his rewing, and took him to be enlisted for a sojer. When he went across the seas to the West Injies. And was took with the yaller fever, and buried there. Which the remembrance, sir, brings on my spazzums. To which I 'm an hafflicted martyr, sir. And can only be heased with three spots of brandy on a lump of sugar. Which your good mother, sir, has put a bottle of brandy. Along with the jam and the

Digitized by Google

clean linen, sir. As though a purpose for my complaint. Ugh! oh!"

And Mrs. Tester forthwith began pressing and thumping her sides in such a terrific manner, and appeared to be undergoing such internal agony, that Mr. Verdant Green not only gave her brandy there and then, for her immediate relief,—"which it heases the spazzums deerectly, bless you," observed Mrs. Tester, parenthetically,—but also told her where she could find the bottle in case she should again be attacked when in his rooms; attacks which, it is needless to say, were repeated at every subsequent visit. Mrs. Tester then finished putting away the tea and coffee, and entered into further particulars about her late son; though what connection there was between him and the packages of tea, our hero could not perceive. Nevertheless he was much interested with her narrative, and thought Mrs. Tester a very affectionate, motherly sort of woman; more especially when Robert having placed his tea-things on the table) she showed him how to make the tea,—an apparently simple feat that the freshman found himself perfectly unable to accomplish. And then Mrs. Tester made a final dab, and her exit, and our hero sat over his tea as long as he could, because it gave an idea of cheerfulness; and then, after directing Robert to be sure not to forget to call him in time for morning chapel, he retired to bed.

The bed was very hard, and so small that, had it not been for the wall, our hero's legs would have been visible (literally) at the foot; but despite these novelties, he sank into a sound rest, which at length passed into the following dream. He thought that he was back again at dinner at the Manor Green, but that the room was curiously like the hall of Brazenface, and that Mrs. Tester and Dr. Portman were on either side of him, with Mr. Fosbrooke and Robert talking to his sisters; and that he was reaching his hand to help Mrs. Tester to a packet of tea, which her son had sent them from the West Indies, when he threw over a wax-light, and set everything on fire; and that the parish engine came up; and that there was a great noise, and a loud hammering; and, "Eh? yes! oh! the half-hour is it? Oh, yes! thank you!" And Mr. Verdant Green sprang out of bed, much relieved in mind to find that the alarm of fire was nothing more than his scout knocking vigorously at his door, and that it was chapel-time.

"Want any warm water, sir?" asked Mr. Filcher, putting his head in at the door.

Digitized by Google

"No, thank you," replied our hero; "I—I—"

"Shave with cold. Ah, I see, sir. It 's much 'ealthier, and makes the 'air grow. But anything as you *does* want, sir, you 've only to call."

"If there is any thing that I want, Robert," said Verdant, "I will ring."

"Bless you, sir," observed Mr. Filcher, "there ain't no bells never in colleges! They 'd be rung off their wires in no time. Mr. Bouncer, sir, he uses a trumpet like they does on board ship. By the same token, that 's it, sir!" And Mr. Filcher vanished just in time to prevent little Mr. Bouncer from finishing a furious solo, from an entirely new version of "Robert le Diable," which he was giving with novel effects through the medium of a speaking-trumpet.

Verdant found his bedroom inconveniently small; so contracted, indeed, in its dimensions, that his toilet was not completed without his elbows having first suffered severe abrasions. His mechanical turnip showed him that he had no time to lose; and the furious ringing of a bell, whose noise was echoed by the bells of other colleges, made him dress with a rapidity quite unusual, and hurry downstairs and across quad. to the chapel steps, up which a throng of students were hastening. Nearly all betrayed symptoms of having been aroused from their sleep without having had any spare time for an elaborate toilet; and many, indeed, were completing it, by thrusting themselves into surplices and gowns as they hurried up the steps.

Mr. Fosbrooke was one of these; and when he saw Verdant close to him, he benevolently recognized him, and said, "Let me put you up to a wrinkle. When they ring you up sharp for chapel, don't you lose any time about your absolutions, — washing, you know; but just jump into a pair of bags and Wellingtons, clap a top-coat on you, and button it up to the chin, and there you are, ready dressed in the twinkling of a bedpost."

Before Mr. Verdant Green could at all comprehend why a person should jump into two bags, instead of dressing himself in the normal manner, they went through the ante-chapel, or "Court of the Gentiles," as Mr. Fosbrooke termed it, and entered the choir of the chapel through a screen elaborately decorated in the Jacobean style, with pillars and arches, and festoons of fruit and flowers, and bells and pomegranates. On either side of the door were two men, who quickly glanced at

Digitized by Google

each one who passed, and as quickly pricked a mark against his name on the chapel lists. As the freshman went by, they made a careful study of his person, and took mental daguerreotypes of his features. Seeing no beadle, or pew-opener (or, for the matter of that, any pews), or any one to direct him to a place, Mr. Verdant Green quietly took a seat in the first place that he found empty, which happened to be the stall on the right hand of the door. Unconscious of the trespass he was committing, he at once put his cap to his face and knelt down; but he had no sooner risen from his knees, than he found an imposing-looking Don, as large as life and quite as natural, who was staring at him with the greatest astonishment, and motioning him to immediately "come out of that!" This our hero did with the greatest speed and confusion, and sank breathless on the end of the nearest bench; when, just as, in his agitation, he had again said his prayer, the service fortunately commenced, and somewhat relieved him of his embarrassment.

Although he had the glories of Magdalen, Merton, and New College chapels fresh in his mind, yet Verdant was considerably impressed with the solemn beauties of his own college chapel. He admired its harmonious proportions, and the elaborate carving of its decorated tracery. He noted everything: the great eagle that seemed to be spreading its wings for an upward flight, the pavement of black and white marble, the dark canopied stalls, rich with the later work of Grinling Gibbons, the elegant tracery of the windows; and he lost himself in a solemn reverie as he looked up at the saintly forms through which the rays of the morning sun streamed in rainbow tints.

But the lesson had just begun; and the man on Verdant's right appeared to be attentively following it. Our freshman, however, could not help seeing the book, and, much to his astonishment, he found it to be a Livy, out of which his neighbor was getting up his morning's lecture. He was still more astonished, when the lesson had come to an end, by being suddenly pulled back when he attempted to rise, and finding the streamers of his gown had been put to a use never intended for them, by being tied round the finial of the stall behind him, —the silly work of a boyish gentleman, who, in his desire to play off a practical joke on a freshman, forgot the sacredness of the place where college rules compelled him to show himself on morning parade.

Chapel over, our hero hurried back to his rooms, and there

Digitized by Google

to his great joy found a budget of letters from home; and surely the little items of intelligence that made up the news of the Manor Green had never seemed to possess such interest as now!

About this time also our hero laid the nest-eggs for a very promising brood of bills, by acquiring an expensive habit of strolling into shops and purchasing "an extensive assortment of articles of every description," for no other consideration than that he should not be called upon to pay for them until he had taken his degree. He also decorated the walls of his rooms with choice specimens of engravings; for the turning over of portfolios at Ryman's and Wyatt's usually leads to the eventual turning over of a considerable amount of cash; and our hero had not yet become acquainted with the cheaper circulating-system of pictures, which gives you a fresh set every term, and passes on your old ones to some other subscriber. But, in the mean time, it is very delightful, when you admire anything, to be able to say, "Send that to my room!" and to be obsequiously obeyed, "no questions asked," and no payment demanded; and as for the future, why,—as Mr. Larkyns observed, as they strolled down the High,—"I suppose the bills *will* come in some day or other, but the governor will see to them; and though he may grumble and pull a long face, yet he 'll only be too glad you 've got your degree, and, in the fulness of his heart, he will open his check-book. I dare say old Horace gives very good advice when he says, 'carpe diem;' but when he adds, 'quam minimum credula postero,'[1] about 'not giving the least credit to the succeeding day,' it is clear that he never looked forward to the Oxford tradesmen and the credit-system. Do you ever read Wordsworth, Verdant?" continued Mr. Larkyns, as they stopped at the corner of Oriel Street, to look in at a spacious range of shop windows, that were crowded with a costly and glittering profusion of *papier-maché* articles, statuettes, bronzes, glass, and every kind of "fancy goods" that could be classed as "art-workmanship."

"Why, I 've not read much of Wordsworth myself," replied our hero; "but I 've heard my sister Mary read a great deal of his poetry."

"Shows her taste," said Charles Larkyns. "Well, this shop—you see the name—is Spiers'; and Wordsworth, in his sonnet to Oxford, has immortalized him. Don't you remember the lines?—

[1] Car. i. od. xi.

Digitized by Google

'O ye Spiers of Oxford! your presence overpowers
The soberness of reason!'[1]

It was very queer that Wordsworth should ascribe to Messrs. Spiers all the intoxication of the place; but then he was a Cambridge man, and prejudiced. Nice shop, though, is n't it? Particularly useful, and no less ornamental. It 's one of the greatest lounges of the place. Let us go in and have a look at what Mrs. Caudle calls the articles of bigotry and virtue."

Mr. Verdant Green was soon deeply engaged in an inspection of those *papier-maché* "remembrances of Oxford" for which the Messrs. Spiers are so justly famed; but after turning over tables, trays, screens, desks, albums, portfolios, and other things, — all of which displayed views of Oxford from every variety of aspect, and were executed with such truth and perception of the higher qualities of art that they formed in themselves quite a small but gratuitous Academy exhibition, — our hero became so confused among the bewildering allurements around him, as to feel quite an *embarras de richesses*, and to be in a state of mind in which he was nearly giving Mr. Spiers the most extensive (and expensive) order which probably that gentleman had ever received from an undergraduate. Fortunately for his purse, his attention was somewhat distracted by perceiving that Mr. Slowcoach was at his elbow, looking over inkstands and reading-lamps, and also by Charles Larkyns calling upon him to decide whether he should have the cigar-case he had purchased emblazoned with the heraldic device of the Larkyns, or illuminated with the Euripidean motto, —

Τὸ βακχικὸν δώρημα λαβέ, σε γὰρ φιλῶ.

When this point had been decided, Mr. Larkyns proposed to Verdant that he should astonish and delight his governor by having the Green arms emblazoned on a fire-screen, and taking it home with him as a gift. "Or else," he said, "order one with the garden view of Brazenface, and then they 'll have more satisfaction in looking at that than at one of those offensive cockatoos, in an arabesque landscape, under a bronze sky,

[1] We suspect that Mr. Larkyns is again intentionally deceiving his freshman friend; for on looking into our Wordsworth ("Misc. Son." iii. 2) we find that the poet does *not* refer to the establishment of Messrs. Spiers and Son, and that the lines, truly quoted, are —

"O, ye *spires* of Oxford! domes and towers!
Gardens and groves! Your presence," etc.

We blush for Mr. Larkyns!

Digitized by Google

which usually sprawl over everything that is *papier-maché*. But you won't see that sort of thing here; so you can't well go wrong, whatever you buy." Finally, Mr. Verdant Green (N. B. Mr. Green, senior, would have eventually to pay the bill) ordered a fire-screen to be prepared with the family arms, as a present for his father; a ditto, with the view of his college, for his mother; a writing-case, with the High Street view, for his aunt; a netting-box, card-case, and a model of the Martyrs' Memorial, for his three sisters; and having thus bountifully remembered his family circle, he treated himself with a modest paper-knife, and was treated in return by Mr. Spiers with a perfect *bijou* of art, in the shape of "a memorial for visitors to Oxford," in which the chief glories of that city were set forth in gold and colors, in the most attractive form, and which our hero immediately posted off to the Manor Green.

"And now, Verdant," said Mr. Larkyns, "you may just as well get a hack, and come for a ride with me. You 've kept up your riding, of course?"

"Oh, yes — a little!" faltered our hero.

Now, the reader may perhaps remember that in an early part of our veracious chronicle we hinted that Mr. Verdant Green's equestrian performances were but of a humble character. They were, in fact, limited to an occasional ride with his sisters when they required a cavalier; but on these occasions, the old cob, which Verdant called his own, was warranted not to kick, or plunge, or start, or do anything derogatory to its age and infirmities. So that Charles Larkyns' proposition caused him some little nervous agitation; nevertheless, as he was ashamed to confess his fears, he, in a moment of weakness, consented to accompany his friend.

"We 'll go to Symonds'," said Mr. Larkyns; "I keep my hack there; and you can depend upon having a good one."

So they made their way to Holywell Street, and turned under a gateway, and up a paved yard, to the stables. The upper part of the yard was littered down with straw, and covered in by a light, open roof; and in the stables there was accommodation for a hundred horses. At the back of the stables, and separated from the Wadham Gardens by a narrow lane, was a paddock; and here they found Mr. Fosbrooke and one or two of his friends, inspecting the leaping abilities of a fine hunter, which one of the stable-boys was taking backwards and forwards over the hurdles and fences erected for that purpose.

Digitized by Google

The horses were soon ready, and Verdant summoned up enough courage to say, with the Count in "Mazeppa," "Bring forth the steed!" And when the steed was brought, in all the exuberance of (literally) animal spirits, he felt that he was about to be another Mazeppa, and perform feats on the back of a wild horse; and he could not help saying to the ostler, "He looks rather — vicious, I 'm afraid!"

"Wicious, sir!" replied the groom; "bless you, sir! she 's as sweet-tempered as any young ooman you ever paid your intentions to. The mare 's as quiet a mare as was ever crossed; this ere 's ony her play at comin' fresh out of the stable!"

Verdant, however, had a presentiment that the play would soon become earnest; but he seated himself in the saddle (after a short delirious dance on one toe), and in a state of extreme agitation, not to say perspiration, proceeded at a walk, by Mr. Larkyns' side, up Holywell Street. Here the mare, who doubtless soon understood what sort of rider she had got on her back, began to be more demonstrative of the "fresh"-ness of her animal spirits. Broad Street was scarcely broad enough to contain the series of *tableaux vivants* and heraldic attitudes that she assumed. "Don't pull the curb-rein so!" shouted Charles Larkyns; but Verdant was in far too dreadful a state of mind to understand what he said, or even to know which *was* the curb-rein; and after convulsively clutching at the mane and the pommel, in his endeavors to keep his seat, he first "lost his head," and then his seat, and ignominiously gliding over the mare's tail, found that his lodging was on the cold ground. Relieved of her burden, the mare quietly trotted back to her stables; while Verdant, finding himself unhurt, got up, replaced his hat and spectacles, and registered a mental vow never to mount an Oxford hack again.

"Never mind, old fellow," said Charles Larkyns, consolingly; "these little accidents *will* occur, you know, even with the best-regulated riders! There were not *more* than a dozen ladies saw you, though you certainly made very creditable exertions to ride over one or two of them. Well! if you say you won't go back to Symonds' and get another hack, I must go on solus; but I shall see you at the Bump-supper to-night! I got old Blades to ask you to it. I 'm going now in search of an appetite, and I should advise you to take a turn round the Parks and do the same. *Au reservoir!*"

Digitized by Google

So our hero, after he had compensated the livery-stable keeper, followed his friend's advice, and strolled round the neatly kept potato-gardens denominated "the Parks," looking in vain for the deer that have never been there, and finding them represented only by nursery-maids and — others.

Mr. Blades, familiarly known as "old Blades" and "Billy," was a gentleman who was fashioned somewhat after the model of the torso of Hercules; and, as Stroke of the Brazenface boat, was held in high estimation, not only by the men of his own college, but also by the boating men of the University at large. His University existence seemed to be engaged in one long struggle, the end and aim of which was to place the Brazenface boat in that envied position known in aquatic anatomy as "the head of the river;" and in this struggle all Mr. Blades' energies of mind and body — though particularly of body — were engaged. Not a freshman was allowed to enter Brazenface but immediately Mr. Blades' eye was upon him; and if the expansion of the upper part of his coat and waistcoat denoted that his muscular development of chest and arms was of a kind that might be serviceable to the great object aforesaid, — the placing of the Brazenface boat at the head of the river, — then Mr. Blades came and made flattering proposals to the new-comer to assist in the great work. But he was also indefatigable, as secretary to his college club, in seeking out all freshmen, even if their thews and sinews were not muscular models, and inducing them to aid the glorious cause by becoming members of the club. A Bump-supper — that is, O ye uninitiated! a supper to commemorate the fact of the boat of one college having, in the annual races, bumped, or touched the boat of another college immediately in its front, thereby gaining a place towards the head of the river — a Bump-supper was a famous opportunity for discovering both the rowing and paying capabilities of freshmen, who, in the enthusiasm of the moment, would put down their two or three guineas, and at once propose their names to be enrolled as members at the next meeting of the club.

And thus it was with Mr. Verdant Green, who, before the evening was over, found that he had not only given in his name ("proposed by Charles Larkyns, Esq., seconded by Henry Bouncer, Esq."), but that a desire was burning within his breast to distinguish himself in aquatic pursuits. Scarcely

Digitized by Google

anything else was talked of during the whole evening but the prospective chances of Brazenface bumping Balliol and Brasenose, and thereby getting to the head of the river. It was also mysteriously whispered that Worcester and Christ Church were doing well, and might prove formidable; and that Exeter, Lincoln, and Wadham were very shady, and not doing the things that were expected of them. Great excitement, too, was caused by the announcement that the Balliol stroke had knocked up, or knocked down, or done something which Mr. Verdant Green concluded he ought not to have done; and that the Brazenose bow had been seen with a cigar in his mouth, and also eating pastry in Hall, — things shocking in themselves, and quite contrary to all training principles. Then there were anticipations of Henley; and criticisms on the new eight out-rigger that Searle was laying down for the University crew; and comparisons between somebody's stroke and somebody else's spurt; and a good deal of reference to Clasper and Coombes, and Newall and Pococke, who might have been heathen deities for all that our hero knew, and from the manner in which they were mentioned.

The aquatic desires that were now burning in Mr. Verdant Green's breast could only be put out by the water; so to the river he next day went, and, by Charles Larkyns' advice, made his first essay in a "tub" from Hall's. Being a complete novice with the oars, our hero had no sooner pulled off his coat and given a pull, than he succeeded in catching a tremendous "crab," the effect of which was to throw him backwards, and almost to upset the boat. Fortunately, however, "tubs" recover their equilibrium almost as easily as tombolas, and "the Sylph" did not belie its character; so the freshman again assumed a proper position, and was shoved off with a boathook. At first he made some hopeless splashes in the stream, the only effect of which was to make the boat turn with a circular movement towards Folly Bridge; but Charles Larkyns at once came to the rescue with the simple but energetic compendium of boating instruction, "Put your oar in deep, and bring it out with a jerk!"

Bearing this in mind, our hero's efforts met with well-merited success; and he soon passed that mansion which, instead of cellars, appears to have an ingenious system of small rivers to thoroughly irrigate its foundations. One by one, too, he passed those house-boats which are more like the Noah's

Digitized by Google

arks of toy-shops than anything else, and sometimes contain quite as original a mixture of animal specimens. Warming with his exertions, Mr. Verdant Green passed the University barge in great style, just as the eight was preparing to start; and though he was not able to "feather his oars with skill and dexterity," like the jolly young waterman in the song, yet his sleight-of-hand performances with them proved not only a source of great satisfaction to the crews on the river, but also to the promenaders on the shore.

He had left the Christ Church meadows far behind, and was beginning to feel slightly exhausted by his unwonted exertions, when he reached that bewildering part of the river termed "the Gut." So confusing were the intestine commotions of this gut, that, after passing a checkered existence as an aquatic shuttlecock, and being assailed with a slang-dictionary-full of opprobrious epithets, Mr. Verdant Green caught another tremendous crab, and before he could recover himself the "tub" received a shock, and, with a loud cry of "Boat ahead!" ringing in his ears, the University Eight passed over the place where he and "the Sylph" had so lately disported themselves.

With the wind nearly knocked out of his body by the blade of the bow-oar striking him on the chest as he rose to the surface, our unfortunate hero was immediately dragged from the water, in a condition like that of the child in "The Stranger" (the only joke, by the way, in that most dreary play), "not dead, but very wet!" and forthwith placed in safety in his deliverer's boat.

"Hallo, Gig-lamps! who the doose had thought of seeing you here, devouring Isis in this expensive way!" said a voice very coolly. And our hero found that he had been rescued by little Mr. Bouncer, who had been tacking up the river in company with Huz and Buz and his meerschaum. "You *have* been and gone and done it now, young man!" continued the vivacious little gentleman, as he surveyed our hero's draggled and forlorn condition. "If you 'd only a comb and a glass in your hand, you 'd look distressingly like a cross-breed with a mermaid! You ain't subject to the whatdyecallems — the rheumatics, are you? Because, if so, I could put you on shore at a tidy little shop where you can get a glass of brandy-and-water, and have your clothes dried; and then mamma won't scold."

"Indeed," chattered our hero, "I shall be very glad indeed; for I feel — rather cold. But what am I to do with my boat?"

Digitized by Google

"Oh, the 'Lively Polly,' or whatever her name is, will find her way back safe enough. There are plenty of boatmen on the river who 'll see to her and take her back to her owner; and if you got her from Hall's, I dare say she 'll dream that she 's dreamt in marble halls, like you did, Gig-lamps, that night at Smalls', when you got wet in rather a more lively style than you 've done to-day. Now, I 'll tack you up to that little shop I told you of."

So there our hero was put on shore, and Mr. Bouncer made fast his boat and accompanied him; and did not leave him until he had seen him between the blankets, drinking a glass of hot brandy-and-water, the while his clothes were smoking before the fire.

This little adventure (for a time at least) checked Mr. Verdant Green's aspirations to distinguish himself on the river; and he therefore renounced the sweets of the Isis, and contented himself by practising with a punt on the Cherwell. There, after repeatedly overbalancing himself in the most suicidal manner, he at length peacefully settled down into the lounging blissfulness of a "Cherwell water-lily;" and on the hot days, among those gentlemen who had moored their punts underneath the overhanging boughs of the willows and limes, and beneath their cool shade were lying, in *dolce far niente* fashion, with their legs up and a weed in their mouth, reading the last new novel, or some less immaculate work, — among these gentlemen might haply have been discerned the form and spectacles of Mr. Verdant Green.

Digitized by Google

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

Beecher, Henry Ward, a noted American Congregational clergyman, reformer, lecturer, and author; born at Litchfield, Conn., June 24, 1813; died at Brooklyn, N. Y., March 8, 1887. He was the fourth son of Dr. Lyman Beecher and his wife Roxana Foote. He graduated at Amherst College in 1834, and afterward studied theology at Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, O., an institution of which his father was president. In 1837 he became pastor of the Presbyterian church at Lawrenceburg, Ind., and two years afterward pastor of a church at Indianapolis. In 1847 he accepted the pastorate of the newly organized Plymouth Congregational Church, in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he soon took rank as one of the foremost pulpit-orators of the country; and for a long series of years he continued to be a most earnest advocate of all reformatory efforts, especially of those having in view the abolition of slavery and the promotion of temperance. He was also one of the most popular lecturers in the country. While a minister in Indiana he edited an agricultural journal, "The Farmer and Gardener." When the New York "Independent" was established, in 1847, he became a frequent contributor to its columns, and was its chief editor from 1861 to 1863. About 1870 he took editorial charge of "The Christian Union," a weekly religious journal, a post which he filled for ten years.

Apart from this journalistic work, Mr. Beecher put forth many separate volumes. Among these are: "Lectures to Young Men" (1844); "Star Papers" (1855), selected from his contributions to "The Independent," which bore the signature of a star (*); "Life Thoughts" (1858); "Pleasant Talks about Fruits, Flowers, and Farming," selected from earlier writings (1859); "Eyes and Ears" (1862); "Freedom and War" (1863); Royal Truths (1864); "Aids to Prayer" (1864); "Pulpit Pungencies" (1866); "Norwood," a novel, written originally as a serial for the New York "Ledger" (1867); "Lecture-Room Talks" (1870); "Yale Lectures on Preaching," 3 vols. (1872–74); "A Summer Parish," (1874); "Sermons on Evolution and Religion" (1885); "Life of Christ" (1871–87).

Digitized by Google

Sermon. — Poverty and the Gospel.[1]

Texts: Luke iv. 17-21; Matt. xi. 2-6.

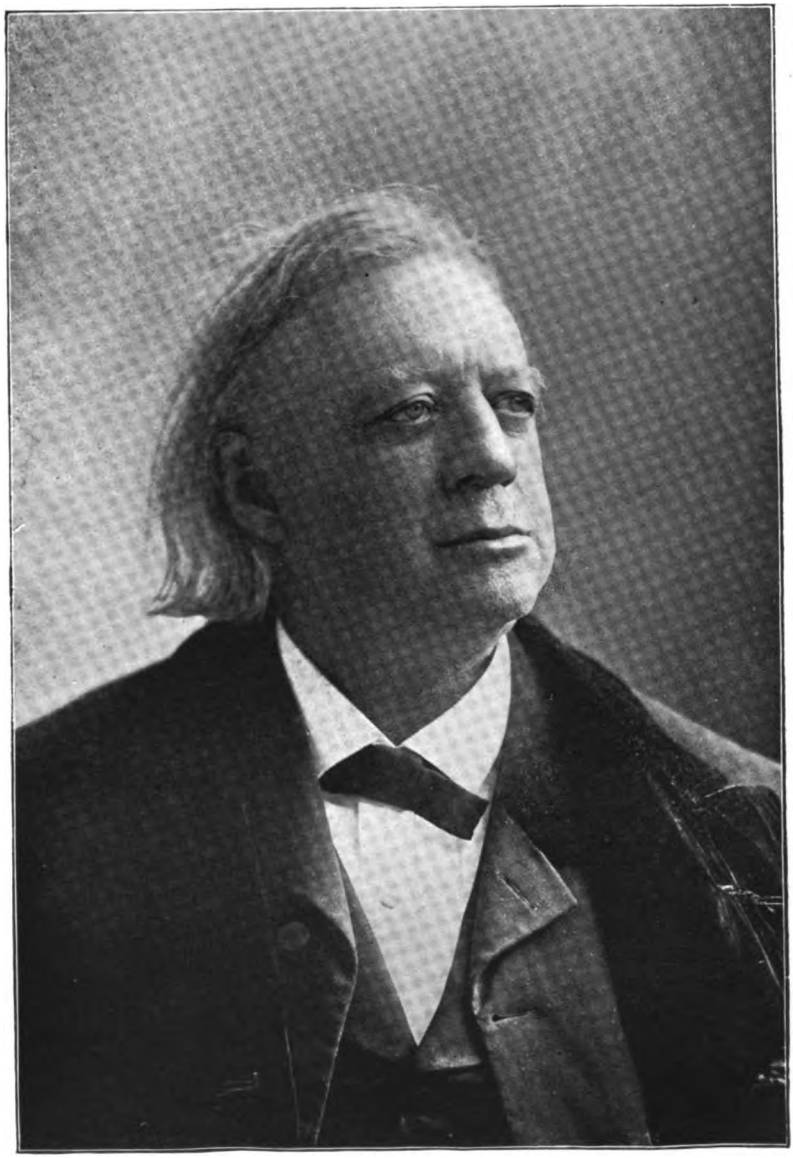
Here was Christ's profession of his faith; here is the history also of his examination, to see whether he were fit to preach or not. It is remarkable that in both these instances the most significant indication that he had, both of his descent from God and of his being worthy of the Messiahship, consisted in this simple exposition of the line of his preaching, — that he took sides with the poor, neglected, and lost. He emphasized this, that his gospel was a gospel of mercy to the poor; and that word "poor," in its most comprehensive sense, looked at historically, includes in it everything that belongs to human misery, whether it be by reason of sin or depravity, or by oppression, or by any other cause. This, then, is the disclosure by Christ himself of the genius of Christianity. It is his declaration of what the gospel meant.

It is still further interpreted when you follow the life of Christ, and see how exactly in his conduct he interpreted, or rather fortified, the words of the declaration. His earliest life was that of labor and poverty, and it was labor and poverty in the poorest districts of Palestine. The dignified, educated, and aristocratic part of the nation dwelt in Judea, and the Athens of Palestine was Jerusalem. There Christ spent the least part of his life, and that in perpetual discussions. But in Galilee the most of his miracles, certainly the earlier, were performed, and the most of his discourses that are contained bodily in the gospels were uttered. He himself carried out the declaration that the gospel was for the poor. The very miracles that Christ performed were not philosophical enigmas, as we look at them. They were all of them miracles of mercy. They were miracles to those who were suffering helplessly where natural law and artificial means could not reach them. In every case the miracles of Christ were mercies, though we look at them in a spirit totally different from that in which he performed them.

In doing thus, Christ represented the best spirit of the Old Testament. The Jewish Scriptures teach mercy, the very genius of Jewish institutions was that of mercy, and especially to the poor, the weak, the helpless. The crimes against which the prophets thundered their severest denunciations were crimes upon the helpless. It was the avarice of the rich, it was the

[1] Reprinted by permission of Fords, Howard, & Hulbert, New York.

Digitized by Google



HENRY WARD BEECHER

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

unbounded lust and cruelty of the strong, that were denounced by them. They did not preach against human nature in general. They did not preach against total depravity and the original condition of mankind. They singled out violations of the law in the magistrate, in the king, in rich men, everywhere, and especially all those wrongs committed by power either unconsciously or with purpose, cruelty upon the helpless, the defenceless, the poor and the needy. When Christ declared that this was his ministry, he took his text from the Old Testament; he spoke in its spirit. It was to preach the gospel to the poor that he was sent. He had come into the world to change the condition of mankind. Beginning at the top? No; beginning at the bottom and working up to the top from the bottom.

When this view of the gospel enters into our understanding and is fully comprehended by us, how exactly it fits in with the order of nature, and with the order of the unfolding of human life and human society! It takes sides with the poor; and so the universal tendency of Providence and of history, slowly unfolded, is on the whole going from low to high, from worse to better, and from good toward the perfect. When we consider, we see that man begins as a helpless thing, a baby zero without a figure before it; and every step in life adds a figure to it and gives it more and more worth. On the whole, the law of unfolding throughout the world is from lower to higher; and though when applied to the population of the globe it is almost inconceivable, still, with many back-sets and reactions, the tendency of the universe is thus from lower to higher. Why? Let any man consider whether there is not of necessity a benevolent intelligence somewhere that is drawing up from the crude toward the ripe, from the rough toward the smooth, from bad to good, and from good through better toward best. The tendency upward runs like a golden thread through the history of the whole world, both in the unfolding of human life and in the unfolding of the race itself. Thus the tendency of nature is in accordance with the tendency of the gospel as declared by Jesus Christ, namely, that it is a ministry of mercy to the needy.

The vast majority of mankind have been and yet are poor. There are ten thousand men poor where there is one man even comfortably provided for, body and soul, and hundreds of thousands where there is one rich, taking the whole world together. The causes of poverty are worthy a moment's consideration. Climate and soil have much to do with it. Men whose winter lasts

Digitized by Google

nine or ten months in the year, and who have a summer of but one or two months, as in the extreme north, — how could they amass property, how could they enlarge their conditions of peace and of comfort? There are many parts of the earth where men live on the borders of deserts, or in mountain fastnesses, or in arctic rigors, where anything but poverty is impossible, and where it requires the whole thought, genius, industry, and foresight of men, the year round, just to feed themselves and to live. Bad government, where men are insecure in their property, has always been a very fertile source of poverty. The great valley of Esdraelon in Northern Palestine is one of the most fertile in the world, and yet famine perpetually stalks on the heels of the population; for if you sow and the harvest waves, forth come hordes of Bedouins to reap your harvest for you, and leave you, after all your labor, to poverty and starvation. When a man has lost his harvest in that way two or three times, and is deprived of the reward of his labors, he never emerges from poverty, but sinks into indolence; and that, by and by, breeds apathetic misery. So where the government overtaxes its subjects, as is the case in the Orient with perhaps nearly all of the populations there to-day, it cuts the sinews and destroys all the motives of industry; and without industry there can be neither virtue, morality, nor religion in any long period. Wars breaking out, from whatever cause, tend to absorb property, or to destroy property, or to prevent the development of property. Yet, strange as it may seem, the men who suffer from war are those whose passions generally lead it on. The king may apply the spark, but the combustion is with the common people. They furnish the army, they themselves become destroyers; and the ravages of war, in the history of the human family, have destroyed more property than it is possible to enter into the thoughts of men to conceive.

But besides these external reasons of poverty, there are certain great primary and fundamental reasons. Ignorance breeds poverty. What is property? It is the product of intelligence, of skill, of thought applied to material substances. All property is raw material that has been shaped to uses by intelligent skill. Where intelligence is low, the power of producing property is low. It is the husbandman who thinks, foresees, plans, and calls on all natural laws to serve him, whose farm brings forth forty, fifty, and a hundred fold. The ignorant peasant grubs and groans, and reaps but one handful where he has sown two. It

Digitized by Google

is knowledge that is the gold mine; for although every knowing man may not be able to be a rich man, yet out of ignorance riches do not spring anywhere. Ignorant men may be made the factors of wealth when they are guided and governed by superior intelligence. Slave labor produced gigantic plantations and estates. The slave was always poor, but his master was rich, because the master had the intelligence and the knowledge, and the slave gave the work. All through human society, men who represent simple ignorance will be tools, and the men who represent intelligence will be the master mechanics, the capitalists. All society to-day is agitated with this question of justice as between the laborer and the thinker. Now, it is no use to kick against the pricks. A man who can only work and not think is not the equal in any regard of the man who can think, who can plan, who can combine, and who can live not for to-day alone, but for to-morrow, for next month, for the next year, for ten years. This is the man whose volume will just as surely weigh down that of the unthinking man as a ton will weigh down a pound in the scale. Avoirdupois is moral, industrial, as well as material, in this respect; and the primary, most usual cause of unprosperity in industrial callings therefore lies in the want of intelligence, — either in the slender endowment of the man, or more likely the want of education in his ordinary and average endowment. Any class of men who live for to-day, and do not care whether they know anything more than they did yesterday or last year — those men may have a temporary and transient prosperity, but they are the children of poverty just as surely as the decrees of God stand. Ignorance enslaves men among men; knowledge is the creator of liberty and wealth.

As with undeveloped intelligence, so the appetites of men and their passions are causes of poverty. Men who live from the basilar faculties will invariably live in inferior stations. The men who represent animalism are as a general fact at the bottom. They may say it is government, climate, soil, want of capital, they may say what they please, but it is the devil of laziness that is in them, or of passion, that comes out in eating, in gluttony, in drinking and drunkenness, in wastefulness on every side. I do not say that the laboring classes in modern society are poor because they are self-indulgent, but I say that it unquestionably would be wise for all men who feel irritated that they are so unprosperous, if they would take heed to the moral condition in which they are living, to self-denial in their

Digitized by Google

passions and appetites, and to increasing the amount of their knowledge and fidelity. Although moral conditions are not the sole causes, they are principal causes, of the poverty of the working classes throughout the world. It is their misfortune as well as their fault; but it is the reason why they do not rise. Weakness does not rise; strength does.

All these causes indicate that the poor need moral and intellectual culture. "I was sent to preach the gospel to the poor:" not to distribute provisions, not to relieve their wants; that will be included, but that was not Christ's primary idea. It was not to bring in a golden period of fruitfulness when men would not be required to work. It was not that men should lie down on their backs under the trees, and that the boughs should bend over and drop the ripe fruit into their mouths. No such conception of equality and abundance entered into the mind of the Creator or of Him who represented the Creator. To preach the gospel to the poor was to awaken the mind of the poor. It was to teach the poor — "Take up your cross, deny yourselves, and follow me. Restrain all those sinful appetites and passions, and hold them back by the power of knowledge and by the power of conscience; grow, because you are the sons of God, into the likeness of your Father." So he preached to the poor. That was preaching prosperity to them. That was teaching them how to develop their outward condition by developing their inward forces. To develop that in men which should make them wiser, purer, and stronger, is the aim of the gospel. Men have supposed that the whole end of the gospel was reconciliation between God and men who had fallen — though they were born sinners in their fathers and grandfathers and ancestors; to reconcile them with God — as if an abstract disagreement had been the cause of all this world's trouble! But the plain facts of history are simply that men, if they have not come from animals, have yet dwelt in animalism, and that that which should raise them out of it was some such moral influence as should give them the power of ascension into intelligence, into virtue, and into true godliness. That is what the gospel was sent for; good news, a new power that is kindled under men, that will lift them from their low ignorances and degradations and passions, and lift them into a higher realm; a power that will take away all the poverty that needs to be taken away. Men may be doctrinally depraved; they are much more depraved practically. Men may need to be brought into the knowledge of God specu-

Digitized by Google

latively; but what they do need is to be brought into the knowledge of themselves practically. I do not say that the gospel has nothing in it of this kind of spiritual knowledge; it is full of it, but its aim and the reason why it should be preached is to wake up in men the capacity for good things, industries, frugalities, purities, moralities, kindnesses one toward another; and when men are brought into that state they are reconciled. When men are reconciled with the law of creation and the law of their being, they are reconciled with God. Whenever a man is reconciled with the law of knowledge, he is reconciled with the God of knowledge, so far. Whenever a man is reconciled with the law of purity he is so far reconciled with a God of purity. When men have lifted themselves to that point that they recognize that they are the children of God, the kingdom of God has begun within them.

Although the spirit and practice of the gospel will develop charities, will develop physical comfort, will feed men, will heal men, will provide for their physical needs, yet the primary and fundamental result of the gospel is to develop man himself, not merely to relieve his want on an occasion. It does that as a matter of course, but that is scarcely the first letter of the alphabet. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness, and all these things [food and raiment] shall be added unto you." The way to relieve a man is to develop him so that he will need no relief, or to raise higher and higher the character of the help that he demands.

In testing Christianity, then, I remark first that it is to be tested not by creeds, but by conduct. The evidence of the gospel, the reality of the gospel that is preached in schools or churches, is to be found in the spirit that is developed by it, not in the technical creeds that men have constructed out of it. The biography of men who have died might be hung up in their sepulchres; but you could not tell what kind of a man this one had been, just by reading his life there — while he lay dead in dust before you. There are thousands of churches that have a creed of Christianity hung up in them, but the church itself is a sepulchre full of dead men's bones; and indeed many churches in modern times are gnawing the bones of their ancestors, and doing almost nothing else.

The gospel, changed from a spirit of humanity into a philosophical system of doctrine, is perverted. It is not the gospel. The great heresy in the world of religion is a cold heart, not a

Digitized by Google

luminous head. It is not that intelligence is of no use in religion. By no means. Neither would we wage a crusade against philosophical systems of moral truth. But where the active sympathy and humanity of loving hearts for living men, and for men in the ratio in which they are low, is laid aside or diminished to a minimum, and in its place is a well-elaborated philosophical system of moral truths, hewn and jointed, — the gospel is gone. If you go along the sea-shores, you will often find the shells of fish — the fish dead and gone, the shells left. And if you go along the shores of ecclesiastical organization, you will find multitudes of shells of the gospel, out of which the living substance has gone long ago. Organized Christianity —that is, the institutions of Christianity have been in the first instance its power, and in the second instance its damnation. The moment you substitute the machinery of education for education itself, the moment you build schools and do not educate, build colleges that do not increase knowledge in the pupils, you have sacrificed the aim for the instrument by which you were to gain that aim. In churches, the moment it is more important to maintain buildings, rituals, ministers, chanters, and all the paraphernalia of moral education than the spirit of personal sympathy, the moment these are more sacred to men than is the welfare of the population round about which they were set to take care of, that very moment Christ is dead in that place; that very moment religion in the midst of all its institutions has perished. I am bound to say that in the history of the world, while religious institutions have been valuable and have done a great deal of good, they have perhaps done as much harm as good. There is scarcely one single perversion of civil government, there is scarcely one single persecution of men, there is scarcely a single one of the great wars that have depopulated the globe, there is scarcely one great heresy developed out of the tyranny of the church, that has not been the fruit of institutional religion; while that spirit of humanity which was to give the institution its motive power has to a certain extent died out of it.

Secondly, churches organized upon elective affinities of men are contrary to the spirit of the gospel. We may associate with men who are of like taste with ours. We have that privilege. If men are knowledgeable and intellectual, there is no sin in their choosing for intimate companions and associates men of like pursuits and like intellectual qualities. That is right. If men are rich, there is no reason why men who hold like property

Digitized by Google

should not confer with each other, and form interests and friendships together. If men are refined, if they have become æsthetic, there is no reason why they should not associate in the realm of beauty, artists with artists, nor why the great enjoyers of beauty should not be in sympathy. But all these are not to be allowed to do it at the price of abandoning common humanity; you have no right to make your nest in the boughs of knowledge, and let all the rest of the world go as it will. You have no right to make your home among those who are polished and exquisite and fastidious in their tastes, whose garments are beauty, whose house is a temple of art, and all whose associations are of like kind, and neglect common humanity. You have no right to shut yourself up in a limited company of those who are like you in these directions, and let all the rest of men go without sympathy and without care. It is a right thing for a man to salute his neighbor who salutes him; but if you salute those who salute you, says Christ, what thank have ye — do not even the publicans so? It is no sin that a man, being intellectual in his nature, should like intellectual people, and gratify that which is divine and God-like in him; but if, because he likes intellectual people, he loses all interest in ignorant people, it convicts him of depravity and of moral perversion. When this is carried out to such an extent that churches are organized upon sharp classification, upon elective affinities, they not only cease to be Christian churches, but they are heretical; not perhaps in doctrine, but worse than that, heretical in heart. . . .

The fact is that a church needs poor men and wicked men as much as it does pure men and virtuous men and pious men. What man needs is familiarity with universal human nature. He needs never to separate himself from men in daily life. It is not necessary that in our houses we should bring pestilential diseases or pestilential examples, but somehow we must hold on to men if they are wicked; somehow the circulation between the top and the bottom must be carried on; somehow there must be an atoning power in the heart of every true believer of the Lord Jesus Christ who shall say, looking out and seeing that the world is lost, and is living in sin and misery, "I belong to it, and it belongs to me." When you take the loaf of society and cut off the upper crust, slicing it horizontally, you get an elect church. Yes, it is the peculiar elect church of selfishness. But you should cut the loaf of society from the top down to the bottom, and take in something of everything.

Digitized by Google

True, every church would be very much edified and advantaged if it had in it scholarly men, knowledgeable men; but the church is strong in proportion as it has in it something of everything, from the very top to the very bottom.

Now, I do not disown creeds — provided they are my own! Well, you smile; but that is the way it has been since the world began. No denomination believes in any creed except its own. I do not say that men's knowledge on moral subjects may not be formulated. I criticise the formulation of beliefs from time to time, in this: that they are very partial; that they are formed upon the knowledge of a past age, and that that knowledge perishes while higher and nobler knowledge comes in; that there ought to be higher and better forms; and that while their power is relatively small, the power of the spirit of humanity is relatively great. When I examine a church, I do not so much care whether its worship is to the one God or to the triune God. I do not chiefly care for the catechism, nor for the confession of faith, although they are both interesting. I do not even look to see whether it is a synagogue or a Christian church — I do not care whether it has a cross over the top of it or is Quaker plain. I do not care whether it is Protestant, Catholic, or anything else. Let me read the living — the living book! What is the spirit of the people? How do they feel among each other? How do they feel toward the community? What is their life and conduct in regard to the great prime moral duty of man, "Love the Lord thy God and thy neighbor as thyself," whether he be obscure or whether he be smiling in the very plenitude of wealth and refinement? Have you a heart for humanity? Have you a soul that goes out for men? Are you Christ-like? Will you spend yourself for the sake of elevating men who need to be lifted up? That is orthodox. I do not care what the creed is. If a church has a good creed, that is all the more felicitous; and if it has a bad creed, a good life cures the bad creed.

One of the dangers of our civilization may be seen in the light of these considerations. We are developing so much strength founded on popular intelligence, and this intelligence and the incitements to it are developing such large property interests, that if the principle of elective affinity shall sort men out and classify them, we are steering to the not very remote danger of the disintegration of human society. I can tell you that the classes of men who by their knowledge, refinement, and wealth think they are justified in separating themselves, and in

Digitized by Google

making a great void between them and the myriads of men below them, are courting their own destruction. I look with very great interest on the process of change going on in Great Britain, where the top of society had all the "blood," but the circulation is growing larger and larger, and a change is gradually taking place in their institutions. The old nobility of Great Britain is the lordliest of aristocracies existing in the world. Happily, on the whole, a very noble class of men occupy the high positions: but the spirit of suffrage, this angel of God that so many hate, is coming in on them; and when every man in Great Britain can vote, no matter whether he is poor or rich, whether he has knowledge or no knowledge, there must be a very great change. Before the great day of the Lord shall come, the valleys are to go up and the mountains are to come down; and the mountains have started already in Great Britain and must come down. There may be an aristocracy in any nation, — that is to say, there may be "best men;" there ought to be an aristocracy in every community, — that is, an aristocracy of men who speak the truth, who are just, who are intelligent: but that aristocracy will be like a wave of the sea; it has to be reconstituted in every generation, and the men who are the best in the State become the aristocracy of that State. But where rank is hereditary, if political suffrage becomes free and universal, aristocracy cannot live. The spirit of the gospel is democratic. The tendency of the gospel is levelling; levelling up, not down. It is carrying the poor and the multitude onward and upward.

It is said that democracies have no great men, no heroic men? Why is it so? When you raise the average of intelligence and power in the community it is very hard to be a great man. That is to say, when the great mass of citizens are only ankle-high, when among the Lilliputians a Brobdingnagian walks, he is a great man. But when the Lilliputians grow until they get up to his shoulder, he is not so great a man as he was by the whole length of his body. So, make the common people grow, and there is nobody tall enough to be much higher.

. . . . . .

The remarkable people of this world are useful in their way; but the common people, after all, represent the nation, the age, and the civilization. Go into any town or city: do not ask who lives in that splendid house; do not say, This is a fine town, here are streets of houses with gardens and yards, and every-

Digitized by Google

thing that is beautiful the whole way through. Go into the lanes, go into the back streets, go where the mechanic lives; go where the day-laborer lives. See what is the condition of the streets there. See what they do with the poor, with the helpless and the mean. If the top of society bends perpetually over the bottom with tenderness, if the rich and strong are the best friends of the poor and needy, that is a civilized and a Christian community; but if the rich and the wise are the cream and the great bulk of the population skim-milk, that is not a prosperous community.

There is a great deal of irreligion in men, there is a great deal of wickedness and depravity in men, but there are times when it is true that the church is more dissipated than the dissipated classes of the community. If there is one thing that stood out more strongly than any other in the ministry of our Lord, it is the severity with which he treated the exclusiveness of men with knowledge, position, and a certain sort of religion, a religion of particularity and carefulness; if there is one class of the community against which he hurled his thunderbolts without mercy and predicted woes, it was the scribes, Pharisees, scholars, and priests of the temple. He told them in so many words, "The publican and the harlot will enter the kingdom of God before you." The worst dissipation in this world is the dry-rot of morality, and of the so-called piety that separates men of prosperity and of power from the poor and ignoble. They are our wards. . . .

I am not a socialist. I do not preach riot. I do not preach the destruction of property. I regard property as one of the sacred things. The real property established by a man's own intelligence and labor is the crystallized man himself. It is the fruit of what his life-work has done; and not in vain, society makes crime against it amongst the most punishable. But nevertheless, I warn these men in a country like ours, where every man votes, whether he came from Hungary, or from Russia, or from Germany, or from France or Italy, or Spain or Portugal, or from the Orient, — from Japan and China, because they too are going to vote! On the Niagara River, logs come floating down and strike an island, and there they lodge and accumulate for a little while and won't go over. But the rains come, the snow melts, the river rises, and the logs are lifted up and down, and they go swinging over the falls. The stream of suffrage of free men having all the privileges of the State, is this great

Digitized by Google

stream. The figure is defective in this, that the log goes over the Niagara Falls, but that is not the way the country is going or will go. . . . There is a certain river of political life, and everything has to go into it first or last; and if, in days to come, a man separates himself from his fellows without sympathy, if his wealth and power make poverty feel itself more poor and men's misery more miserable, and set against him the whole stream of popular feeling, that man is in danger. He may not know who dynamites him, but there is danger; and let him take heed who is in peril. There is nothing easier in the world than for rich men to ingratiate themselves with the whole community in which they live, and so secure themselves. It is not selfishness that will do it; it is not by increasing the load of misfortune, it is not by wasting substance in riotous living upon appetites and passions. It is by recognizing that every man is a brother. It is by recognizing the essential spirit of the gospel, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." It is by using some of their vast power and riches so as to diffuse joy in every section of the community.

Here then I close this discourse. How much it enrolls! How very simple it is! It is the whole gospel. When you make an application of it to all the phases of organization and classification of human interests and developments, it seems as though it were as big as the universe. Yet when you condense it, it all comes back to the one simple creed: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and thy neighbor as thyself." Who is my neighbor? A certain man went down to Jericho, and so on. That tells you who your neighbor is. Whosoever has been attacked by robbers, has been beaten, has been thrown down — by liquor, by gambling, or by any form of wickedness; whosoever has been cast into distress, and you are called on to raise him up — that is your neighbor. Love your neighbor as yourself. That is the gospel.

Digitized by Google

ETHELINDA (ELIOT) BEERS.

Beers, Ethelinda (Eliot), an American poetess who wrote under the name of **Ethel Lynn**, was born in Goshen, N. Y., January 13, 1827; died at Orange, N. J., October 10, 1879. She is the author of numerous war lyrics and other poems, the best known of which is "The Picket Guard," or "All Quiet Along the Potomac." The authorship has been erroneously claimed by or for several other persons.

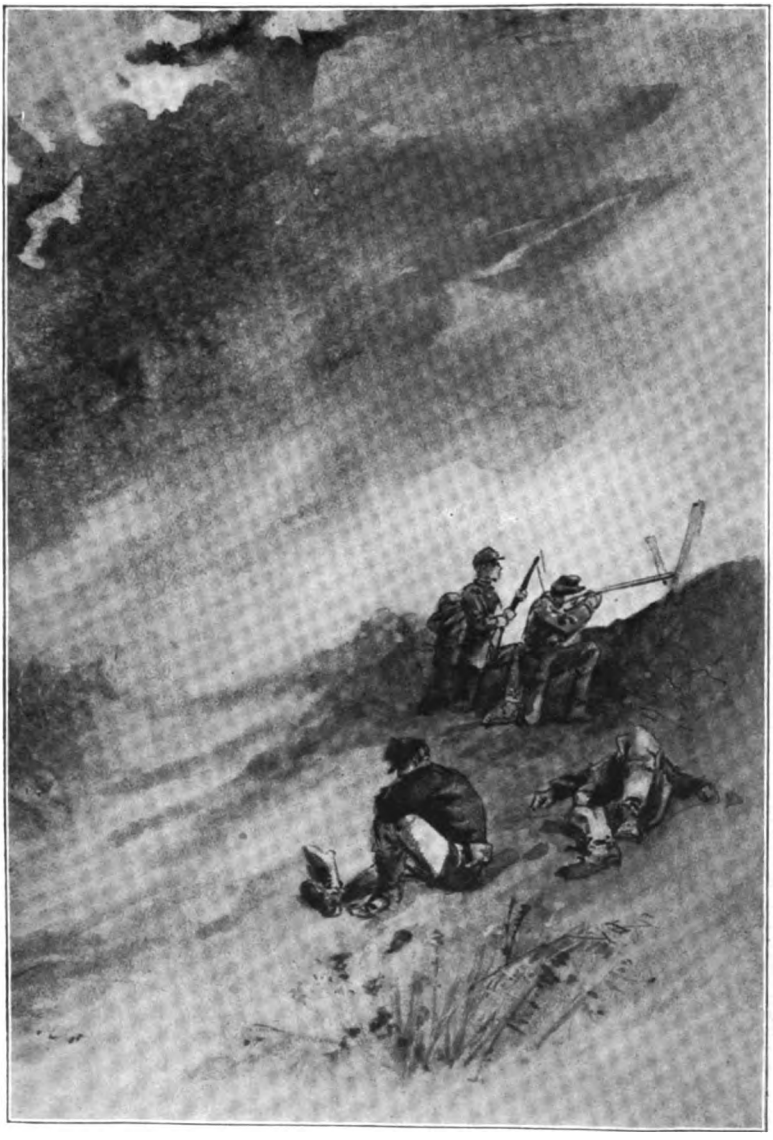
The Picket Guard.

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,
"Except here and there a stray picket
Is shot, as he walks on his beat to and fro,
By a rifleman hid in the thicket."
'T is nothing — a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle.
Not an officer lost — only one of the men
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
Or the light of the watch-fires are gleaming.
A tremulous sigh, as a gentle night-wind
Through the forest leaves softly is creeping;
While the stars up above, with their glittering eyes,
Keep guard — for the army is sleeping.

There 's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,
And thinks of the two on the low trundle-bed,
Far away in the cot on the mountain.
His musket falls slack — his face, dark and grim,
Grows gentle with memories tender,
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep, —
For their mother, — may Heaven defend her.

Digitized by Google



THE PICKET GUARD

Digitized by Google

Digitized by Google

The moon seems to shine as brightly as then,
That night when the love yet unspoken
Leaped up to his lips — when low-murmured vows
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,
He dashes off tears that are welling,
And gathers his gun closer up to its place,
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine-tree, —
The footstep is lagging and weary;
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,
Toward the shade of the forest so dreary.
Hark! was it the night wind that rustled the leaves?
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?
It looked like a rifle — "Ah! Mary, good-by!"
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,
No sound save the rush of the river;
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead, —
The picket's *off duty*, forever!

Digitized by Google

EDWARD BELLAMY.

BELLAMY, EDWARD, an American journalist and novelist; born at Chicopee Falls, Mass., March 26, 1850; died May 22, 1898. He was a son of the Rev. R. K. Bellamy. He studied at Union College, taking a part of the regular course, and also spent a year in study in Germany. After his return to this country he studied law and was admitted to the bar, but he never practised, his tastes leading him into literature. In 1871 he became connected with the New York "Evening Post" as an outside editorial writer, and soon after an editorial writer and reviewer on the Springfield, Mass., "Union." His health failing, he in 1877 went to the Sandwich Islands, where he spent a year. He published his first novel, "A Nantucket Idyl," in 1878; "Dr. Heidenhoff's Process," in 1880; "Miss Ludington's Sister," in 1884; and "Looking Backward," in 1888. Besides these books, he contributed many short stories to all the leading magazines. In 1891, in connection with others, he founded in Boston a new Nationalist paper, called "The New Nation," of which he was the editor-in-chief. This paper advocates all industrial reforms, the nationalization of the telegraph, telephone, and express service, and gives place to the discussion of social and industrial problems. His last book, "Equality," was published in 1897.

THE AWAKENING.[1]

(From "Looking Backward.")

"HE is going to open his eyes. He had better see but one of us at first."

"Promise me, then, that you will not tell him."

The first voice was a man's, the second a woman's, and both spoke in whispers.

"I will see how he seems," replied the man.

"No, no, promise me," persisted the other.

"Let her have her way," whispered a third voice, also a woman.

"Well, well, I promise, then," answered the man. "Quick, go! He is coming out of it."

There was a rustle of garments and I opened my eyes. A

[1] Used by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Digitized by Google

fine-looking man of perhaps sixty was bending over me, an expression of much benevolence mingled with great curiosity upon his features. He was an utter stranger. I raised myself on an elbow and looked around. The room was empty. I certainly had never been in it before, or one furnished like it. I looked back at my companion. He smiled.

"How do you feel?" he inquired.

"Where am I?" I demanded.

"You are in my house," was the reply.

"How came I here?"

"We will talk about that when you are stronger. Meanwhile, I beg you will feel no anxiety. You are among friends and in good hands. How do you feel?"

"A bit queerly," I replied, "but I am well, I suppose. Will you tell me how I came to be indebted to your hospitality? What has happened to me? How came I here? It was in my own house that I went to sleep."

"There will be time enough for explanations later," my unknown host replied, with a reassuring smile. "It will be better to avoid agitating talk until you are a little more yourself. Will you oblige me by taking a couple of swallows of this mixture? It will do you good. I am a physician."

I repelled the glass with my hand and sat up on the couch, although with an effort, for my head was strangely light.

"I insist upon knowing at once where I am and what you have been doing with me," I said.

"My dear sir," responded my companion, "let me beg that you will not agitate yourself. I would rather you did not insist upon explanations so soon, but if you do, I will try to satisfy you, provided you will first take this draught, which will strengthen you somewhat."

I thereupon drank what he offered me. Then he said, "It is not so simple a matter as you evidently suppose to tell you how you came here. You can tell me quite as much on that point as I can tell you. You have just been roused from a deep sleep, or, more properly, trance. So much I can tell you. You say you were in your own house when you fell into that sleep. May I ask you when that was?"

"When?" I replied, "when? Why, last evening, of course, at about ten o'clock. I left my man Sawyer orders to call me at nine o'clock. What has become of Sawyer?"

"I can't precisely tell you that," replied my companion,

Digitized by Google

regarding me with a curious expression, "but I am sure that he is excusable for not being here. And now can you tell me a little more explicitly when it was that you fell into that sleep, the date, I mean?"

"Why, last night, of course; I said so, did n't I? that is, unless I have overslept an entire day. Great heavens! that cannot be possible; and yet I have an odd sensation of having slept a long time. It was Decoration Day that I went to sleep."

"Decoration Day?"

"Yes, Monday, the 30th."

"Pardon me, the 30th of what?"

"Why, of this month, of course, unless I have slept into June, but that can't be."

"This month is September."

"September! You don't mean that I've slept since May! God in heaven! Why, it is incredible."

"We shall see," replied my companion; "you say that it was May 30th when you went to sleep?"

"Yes."

"May I ask of what year?"

I stared blankly at him, incapable of speech for some moments.

"Of what year?" I feebly echoed at last.

"Yes, of what year, if you please? After you have told me that I shall be able to tell you how long you have slept."

"It was the year 1887," I said.

My companion insisted that I should take another draught from the glass, and felt my pulse.

"My dear sir," he said, "your manner indicates that you are a man of culture, which I am aware was by no means the matter of course in your day it now is. No doubt, then, you have yourself made the observation that nothing in this world can be truly said to be more wonderful than anything else. The causes of all phenomena are equally adequate, and the results equally matters of course. That you should be startled by what I shall tell you is to be expected; but I am confident that you will not permit it to affect your equanimity unduly. Your appearance is that of a young man of barely thirty, and your bodily condition seems not greatly different from that of one just roused from a somewhat too long and profound sleep, and yet this is the tenth day of September in the year 2000, and you have slept exactly one hundred and thirteen years, three months, and eleven days."

Feeling partially dazed, I drank a cup of some sort of broth

Digitized by Google

at my companion's suggestion, and, immediately afterward becoming very drowsy, went off into a deep sleep.

When I awoke it was broad daylight in the room, which had been lighted artificially when I was awake before. My mysterious host was sitting near. He was not looking at me when I opened my eyes, and I had a good opportunity to study him and meditate upon my extraordinary situation, before he observed that I was awake. My giddiness was all gone, and my mind perfectly clear. The story that I had been asleep one hundred and thirteen years, which, in my former weak and bewildered condition, I had accepted without question, recurred to me now only to be rejected as a preposterous attempt at an imposture, the motive of which it was impossible remotely to surmise.

Something extraordinary had certainly happened to account for my waking up in this strange house with this unknown companion, but my fancy was utterly impotent to suggest more than the wildest guess as to what that something might have been. Could it be that I was the victim of some sort of conspiracy? It looked so, certainly; and yet, if human lineaments ever gave true evidence, it was certain that this man by my side with a face so refined and ingenuous, was no party to any scheme of crime or outrage. Then it occurred to me to question if I might not be the butt of some elaborate practical joke on the part of friends who had somehow learned the secret of my underground chamber and taken this means of impressing me with the peril of mesmeric experiments. There were great difficulties in the way of this theory; Sawyer would never have betrayed me, nor had I any friends at all likely to undertake such an enterprise; nevertheless the supposition that I was the victim of a practical joke seemed on the whole the only one tenable. Half expecting to catch a glimpse of some familiar face grinning from behind a chair or curtain, I looked carefully about the room. When my eyes next rested on my companion, he was looking at me.

"You have had a fine nap of twelve hours," he said briskly, "and I can see that it has done you good. You look much better. Your color is good and your eyes are bright. How do you feel?"

"I never felt better," I said, sitting up.

"You remember your first waking, no doubt," he pursued, "and your surprise when I told you how long you had been asleep?"

Digitized by Google

"You said, I believe, that I had slept one hundred and thirteen years."

"Exactly."

"You will admit," I said, with an ironical smile, "that the story was rather an improbable one."

"Extraordinary, I admit," he responded, "but given the proper conditions, not improbable nor inconsistent with what we know of the trance state. When complete, as in your case, the vital functions are absolutely suspended, and there is no waste of the tissues. No limit can be set to the possible duration of a trance when the external conditions protect the body from physical injury. This trance of yours is indeed the longest of which there is any positive record, but there is no known reason wherefore, had you not been discovered and had the chamber in which we found you continued intact, you might not have remained in a state of suspended animation till, at the end of indefinite ages, the gradual refrigeration of the earth had destroyed the bodily tissues and set the spirit free."

I had to admit that, if I were indeed the victim of a practical joke, its authors had chosen an admirable agent for carrying out their imposition. The impressive and even eloquent manner of this man would have lent dignity to an argument that the moon was made of cheese. The smile with which I had regarded him as he advanced his trance hypothesis did not appear to confuse him in the slightest degree.

"Perhaps," I said, "you will go on and favor me with some particulars as to the circumstances under which you discovered this chamber of which you speak, and its contents. I enjoy good fiction."

"In this case," was the grave reply, "no fiction could be so strange as the truth. You must know that these many years I have been cherishing the idea of building a laboratory in the large garden beside this house, for the purpose of chemical experiments for which I have a taste. Last Thursday the excavation for the cellar was at last begun. It was completed by that night, and Friday the masons were to have come. Thursday night we had a tremendous deluge of rain, and Friday morning I found my cellar a frog-pond and the walls quite washed down. My daughter, who had come out to view the disaster with me, called my attention to a corner of masonry laid bare by the crumbling away of one of the walls. I cleared a little earth from it, and, finding that it seemed part of a large mass, deter-

Digitized by Google

mined to investigate it. The workmen I sent for unearthed an oblong vault some eight feet below the surface, and set in the corner of what had evidently been the foundation walls of an ancient house. A layer of ashes and charcoal on the top of the vault showed that the house above had perished by fire. The vault itself was perfectly intact, the cement being as good as when first applied. It had a door, but this we could not force, and found entrance by removing one of the flagstones which formed the roof. The air which came up was stagnant, but pure, dry, and not cold. Descending with a lantern, I found myself in an apartment fitted up as a bedroom in the style of the nineteenth century. On the bed lay a young man. That he was dead and must have been dead a century was of course to be taken for granted; but the extraordinary state of preservation of the body struck me and the medical colleagues whom I had summoned with amazement. That the art of such embalming as this had ever been known we should not have believed, yet here seemed conclusive testimony that our immediate ancestors had possessed it. My medical colleagues, whose curiosity was highly excited, were at once for undertaking experiments to test the nature of the process employed, but I withheld them. My motive in so doing, at least the only motive I now need speak of, was the recollection of something I once had read about the extent to which your contemporaries had cultivated the subject of animal magnetism. It had occurred to me as just conceivable that you might be in a trance, and that the secret of your bodily integrity after so long a time was not the craft of an embalmer, but life. So extremely fanciful did this idea seem, even to me, that I did not risk the ridicule of my fellow physicians by mentioning it, but gave some other reason for postponing their experiments. No sooner, however, had they left me, than I set on foot a systematic attempt at resuscitation, of which you know the result."

Had its theme been yet more incredible, the circumstantiality of this narrative, as well as the impressive manner and personality of the narrator, might have staggered a listener, and I had begun to feel very strangely, when, as he closed, I chanced to catch a glimpse of my reflection in a mirror hanging on the wall of the room. I rose and went up to it. The face I saw was the face to a hair and a line and not a day older than the one I had looked at as I tied my cravat before going to Edith that Decoration Day, which, as this man would have me believe,

Digitized by Google

was celebrated one hundred and thirteen years before. At this, the colossal character of the fraud which was being attempted on me, came over me afresh. Indignation mastered my mind as I realized the outrageous liberty that had been taken.

"You are probably surprised," said my companion, "to see that, although you are a century older than when you lay down to sleep in that underground chamber, your appearance is unchanged. That should not amaze you. It is by virtue of the total arrest of the vital functions that you have survived this great period of time. If your body could have undergone any change during your trance, it would long ago have suffered dissolution."

"Sir," I replied, turning to him, "what your motive can be in reciting to me with a serious face this remarkable farrago, I am utterly unable to guess; but you are surely yourself too intelligent to suppose that anybody but an imbecile could be deceived by it. Spare me any more of this elaborate nonsense and once for all tell me whether you refuse to give me an intelligible account of where I am and how I came here. If so, I shall proceed to ascertain my whereabouts for myself, whoever may hinder."

"You do not, then, believe that this is the year 2000?"

"Do you really think it necessary to ask me that?" I returned.

"Very well," replied my extraordinary host. "Since I cannot convince you, you shall convince yourself. Are you strong enough to follow me upstairs?"

"I am as strong as I ever was," I replied angrily, "as I may have to prove if this jest is carried much farther."

"I beg, sir," was my companion's response, "that you will not allow yourself to be too fully persuaded that you are the victim of a trick, lest the reaction, when you are convinced of the truth of my statements, should be too great."

The tone of concern, mingled with commiseration, with which he said this, and the entire absence of any sign of resentment at my hot words, strangely daunted me, and I followed him from the room with an extraordinary mixture of emotions. He led the way up two flights of stairs and then up a shorter one, which landed us upon a belvedere on the house-top. "Be pleased to look around you," he said, as we reached the platform, "and tell me if this is the Boston of the nineteenth century."

Digitized by Google

At my feet lay a great city. Miles of broad streets, shaded by trees and lined with fine buildings, for the most part not in continuous blocks but set in larger or smaller inclosures, stretched in every direction. Every quarter contained large open squares filled with trees, among which statues glistened and fountains flashed in the late afternoon sun. Public buildings of a colossal size and an architectural grandeur unparalleled in my day raised their stately piles on every side. Surely I had never seen this city nor one comparable to it before. Raising my eyes at last towards the horizon, I looked westward. That blue ribbon winding away to the sunset, was it not the sinuous Charles? I looked east; Boston harbor stretched before me within its headlands, not one of its green islets missing.

I knew then that I had been told the truth concerning the prodigious thing which had befallen me.

. . . . . .

"If I am going to explain our way of shopping to you," said my companion, as we walked along the street, "you must explain your way to me. I have never been able to understand it from all I have read on the subject. For example, when you had such a vast number of shops, each with its different assortment, how could a lady ever settle upon any purchase till she had visited all the shops? for, until she had, she could not know what there was to choose from."

"It was as you suppose; that was the only way she could know," I replied.

"Father calls me an indefatigable shopper, but I should soon be a very fatigued one if I had to do as they did," was Edith's laughing comment.

"The loss of time in going from shop to shop was indeed a waste which the busy bitterly complained of," I said; "but as for the ladies of the idle class, though they complained also, I think the system was really a godsend by furnishing a device to kill time."

"But say there were a thousand shops in a city, hundreds, perhaps, of the same sort, how could even the idlest find time to make their rounds?"

"They really could not visit all, of course," I replied. "Those who did a great deal of buying learned in time where they might expect to find what they wanted. This class had made a science of the specialties of the shops, and bought at advantage, always getting the most and best for the least money.

Digitized by Google

It required, however, long experience to acquire this knowledge. Those who were too busy, or bought too little to gain it, took their chances and were generally unfortunate, getting the least and worst for the most money. It was the merest chance if persons not experienced in shopping received the value of their money."

"But why did you put up with such a shockingly inconvenient arrangement when you saw its faults so plainly?" Edith asked me.

"It was like all our social arrangements," I replied. "You can see their faults scarcely more plainly than we did, but we saw no remedy for them."

"Here we are at the store of our ward," said Edith, as we turned in at the great portal of one of the magnificent public buildings I had observed in my morning walk. There was nothing in the exterior aspect of the edifice to suggest a store to a representative of the nineteenth century. There was no display of goods in the great windows, or any device to advertise wares, or attract custom. Nor was there any sort of sign or legend on the front of the building to indicate the character of the business carried on there; but instead, above the portal, standing out from the front of the building, a majestic life-size group of statuary, the central figure of which was a female ideal of Plenty, with her cornucopia. Judging from the composition of the throng passing in and out, about the same proportion of the sexes among shoppers obtained as in the nineteenth century. As we entered, Edith said that there was one of these great distributing establishments in each ward of the city, so that no residence was more than five or ten minutes' walk from one of them. It was the first interior of a twentieth-century public building that I had ever beheld, and the spectacle naturally impressed me deeply. I was in a vast hall full of light, received not alone from the windows on all sides, but from the dome, the point of which was a hundred feet above. Beneath it, in the centre of the hall, a magnificent fountain played, cooling the atmosphere to a delicious freshness with its spray. The walls and ceiling were frescoed in mellow tints, calculated to soften without absorbing the light which flooded the interior. Around the fountain was a space occupied with chairs and sofas, on which many persons were seated conversing. Legends on the walls all about the hall indicated to what classes of commodities the counters below were devoted. Edith directed her steps

Digitized by Google

towards one of these, where samples of muslin of a bewildering variety were displayed, and proceeded to inspect them.

"Where is the clerk?" I asked, for there was no one behind the counter, and no one seemed coming to attend to the customer.

"I have no need of the clerk yet," said Edith; "I have not made my selection."

"It was the principal business of clerks to help people to make their selections in my day," I replied.

"What! To tell people what they wanted?"

"Yes; and oftener to induce them to buy what they did n't want."

"But did not ladies find that very impertinent?" Edith asked, wonderingly. "What concern could it possibly be to the clerks whether people bought or not?"

"It was their sole concern," I answered. "They were hired for the purpose of getting rid of the goods, and were expected to do their utmost, short of the use of force, to compass that end."

"Ah, yes! How stupid I am to forget!" said Edith. "The storekeeper and his clerks depended for their livelihood on selling the goods in your day. Of course that is all different now. The goods are the nation's. They are here for those who want them, and it is the business of the clerks to wait on people and take their orders; but it is not the interest of the clerk or the nation to dispose of a yard or a pound of anything to anybody who does not want it." She smiled as she added, "How exceedingly odd it must have seemed to have clerks trying to induce one to take what one did not want, or was doubtful about!"

"But even a twentieth-century clerk might make himself useful in giving you information about the goods, though he did not tease you to buy them," I suggested.

"No," said Edith, "that is not the business of the clerk. These printed cards, for which the government authorities are responsible, give us all the information we can possibly need."

I saw then that there was fastened to each sample a card containing in succinct form a complete statement of the make and materials of the goods and all its qualities, as well as price, leaving absolutely no point to hang a question on.

"The clerk has, then, nothing to say about the goods he sells?" I said.

"Nothing at all. It is not necessary that he should know or profess to know anything about them. Courtesy and accuracy in taking orders are all that are required of him."

Digitized by Google

"What a prodigious amount of lying that simple arrangement saves!" I ejaculated.

"Do you mean that all the clerks misrepresented their goods in your day?" Edith asked.

"God forbid that I should say so!" I replied, "for there were many who did not, and they were entitled to especial credit, for when one's livelihood and that of his wife and babies depended on the amount of goods he could dispose of, the temptation to deceive the customer — or let him deceive himself — was well-nigh overwhelming. But, Miss Leete, I am distracting you from your task with my talk."

"Not at all. I have made my selections." With that she touched a button, and in a moment a clerk appeared. He took down her order on a tablet with a pencil which made two copies, of which he gave one to her, and enclosing the counterpart in a small receptacle dropped it into a transmitting tube.

"The duplicate of the order," said Edith as she turned away from the counter, after the clerk had punched the value of her purchase out of the credit card she gave him, "is given to the purchaser, so that any mistakes in filling it can be easily traced and rectified."

"You were very quick about your selections," I said. "May I ask how you knew that you might not have found something to suit you better in some of the other stores? But probably you are required to buy in your own district."

"Oh, no," she replied. "We buy where we please, though naturally most often near home. But I should have gained nothing by visiting other stores. The assortment in all is exactly the same, representing as it does in each case samples of all the varieties produced or imported by the United States. That is why one can decide quickly, and never need visit two stores."

"And is this merely a sample store? I see no clerks cutting off goods or marking bundles."

"All our stores are sample stores, except as to a few classes of articles. The goods, with these exceptions, are all at the great central warehouse of the city, to which they are shipped directly from the producers. We order from the sample and the printed statement of texture, make, and qualities. The orders are sent to the warehouse, and the goods distributed from there."

"That must be a tremendous saving of handling," I said.

Digitized by Google

"By our system, the manufacturer sold to the wholesaler, the wholesaler to the retailer, and the retailer to the consumer, and the goods had to be handled each time. You avoid one handling of the goods, and eliminate the retailer altogether, with his big profit and the army of clerks it goes to support. Why, Miss Leete, this store is merely the order department of a wholesale house, with no more than a wholesaler's complement of clerks. Under our system of handling the goods, persuading the customer to buy them, cutting them off, and packing them, ten clerks would not do what one does here. The saving must be enormous."

"I suppose so," said Edith, "but of course we have never known any other way. But, Mr, West, you must not fail to ask father to take you to the central warehouse some day, where they receive the orders from the different sample houses all over the city and parcel out and send the goods to their destinations. He took me there not long ago, and it was a wonderful sight. The system is certainly perfect; for example, over yonder in that sort of cage is the dispatching clerk. The orders, as they are taken by the different departments in the store, are sent by transmitters to him. His assistants sort them and enclose each class in a carrier-box by itself. The dispatching clerk has a dozen pneumatic transmitters before him answering to the general classes of goods, each communicating with the corresponding department at the warehouse. He drops the box of orders into the tube it calls for, and in a few moments later it drops on the proper desk in the warehouse, together with all the orders of the same sort from the other sample stores. The orders are read off, recorded, and sent to be filled, like lightning. The filling I thought the most interesting part. Bales of cloth are placed on spindles and turned by machinery, and the cutter, who also has a machine, works right through one bale after another till exhausted, when another man takes his place; and it is the same with those who fill the orders in any other staple. The packages are then delivered by larger tubes to the city districts, and thence distributed to the houses. You may understand how quickly it is all done when I tell you that my order will probably be at home sooner than I could have carried it from here."

"How do you manage in the thinly settled rural districts?" I asked.

"The system is the same," Edith explained; "the village

Digitized by Google

sample shops are connected by transmitters with the central county warehouse, which may be twenty miles away. The transmission is so swift, though, that the time lost on the way is trifling. But, to save expense, in many counties one set of tubes connect several villages with the warehouse, and then there is time lost waiting for one another. Sometimes it is two or three hours before goods ordered are received. It was so where I was staying last summer, and I found it quite inconvenient."[1]

"There must be many other respects also, no doubt, in which the country stores are inferior to the city stores," I suggested.

"No," Edith answered, "they are otherwise precisely as good. The sample shop of the smallest village, just like this one, gives you your choice of all the varieties of goods the nation has, for the county warehouse draws on the same source as the city warehouse."

As we walked home I commented on the great variety in the size and cost of the houses. "How is it," I asked, "that this difference is consistent with the fact that all citizens have the same income?"

"Because," Edith explained, "although the income is the same, personal taste determines how the individual shall spend it. Some like fine horses; others, like myself, prefer pretty clothes; and still others want an elaborate table. The rents which the nation receives for these houses vary, according to size, elegance, and location, so that everybody can find something to suit. The larger houses are usually occupied by large families, in which there are several to contribute to the rent; while small families, like ours, find smaller houses more convenient and economical. It is a matter of taste and convenience wholly. I have read that in old times people often kept up establishments and did other things which they could not afford for ostentation, to make people think them richer than they were. Was it really so, Mr. West?"

"I shall have to admit that it was," I replied.

"Well, you see, it could not be so nowadays; for everybody's income is known, and it is known that what is spent one way must be saved another."

[1] I am informed since the above is in type that this lack of perfection in the distributing service of some of the country districts is to be remedied, and that soon every village will have its own set of tubes.

Digitized by Google

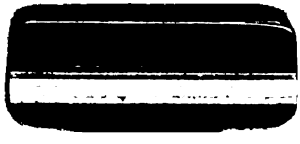
Digitized by Google

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SANTA CRUZ

This book is due on the last **DATE** stamped below.

100*m*-8,'65(F6282s8)2373

Digitized by Google



Digitized by Google